JOHN CHINAMAN

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JOHN CHINAMAN

CHANG-ÊRH.

Frontispiece.]

JOHN CHINAMAN

AND A FEW OTHERS

By E. H. PARKER

FORMERLY ONE OF H.M. CONSULS IN THE FAR EAST
AUTHOR OF "CHINA, HER HISTORY, DIPLOMACY
AND COMMERCE," ETC., ETC.

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No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money"
DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON
'I do not love a man who is zealous for nothing"
DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH

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To

MY DAUGHTER

MARY

PREFACE

SOME books have been likened to molehills: without being exhaustive treatises on the work to which an author has devoted his life, they serve to show the direction in which he has been burrowing, and the soil in which he has been working. Some such character I would claim for the reminiscences contained in the following pages. It will be observed that humble folk are throughout placed absolutely on a footing with great personages; I, for one, being persuaded that the lowly are just as interesting company as the mighty. In fact, a (since then very distinguished) diplomatist once said to me, as he took the air upon my consular verandah, when on tour amongst the treaty ports:—"A celebrated man on a certain occasion repeated in my hearing the old remark that the world would be positively astounded if it only knew with what a very small amount of capacity and ability it was governed." To this I may add as a corollary:—"and how much excellence there is to be found in obscure persons"—such as I describe

here; to one of whom, I may say with gratitude I owe my safety if not my life two or three times over: I consequently give him a place of prominence in the frontispiece. It will also be noticed that my experiences with the Chinese have always had a Quixotic tinge about them; that is to say, that I have had to *socorrer viudas*, *enderezar tuertos*, and *remediar agravios* as often for Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, Italians, Danes, Americans, Portuguese, Spaniards, and Chinese as for British subjects; having *el buen Sancho* always at my heel: it would almost look as though I had gone through a career with the coat-tails provokingly trailing under the nose of every man armed with a buckthorn, and always spoiling for a fight. Ten years after making the above remark, the same distinguished diplomatist wrote to me:—"The more rows you are in, the better for you, so long as you don't cause them yourself"; and this is also true,—subject, however, again, to a slight addition: "and so long as the game is played squarely."

But the main object is not to describe my own doings; it is to illustrate Chinese character by means of concrete examples, docketed and dated so that they can be verified, either by reference to the persons mentioned, or to the archives of the countries named. To the best of my powers, I relate nothing but what is true; what I have seen with my own eyes, heard with my own ears, or searched out with my

own brains (or what does duty for brains); and it is quite impossible, therefore, for me to draw convincing life-pictures unless I introduce the *tertium quid* of my own personality, which must consequently be always regarded simply as a mere peg whereon to hang a tale. What I wish particularly to point out is that, shifty and crafty though Chinese officials may be, they have never been impenetrable to "suasion," so far as my personal experience goes, and have never failed in the end to settle any case, however long pending. Also that, hostile though the ignorant Chinese people may often be, I have never found them inaccessible to "chaff" or reason, nor have they ever actually injured my person, or any individual whom chance may have placed under my protection, however near they may have come to the point of violence. To the best of my recollection, I have never had to dismiss a Chinese servant, either private or public; nor have I ever found it indispensable to punish, humiliate, or crush. Possibly self-consciousness of many imperfections may have instinctively caused me to refrain from too readily condemning others: but whatever the inner inwardness of it may be, the facts are, I believe, strictly as stated.

I do not say the Chinese are very nice people to live amongst; in fact, *odi profanum vulgus et arceo* was always my feeling towards them. Yet I have always met them in a tolerant spirit of equality, and possibly

that is partly why I survive to state the circumstances of it all.—Nor, on the other hand, do I deftly insinuate that my methods have always been good methods, or my judgment a sounder one than others' judgment: but in the firm belief that the public, as a body, generally forms its conclusions more justly than locally concerned individuals, who often have private axes of their own to grind, I simply leave the verdict in popular hands.

It will be seen that a consular officer's experiences, though obscure, may yet be very varied; and that, although he cannot pretend to such services as are rendered by members of "another circle," he still finds occasional opportunities for proffering a useful hand in a humble way. If, on the bare retrospect of his experiences among the Chinese, a mere hack, so to speak, can summon up such various recollections, it may be well imagined what a wealth of incident the more distinguished members of the same service might recall, did not their diffidence, their modesty, or their "diplomatic" prudence stand in the way.

I believe with Sir Robert Hart that in attempting to crush the Chinese spirit we are making a great mistake, for which we shall pay dearly in the future, —unless we stay our hand in time; and there is yet time. I cannot quite follow, and therefore am unable to agree with, all the sentimental involutions of his reasoning, making mental allowance for the fact that he has been too practically busy for forty years to fall in at once

with the conventional style of mere "writing fellows"; but none the less it appears to me that he has stood generously forward as the one just man among a mob of degenerate Christians. "This was the noblest Roman of them all," say I. It is just seven hundred and seventy-five years ago since the ancestors of the Manchus (*i.e.* the old Manchus) destroyed the Cathayan power, and then took the southern Chinese capital of Pien (modern K'ai-fêng Fu). They imposed an "indemnity of 10,000,000 ounces of gold, 20,000,000 'shoes' of silver, and 10,000,000 pieces of silk," which is about the sum the united Powers are now trying to extract. But a century later the Mongol hordes swept both these same early Manchus in the East and also the early Russians in the West out of political existence, only to be themselves driven away by pure Chinese one hundred and fifty years later. This is but one solitary instance of how the Chinese "eels get used to skinning"; and I cannot help thinking, therefore, that we Christians have not only acted foolishly, uncharitably, and unjustly, but that we are rousing a feeling of bitter resentment both in China and Japan, which may have rueful results for us all at no very distant period; and more especially for Russia, France, and Germany: that is to say, unless we decide to recognise and make allowances for a human nature which is to all essential purposes our own.

E. H. PARKER.

18, GAMBIER TERRACE,
LIVERPOOL.

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JOHN CHINAMAN

CHAPTER I

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS

AN EVENT IN THE SNOW

THE winter of 1877-8 was unusually bitter. Every room in the Consulate had double windows, in the Bohemian fashion; the ground was covered with snow for weeks at a time, and on a windy day it was hard to keep warm in the room, even with a big coal fire burning. Yet this was the year of the great Shan Si famine, and millions of peasants perished monthly from sheer want of food. The neighbouring provinces were invaded by endless troops of starving people. More especially so was the neighbourhood of Chinkiang; I suppose because all roads from the north lead thither. I used to meet refugee families daily, as I took my walks. If the father had any shoes left, he would be shuffling along with a wisp of straw in them, or

with old swathes tied about his leg, and round the fragments of the shapeless shoes. Sometimes he would have a couple of babies in one basket, and a favourite little dog or a bird-cage or some clothes in the other; and if he had strength, would carry them all slung to a pole over his shoulders: otherwise they walked a bit, or a neighbour lent a hand. The mother, with lank cheeks, stumpy feet, and bedraggled hair, would limp wearily in the rear; perhaps the grandparents too. Occasionally they would have an old wheelbarrow, or a few sticks of furniture; but they were all alike gaunt and hungry. Yet never a word of anger or a movement of violence: they all wore the patient, obstinate look of camels or sheep. Of course they begged, and often whined; but they were as ready to chaff if they got nothing as they were to grovel with gratitude for food or money. Silver coins were of little use, scarcely known to most of them, and in any case unchangeable for the moment, and much too valuable: one-fiftieth of a penny was enough to buy a coarse meal. The authorities had provided thousands of mat hovels, on the walls, outside the walls—anywhere, so long as private rights were not invaded, and shelter from the wind was obtainable. Skilly was served out gratis twice a day. Every morning I saw dead bodies lying about; but this one can see any day on the Beggars' Bridge of Peking, and in China it strikes no horror into the

imagination. I suppose there were from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand refugees congregated about Chinkiang, over and above the fifty thousand regular inhabitants inside. At that time the city was still half in ruins, and had barely got on its imperialist legs again since the recapture of 1857 from the Taipings. On January 9, I remember, the thermometer went down to 11° Fahrenheit, and, I presume from general recollection, remained at pretty near that figure for the best part of a month after.

One afternoon, at about four, I was rapidly threading my way amongst the refugees, who were huddling together in the snow under any scrap of shelter they could find about the roads, when I saw a woman of about thirty sitting alone, bolt upright, on a hank of straw. She wore the usual blue cotton wadded coat; her face was covered with tears and mud; her nice black oily chignon had gone to smithereens long ago, and the clotted hair filled with sand was flying about in the wind over her shoulders. There is a Chinese poetical saying: "Approach the tub and sit in the straw," which means "to be confined": it ran through my head at that moment. A good-natured, fat woman from a small eating-house just then stepped out with a big bowl of coarse soup, smoking hot. The woman in the straw was swaying herself to and fro and groaning; but she took the bowl greedily, and at once devoured the contents. I went on with my walk

rather sadly inclined; but there was no necessity for scepticism or surprise, for the American consul had told me but a day or two ago of a similar occurrence which had taken place whilst he passed along with his wife, just outside the British consulate. In about an hour I came back the same way, and the woman was still there, doing the best she could to wrap up a small object in her bosom with rags, wisps of straw, sticks, and bits of old clothes. She was now quite cheerful, and had a relieved appearance. I gave her a ten-cent piece, and asked after her condition. She was quite sprightly enough to answer questions, and, to judge by her comparatively unconcerned manner, it was probably not the first time she had found herself in a fix of the kind. Probably she slept there, and walked on next morning briskly.

Archdeacon Gray of Canton, when told this story some months later, capped it with another anecdote, the details of which, however, are more suitable to *The Lancet* than to a character sketch-book. No "medical men" are ever needed in China; but a class of women known as "life-receivers" make things as comfortable as possible for the patient who can afford to hire their assistance.

THE CAPTIVE GIRL

IN times of war, pestilence, and famine, the kidnapping and sale of children becomes very prevalent; but at all times and in all places it is more or less in vogue

throughout the Empire. It is not easy in any part of China to question any but the boat-women closely: even poor peasant girls and shrivelled-up old women think it good form to run away from any strange man who may cross their field; not to say from any foreigner. Sometimes, however, by accident one comes across a woman of natural frankness and common sense, just as in England one occasionally meets a "lady," free from affectation, who can talk in a friendly and natural way to a pauper or rough seaman. In the wilds of Hu Peh, for instance, I once talked with a single woman who was sole and absolute mistress of a large inn. Even wives of the first, or *confarreatio*, class are sometimes bought with money before the *compotatio* (as the Chinese have it) takes place. One of the *coemptio*, or second order wives once told me the following story. (I may explain that I was trying to find out by questioning her how many generations an ignorant woman could go back).

"My ancestors were Hakkas [descendants of *coloni* from the north] of the Sin-ning *hien* city area, on the south coast, not far from St. John's Island, where the 'Potuki joss-man' [St. Francis Xavier] died. During the Red-cap [=Taiping] Rebellion of about the sixth Ham-fung reign [1856], the whole place was being overrun by plundering bands, and the people were continually crying, 'The rebels are here.' One day my mother suddenly began collecting a few bangles and valuables, grabbed me by the arm, and ran with

me as hard as she could up the mountain. My aunt took another direction. Being Hakkas, of course we all had big feet, and could get over the ground pretty quickly. We soon felt very hungry, and had a difficulty in finding enough to satisfy our cravings that night. In the distance we could see through the darkness all the farms in our neighbourhood being burned. I don't know whether my mother sold me for food, or whether she merely placed me for safety in charge of two men of our acquaintance; but, any way, she separated from me after a little more wandering, and the two men sold me for a couple of dollars to another man: then I was given a good meal and taken down a stream in a small boat towards the east, where at a market-town a man offered twenty dollars for me. He took me to Macao, where I have since lived with his sister. There were other girls like myself there, and we were brought up to call her 'mother.' She was always very kind to us, taught us sewing, how to keep clean, how to preserve the hair, teeth, health, etc., to cook, keep house, and so on. There are plenty of such places in Macao. I have never heard of any single member of my own family since, and should not have remembered the above had you not plied me with suggestive questions. My 'mother' owned a junk which used to trade regularly with Pakhoi and Annam. The custom is for such girls to be bred up at Macao, and either sold for two hundred to five hundred dollars apiece to natives or foreigners

THE CAPTIVE GIRL AND HER FRIEND. [*To face p. 6.*

on the mainland as wives of the second class, or to be let out as such on the hire system—*i.e.* the master or husband pays so much a month until the price, plus interest, is made up by instalments. Thus he is not committed if he is disappointed. If we can coax enough money out of him, we can buy out ourselves, and then either resell ourselves to him, or keep the instalments going to our own profit. In any case, the 'mother' never plays us false; and, as you see, I am now here in Macao on a visit to my 'mother' and her brother, although I have now paid her the whole of my original price, three hundred dollars, and am free."

I went on to question her in her old Hakka dialect, which she had nearly forgotten, and tried to find out exactly from whence she came, so that I might make enquiry if the village still existed. By cudgelling her memory, she began to recall incidents of how she used to help her father to plant the rice; how the crops were alternated; how her brothers went to school in the ancestral temple; and so on. But when, pressed by questions, she came to talk of her old grandfather with his long white beard, smoking his pipe in the porch, and dandling her on his knee as the sun disappeared, she grew dazed, broke down utterly, and could never be induced to speak of her old home again. Nothing moves a Chinaman more than to talk of his native village after he has left it and lost it.

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

THE JOYS OF MATRIMONY

THE Cantonese apply the irreverent term *fan-t'ao p'o*, or "turned over on the other side wench," to a widow who marries again: it is not considered good form, but it is not illegal; and one highly respectable instance of remarriage was once brought forcibly under my notice. I had "got wind" of my coming transfer to an uncomfortable port (nearly all my ports were the uncomfortable ones), when one day Chang-êrh set down the soup tureen for dinner rather defiantly, and said:

"I have had an offer of marriage."

"Why, I thought you told me you had a wife living with your mother."

"Yes, I had; but she died whilst you were on leave and I was in Peking last year."

"Well, if you didn't bring your first wife to live with you, what's the use of marrying a second?"

"My first wife was a lunatic, and I never had anything to do with her after the ceremony. I was the simpleton of the family, and my parents or brothers took advantage of it to trade off an idiot belonging to some rich friends—that was over twenty years ago. I have no children. I want to be respectable now. You are always scolding me about gambling, drinking, smoking, and other vices; but, as a matter of fact, I am only a trifle too tender-hearted, and have no other defects. It is for your own honour that I should get married. Look at those nuns at Wênchow, and those

Japanese at Chemulpho! What time I used to waste Now I am nearly fifty, and want to be respectable."

"What have I got to do with it? I don't care if you have fifty wives, so long as my work is done."

"Yes, but I want to borrow seventeen dollars; and besides, I want to keep her with me. There is plenty of room behind."

"What sort of feet has she?"

"Small, but not very; and moreover, I am going to make her let them out."

"Who is she? and how was it she knew of you?"

"She lives in the greengrocer's shop. She is a Swatow woman, and her husband was a small military mandarin killed by the French at the battle of Ma-mwi. She has no money, and she had vowed never to marry again. The greengrocer is a Swatow man, and he gave her rice, and allowed her to occupy a corner of his house. I go there every day to buy vegetables, and she seems to have been struck with my appearance. Messages and horoscopes have been interchanged. She says she does not ask for body-money, but she only owns the suit she wears on her back. To fit her out in a way suited to your dignity as my master; to hire chairs and music, give a dinner, and so on, will cost me seventeen dollars; and as I have now served you for nearly twenty years, I think you might bestow this sum."

"Well, I don't mind; but if I go anywhere you

will have to come, and I can't have my business interfered with in any way."

"So far from that, I shall no longer go out in the afternoons; it will be for the further safety of your house. Besides, she can patch your clothes and darn your socks."

"All right; marry away. But, mind! I totally ignore her existence. You may take her or leave her; but if I say 'go,' you will have to go."

"I think the marriage will take place in about three weeks."

Not many days had elapsed after this conversation when the anticipated transfer came.

"Boy!"

"*Dja*" (a borrowed Manchu term for "yes").

"In two weeks I am going south to Hoihow; but I must first go north to Shanghai. How about your wife?"

"The marriage does not take place for eight days yet."

"Well, you must change the date, or leave. You know what I said."

"This is exceedingly awkward. Everything is fixed. What am I to do? The guests are invited, the chair is ordered."

"I have nothing to do with that. I never asked you to marry, and I am not going to have women standing in my way; you must come or leave."

Either the same day or the following, Chang-êrh

came with a buoyant expression and announced the following arrangements. The marriage was to take place the very next day; chair and feasts were to be waived. She was to leave in charge of the Swatow Guild for Hongkong, and stay at the Swatow Guild there until we passed through from Shanghai.

The next day, whilst at dinner, I heard a commotion, and (having served the dinner in his waiter's attire) in walked Chang-êrh, dressed in his New Year's costume of yellow silk trousers, pink silk gaiters, thick-soled yellow satin shoes, black silk skull-cap with red knob, and various gorgeous coats and "veskits" too complicated for me to describe.

"Here she is, old sire! Give the old sire a *kotow*."

In walked the blushing bride (the blushes covered, however, with paint). She was well dressed in Swatow style, of which I know so little that I cannot at all describe it. Any way, she wore a suit of neutral-tinted "coat and bags," with a head-gear of unspeakable magnificence. She could not speak any dialect intelligible either to her husband or myself, but both she and he could understand Cantonese; and, if well "shouted at," she could also understand the drift of "mandarin."

The arrangements went off without a hitch. She was duly installed at Hoihow, and Chang-êrh became quite a model character. Once a year only she came to *kotow* to me.

One fine day a fearful event occurred.

"Boy!"

"*Dja.*"

"In five days I leave for Burma. In forty-eight hours all my effects and furniture must be corded and shipped by direct steamer to Singapore." (The ship measurement was over twelve tons.)

"What, Mientien [=Burma]? Can I take my wife?"

"You know what I said. I ignore her existence; but of course I will pay for her."

The woman was a fearful nuisance. At first she boldly went "deck" amongst the coolies. Chang-êrh was a most attentive husband, and the first officer rigged up a sort of canvas screen for them: this was on the P. & O. We took fifteen hundred coolies from Singapore to Penang in a British India steamer, and as this was really too much of a good thing (especially as half the coolies were Tamils), I gave Chang-êrh and his wife second-class fare. In Burma it was even worse: no Chinese will serve as menial servants there (except northern men on the Bhamo steamers), and I had to leave her for several months in a Swatow man's hotel, and send the Chinese writer second-class with her by train to Mandalay, whence by steamer to Bhamo, where she was a fixture for a year. She earned her keep, and got one dollar a month for darning. She was so respectable that one of the missionary ladies used to visit her.—When Chang-êrh died, I heard from some one that the Swatow Guild, at a place on

the Yangtsze where he was serving, had once more taken charge of her, and had sent her home to Swatow, (1898).

MRS. PATRICK FITZPATRICK O'TOOLE.

THIS Chinese lady was one of the not very many in the Orient who had succeeded in uniting to herself, by what we in Europe hold to be strictly orthodox bonds, her liege lord and master. Very many others, of all European nationalities, both in the place where Mr. O'Toole was by me discovered, and in scores of ports, towns, and remote regions in the Far East, had followed, and still follow, the conjugal practices found by experience so suitable to surrounding circumstances; the only difference being that for many reasons they prefer to limit themselves to those formalities which, in the native mind and under Chinese law, suffice for a legitimate union, with rights of descent. It is usually under missionary influence that the husband is induced to superadd earthly ties to what they solemnly assure him is already a complete marriage in Heaven; but the Chinese females are totally indifferent in most instances to these barbarian refinements of thought, which add nothing whatever to their respectability of status amongst their own friends, or to the comfort of their own consciences.

Mr. O'Toole was an old public servant, originally of moderate if not humble degree, who had served

with credit in the early days of Hongkong, and drew a pension. To supplement this exiguous allowance, he had conceived the idea of becoming a merchant prince. He was a fine, portly old gentleman, of most distinguished bearing when I met him at Hoihow, with snow-white hair and the general appearance of a British Governor, or, say, a Brazilian Emperor. His jolly Irish wit at once attracted my respectful attention, and as he was the head of the firm of "Au-tu," or the "Macao Emporium,"—representing the sound O'Too (O'Toole & Co.),—I thought myself quite justified in asking him to dinner, the other guests being officials, missionaries, and naval officers. Mr. O'Toole had preserved from the wreck of past greatness a good dress suit; he kept us in roars of laughter, and was voted a complete success;—in fact, he was *the* guest of the evening.

I soon learnt that his business in transit-passes, kerosene oil, sugar, and pigs was really carried on by his Chinese wife, a shrill and determined little woman, who carried on O'Toole too. Both of them were staunch Roman Catholics, and consequently both of them received the sanctions of the worthy Portuguese priests, Fathers Baptista and Diegues. Poor Mrs. O'Toole worked hard to keep the wolf from the door, and, being a British subject by "high-toned" marriage, she of course had my perfect sympathy. But times and progress were too much for her: new syndicates swept away the transit-pass

agencies and kerosene profits. Old O'Toole became practically imbecile, and one day I incidentally heard that good Father Diegues was actually stinting himself of his meagre allowance in order to keep the orthodox family in rice. The local cemetery was a bleak place to lay one's bones in, so I arranged with Mrs. O'Toole to clear out, bag and baggage, for Hongkong, where the old man survived as a sort of local Micawber for another year, his wife remaining true to the last. When I last saw him, hanging about the hotel bar, perfectly dapper in his clean white shirt and tie, he asked me if I could get him a post as "adviser" to (I forget what) :— that was when I was myself going through Hongkong as "Adviser to Burma."

Father Diegues' behaviour had been so thoroughly admirable that I managed to obtain some compensation for him from the Foreign Office people, who, however, misread the name Diognes. My witty successor, in informing me of this, wrote: "It was absurd of the Foreign Office to think of Diogenes, for even they must have known that no Portuguese ever saw the inside of a tub."

DEATH OF A-SZ

"COOLIES" as a body in China (when the word is taken in the sense of menial coolies or lower-house servants) bear the same relation to the "boy" that the housemaids and kitchen-women do to our butler.

They come only indirectly under the average master's eye, and are liable to "get the sack" if the "boy" cannot manage quietly along with them.

In this state of human affairs I acquiesced, subject, however, to the following limitations. All wages were paid to each recipient by myself, and if the recipient was then fool enough to allow himself to be squeezed, I never interfered. All *employés* were on an equal footing of justice: the coolies might accuse each other; the writer, or the "boy," or the writer might accuse them; but it had to be face to face, or in writing.

I was no enemy of gossip; but when the "boy" had entertained me with an interesting story of how the *t'ing-ch'ai* had murdered his wife, accepted bribes, given me away to the mandarins, and smoked opium all night, I simply asked: "Well, what do you propose to do? Do you wish me to send for X. and ask him if this is all true?" Of course he said: "Not for worlds; but I only *tell* you."

After a few years it became a fixed tradition that no backbiting had any avail; but of course the coolies were different men at each place, for few coolies can afford to leave their native spot. Yet they were nearly all the same—sturdy, swarthy, patient, industrious, inoffensive, and respectful men. So soon as they found they had "rights," they seemed to develop an attitude of humble gratitude and almost surprised reverence. I never asked for a "character": if they showed me one, I read it, but explained that the good

man was the man who seemed good to me, and that I wanted no one else's opinion.

I have not the faintest idea who A-sz was, or where he came from. Possibly he was one of Sir Brooke Robertson's old retainers; but any way, I found he was one of my private servants when (*vide infra*) I took possession of the old *yamên* the day after the tornado; and so long as the other servants arranged things with the "boy" without friction, I never cared who *became* my servant, though I never allowed any one but myself to dismiss. But A-sz soon struck me as being an exceptionally good man: he always "wore" bare feet; rarely spoke within my hearing; knew how to disappear when I approached; was never late with the bath, the boots, and so on; never quarrelled; was not obsequious; and could stand up and speak like a man, looking me in the face with his big, honest brown eyes whenever I addressed him.

A-sz means "Fourth," but the other servants all called him A-sz-ko, or "Brother Fourth," in Chinese fashion. I used to arrive from the office at 4.45 p.m., and after tea go for a walk till 6 or 6.30. He was always punctual with the tray, and having once been accidentally surprised by me carrying a little child on his shoulder when he came up with the tea-things, and finding I did not make any adverse remark, he continued to do so, and I got into the habit of bringing home a trifling present or toy every day.

Then there was the old Hakka woman who used

to cut the grass. She had a cottage in the front park, cultivated a field there, and lived with her grandchildren. She got into the way of saluting me, too; so that what with A-sz, his charge, and the old hag, I gradually began to realise how—

> Sweet 'tis to know there is an eye will mark
> Our coming, and grow brighter as we come.

But cholera is almost endemic inside the city, and one day the other servants told me A-sz was down with it. His wife had come to nurse him, and they all wanted to know if I would mind priests being called in. For safety (their own safety, for I had at least twenty retainers of all kinds in the servants' quarters) they had moved him out, and set him down in the corridor near my bedroom. The exorcising of demons kept me awake all one night, so I slept the next on the Shamien settlement. Walking home at 6 a.m., I found a fearful howling and banging of instruments going on. A-sz was dead, and of course had to be encoffined at once. I naturally paid for the coffin with all speed, and for the further priestly purifications to follow. But there was a gloom in the *yamên* for some time, and it was interesting to notice what an affectionate memory A-sz had left behind him.

SUICIDES

CAPTAIN YANKOWSKY was a fine skipper, and belonged to that curious group of foreigners in China who possess no nationality. But that is neither here nor there. Near the odious town of Shasi, one afternoon, he and I were discussing the affairs of the world in general, and of Russia in particular, when the steward ran in to say: "The boy's overboard." In this instance the word "boy" means what it purports to mean, and referred to a pretty lad of sixteen who was doing what is known as "learn pidgin" on board. The other boys (here used in the Pickwickian sense) had been "chaffing" him; and he jumped overboard, with all his wadded clothes on, simply to spite them. Navigation amongst the shoals was intricate and dangerous, but, with a roar of sympathetic fury, good Captain Yankowsky was up on the bridge in an instant; a boat was manned and out in a minute; the steamer was stopped and allowed to drift slowly backwards; the lad was fished up by the seat of his trousers just as he was sinking for the fourth time, put to bed, and dosed internally and externally with brandy. Next day he was waiting at table as usual.

The Imperial Commissioner P'ei Yin-sên at the Ma-mwi Arsenal was an old scholar of sixty, and a man of vice-regal rank: he ought to have known better. He always struck me, when we conversed together, as being a trifle moody. He it was who

reared a temple in memory of the brave fellows (my "boy's" wife's late lamented No. 1 being amongst the number) who were "massacred" by the French at the great naval *battue* of 1884; and he composed a learned poem on the subject, which poem still stands there, carved upon imperishable stone. One day a friend of mine rushed in to announce: "I say, the Commissioner has just tried to commit suicide: he jumped off the slip on the sly, whilst pretending to inspect a steamer now under repair; but they got him out in time." He had on several occasions applied to the Emperor for leave, but he could neither get leave nor funds. *Hinc illae lachrymae*; or, more strictly, "Hence this wetting." Shortly afterwards he got his leave, and retired.

When I was at Chungking, the China Inland missionaries used to "save" opium suicides at the rate of two or three a week, and they assured me that this number was merely a fraction of the "short-sighted ones" (as the Chinese call them) who tried to get rid of themselves in that one ward of the city. Only a minority cared to send for the "foreign doctors." Opium is cheap and easily procurable by all persons there. Women are the chief delinquents; or "heroines," as they often imagine: it only needs a harsh word and a fit of passion, when down goes half an ounce of opium—a most comfortable death.

It will be noticed (by those who read the native newspapers, I should add) that the recent "Boxer

P'EI YIN-SÊN'S ARSENAL STUDENTS AND THEIR INSTRUCTOR, MR. BREWITT-TAYLOR.

[*To face p.* 20.

troubles are responsible for the suicide of at least a score of prominent statesmen. In some cases whole families have dived head-foremost into wells in order to share the master's disgrace or self-sacrifice. In others the Emperor has "bestowed the cord"; which means that a man sits with his back to a panel, and his friends strangle him through two holes. So far from being considered a crime, suicide is under many circumstances regarded as a noble act; rarely as a despicable one, unless done in pure spite, or out of revenge. A Chinese *amah* in a fit of passion once jumped off a P. & O. steamer, carrying in her arms the child of an English lady of my acquaintance: both were lost, and the lady never smiled again, or allowed her remaining child out of sight.

THE DEATH OF A-NÖ'S BROTHER

ONE day at Wênchow my big "boy" came rushing in, and said in his usual jerky way: "A-nö's younger brother has just fallen from the pagoda." The pagoda in question belongs to the temple to which "King Facfur" fled from Kublai Khan, and stands on an island in the river—one of Marco Polo's "islands of the ocean." A-nö had been my predecessor's scavenger; but perceiving that he had a gentle, honest face, I had made him my house-coolie, and had allowed him to pitchfork his brother into my service as a gardener.

"What was he doing up the pagoda?"

"Gathering edible ferns. He fell from the top storey but one, thirty feet, flop on to the rock."

"Did you send him up there?" (This I asked, at once anticipating a charge of "murder," and claims for heavy compensation.)

"No; he went up yesterday to get a bird's nest, and seeing the ferns there, he thought he would have another try."

I went to the servants' rooms and saw the youth, a splendid neat-limbed lad of twenty, lying on a mat, apparently none the worse.

"What's the matter, A-ti [= younger brother]?"

He pointed silently to his stomach, and some one said: "It is internal injury: we have sent for his father."

I gave orders that all the relatives who might come should be lodged and fed: at two o'clock he died, in the presence of his friends. As I anticipated, the first question they asked was: "Did the consul send him up?" But after that their demeanour was silent and respectful.

The river rolled rapidly by, flush with the path in front of my house-door, and not three yards from my bedroom verandah above. The next day was cold and foggy, as I looked out in early morning and saw half a dozen Chinamen clad in the usual Robinson Crusoe-like rain-coats fashioned from rush-leaves. Their boat was moored in front of the Consulate, and a coffin, covered also by a sort of rush-leaf awning, was firmly lashed to the timbers. No tears were shed; no

noise; no emotion. Chinamen in these parts row standing, and facing the prow. In they all got, and suddenly, as they moved off, a weird dirge was struck up in time with the oars, of a most penetrating and shrill kind, in the minor key. And the boat gradually disappeared into the fog, the funeral song travelling indistinctly back for a long time. It brought to mind the pictures of a Viking's barge emerging from a Norwegian fiord, and bound on some barbarous ceremony, such as conveying the body of a dead chief.

POTTED ANCESTORS

THE above is the irreverent term applied by foreigners to certain jars met with in some parts of China, and supposed to contain either the bones or the ashes of crumbled or cremated predecessors. The allusions made by Marco Polo to "burning of the dead" are too numerous and definite to permit of our doubting that, at least in one or two provinces, cremation was five centuries ago much more common than it is now. On June 9, 1870, I myself witnessed the funeral of a priest at the Ch'ang-an Sz monastery, west of Peking, and I actually saw a dead bonze burnt in the Honam temple of Canton; but I have never once heard, or read in history, of the people themselves "burning their dead"; on the contrary, coffins are spoken of throughout the whole range of dynasties. I have mentioned, under the heading of "Cholera at

Foochow," a case where I saw bones being exhumed; and "pots" are common enough at Hongkong and Shanghai. The whole question is doubtful, and no one has yet gone thoroughly into it. What is quite certain is that the remains of the dead are everywhere treated with extraordinary veneration, and it is extremely dangerous for outsiders to meddle in such matters. Coffins are kept in the best room ready for use; corpses inside the same coffins are stowed in the *atrium*, or outside in the porch, awaiting opportunity for burial; and others lie unburied, half-buried, tented, roofed, or swathed, all over the fields outside great towns. Heavy sums are paid to steamer companies to transport coffins containing corpses from America or the South Seas. In a word, a dead Chinaman is a more costly object than a living one.

When Chinkiang began to recover from the effects of the Great Rebellion, a "settlement" was marked out. At the time I arrived there in 1877, the municipality had only just begun to excavate and make a road for walking and riding a few miles by way of exercise; and in so doing they had, or their native contractors had, carefully left untouched a very ancient coffin, of gigantic size and worm-eaten aspect, fixed in the clay right in the centre of the new road, like a Norseman's barge set down plump in the middle of Mansion House Square. No record remained; no family claimed it; no authority durst touch it; every one appealed to everybody else to get rid of it. Proclamations were

issued, setting forth in honeyed terms the well-known veneration of the authorities for human bones, but darkly hinting that "something would have to be done soon unless something *was* done." There was an uneasy feeling that the wily owner was "sitting tight" somewhere, and awaiting the chance of his life for a riot and compensation. The *taotai* told me confidentially *he* didn't care, but feared a "row," and that I might do what I liked so long as *his* name did not appear in the business. However, when he saw signs of a sprightly interpretation of his words by me, he subsequently "weakened," and issued a second proclamation, stating that I was talking of removing it, but that he had warned me not to stir without the consent of the relatives. On this I myself issued a notice, pointing out to all and sundry the risk of desecration the coffin ran in its present position, and "authorising the remoter branches of the family" to remove it at once without "sending in any further petitions." The next step was to arrange with one or two of the municipal councillors, who were willing themselves to incur the risk on the understanding that they were not *instructed* to move the coffin, but that, if they were successful in reburying it unobserved, the authorities would ask no questions, and offer no explanations to any one if themselves asked questions.

That night was a stormy one; naturally, every idle Chinaman was indoors. The howling of the wind and sleet kept me uneasy; I could not help thinking of

coffins and riots; at the same time I felt that if the municipality possessed the smallest gumption, now was their chance. I went for my morning stroll earlier than usual. The coffin had utterly disappeared, nor were there any traces of sepulture in the vicinity. A good job had been made of it, and the venerable ark had been carefully transferred to a friendly ditch, and tightly covered up.

CHAPTER II

THE HAND OF GOD

CHOLERA AT FOOCHOW

IN the year 1877 Foochow and Pagoda Anchorage suffered severely from cholera for several months: the leading doctor (Beaumont) nearly died of it, and several other Europeans actually did die. At Pagoda Anchorage the carpenters were unable to turn out coffins quickly enough, and it was a daily occurrence for bodies to be placed outside the wall of the vice-consulate, which was on the summit of a hill, precipitous on one side. A customs gunboat called the *Feihoo* was in port, and one of the Chinese seamen or quarter-masters was suddenly taken ill; in fact, they had a dozen cases on board, but this particular one was regarded as good for an hour at most. I forget how it came about that I was consulted, but at all events it was arranged by Captain Cocker that the dying man should be kept apart, behind the funnel. Chinamen are very loth to handle a cholera patient, and accordingly they reluctantly and hurriedly dumped their comrade down on a sort of iron grating connected

with the funnel and the engine-room whilst a coffin was being got ready.

In taking a constitutional with the above-named English commander that afternoon, I casually enquired where the man had been buried, for I had noticed with uneasiness half a dozen new graves within a stone's throw of my house.

He said: "Oh! he did not die after all; he seems to have had it boiled out of him."

"How was that?"

"Oh! the fatigue party I sent to put him behind the funnel set him down on the iron cover just over the furnaces in the broiling sun. The iron was almost red-hot, and he rolled off after about half an hour of it, and now seems none the worse for it. We have got him in the sick-bay, and he seems likely to recover."

The man was as well as ever three days after that.

Twelve years later I was again at Pagoda Anchorage, and as I passed the site of the graves I noticed an old man whose face seemed familiar. I said: "Well! carpenter, is that you?"

"Old sire, you have come back."

"Was it not you who put up those blinds for me in the third year of Kwang-sü?"

"It was I, old sire."

"What are you doing there?"

"I am digging up these bones for reburial."

"Well, I want the blinds put up again: you had better make a contract, as you did last time."

In an hour or so the old fellow brought his estimate and was at work. It seemed as if we had both been asleep, like Rip Van Winkle, for twelve years, for he wore exactly the same old ragged coat and "pants."

THE GREAT CANTON TORNADO

I WAS returning by steamer on April 11, 1878, to Canton, after an absence of three years. It was one of those sultry days on which Dean Swift is recorded to have yearned to take off his flesh and sit in his bones. Oh! how I wished I were going to be No. 1 instead of No. 2, in order that I might occupy the spacious old *yamên* in the city, instead of following convention in a stuffy dress coat of an evening! The charm of the *yamên* was that you *must* be in town before sunset.

When the steamer was threading its way past the forest of boats and junks which line the lower city, we on deck observed a dark, whirling curtain looming ominously from the south-west, and moving over the foreign settlement of Shamien, a mile higher up; as we got near, it looked as though thousands of beer-bottles and gooseberry-bushes were taking an aërian holiday. It did not last more than half a minute, and I thought, as it moved north-east, it must be a waterspout. There was no noise; but the junks ahead appeared to be taking eccentric dives and flights

into and out of the water, out of mere liveliness and sport.

Arrived off Shamien, we passengers looked hard at our houses, as though puzzled to "locate" each one. "Hello! Where's the roof of our house?" asked Mr. F. P. Smith. "Why, the junks are all turned upside down! There is a big tree sticking root-foremost into Jardine's drawing-room window!" The Chinese passengers and crew all shouted: "the dragon!"—a name for "tornado," as it afterwards appeared.

It was only when we got on shore that we realised what had taken place. A column of air, or rather of minus-air, sucking up everything in its way, had cut like a knife straight through the city; if we had been five minutes earlier, our steamer would have been sucked up or smashed to atoms too. No one not in its way was aware that anything had gone wrong; the column of vapour was only about one hundred and seventy-five yards in diameter, and it apparently travelled at about the speed of a man running his hardest.

The side of the house assigned to my married junior was blown in; and therefore, with great self-sacrifice, I gave him mine, and at once condemned myself to the agony of long exile in the *yamên*, with my respected superior's approval, he also preferring the amenities of civilised life. The "godown" from which my furniture and belongings had been removed

that very morning was flattened like a pack of cards, and off the lucky baggage was carted at once to my city retreat in the fine, cool deer-park. I forget the number of houses destroyed in the city, but it was over a thousand; the gyrating column levelled a lane straight across the densely populated suburbs, as though a giant with a big flail had brought it down flat upon an exhibition of fine crockery laid out on a table. Six thousand people were killed outright; innumerable junks were wrecked; hardly a single house on the foreign concession escaped injury, and most were unroofed; iron railings were twisted like wire; gigantic banyans were torn up like cabbages; huge stone seats flung about; and, in a word, "Old Harry" was played with everything in the tornado's course. Strange to say, no European or American was seriously injured; nor, in fact, was the damage done to the foreign island of Shamien (in the river) anything like so serious as that done to the native city: the reason, apparently, was that the "dragon" did not move horizontally straight as well as perpendicularly straight, but hopped about up and down, sometimes leaving even tender flowers in his path quite untouched.

I had not been five minutes ashore before both the English and the French consuls (neither of whom knew a word of Chinese) requisitioned my services to obtain protection for the exposed houses. The Viceroy, Liu K'un-yih, had only recently arrived, and

he at once offered every aid; he put the whole disaster down to his own "slender virtue." The Chinese never make much fuss about natural calamities; they simply say "*Ai-ya!*" and go on with their occupations as usual. What ultimately became of the whirlwind I do not know, but I believe it worked its way right across to Swatow; it seems to have generated itself in the steamy, low-lying river islets about Shek-wan, passing over Fatshan; and then after a few zigzags it cut through the western suburbs of Canton. There had been some talk of giving up the old *yamên* for economical reasons after Sir Brooke Robertson's retirement—a somewhat weak thing to do, after our long fight for the right to enter and live inside the city; however, this tornado furnished a good pretext for "holding on" to it; and we still hold on; and ought to continue holding on.

WANG-ÊRH AND THE CHOLERA

WANG-ÊRH was the identical individual whom Captain Gill has immortalised in his *River of Golden Sand.* Having found that life in Sz Ch'wan afforded its compensations, he drifted into my service, and followed me during four or five land and river journeys, extending over several thousand miles, in the capacity of *t'ing-ch'ai*, or official messenger. Beyond being a heavy opium-smoker, and consequently a trifle listless and unpunctual, he never gave me much cause to complain.

One day, when travelling with me in a boat, he sent word to say that he had cholera, and feared that his end was approaching. I had provided myself with a medicine-chest (which I never used), including amongst other things a bottle of laudanum; but the courage oozed out at my finger-ends when I contemplated this dangerous bottle. I had just been reading an American publication called, I think, *A Thousand Facts in a Thousand Things*, and one of the thousand facts was a "certain cure for cholera." It was, so far as I can remember, to take a pint of hot vinegar, mix it with a quarter of a pound of salt, and drink one table-spoonful every half-hour till well. The Chinese always prefer draughts to concentrated doses; and, therefore, when I confidently gave orders to brew this concoction, I at once had with me the sympathies of servants and crew. The "boy" was charged with the execution of the decree, and proceeded without loss of time to administer the remedy, cheerfully remarking to me that, if Wang-êrh should survive the ordeal, he and I might securely try it ourselves on some future occasion.

After the lapse of about four hours, during which time I heard agonising sounds from the compartment assigned to opium-smokers, all pointing to the inference that tissue of some kind was undergoing rapid displacement, a dead silence ensued, and I began to feel guilty qualms of conscience. When the "boy" pushed aside the sliding door to give

me my afternoon tea, he whispered mysteriously: "Wang-êrh is sleeping very ripe!"

I said: "Let him sleep."

Next morning, when I called out for my hot water, I heard hilarious conversation, and a minute later in walked (or rather crept, for he was altogether too tall for the boat) Wang-êrh himself. He set down the water, flung himself on his hands and knees, knocked his head thrice on the flooring, and said: "I give old sire the *kotow*. I have not been once to-day. I am evidently cured." And he was. After that he reduced his opium allowance, and took to pills; in fact, I learnt afterwards that it was his attempt to give up opium-smoking that had *bouleversé les entrailles*.

A CELESTIAL COINCIDENCE

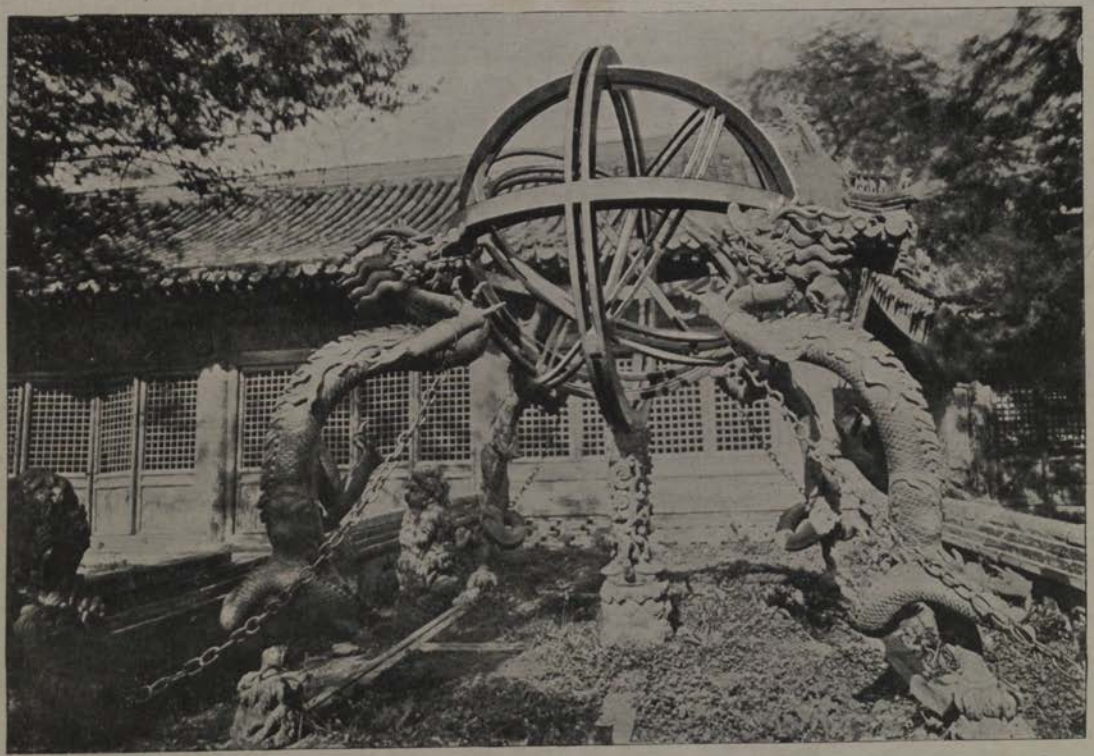
THE historical Chinese expression for "there was an eclipse of the sun" is, "the sun had an eater of it." Lunar eclipses are also recorded, but not so carefully as those of the sun. The first solar eclipse we can be at all certain about is that of 776 B.C., recorded in the Book of Poetry, about half a century after the time when the trustworthy historical dates begin. At that time the year began earlier than it does now, and the "junction of the tenth moon" was, it seems, August 29 or 30, according to when the astronomical day began.

On the night of November 4, 1892, I was smoking

my cigar on the verandah of the bungalow placed at my disposal by the Chinese Rajah of Renoung, in Siam. Two diminutive Siamese soldiers mounted guard, and I was dreamily reading an account of a remarkable eclipse of the moon which had taken place in Siam during Constantine Phaulcon's time. The town seemed to me very gay, for I could hear merry crowds banging gongs and making the "devil's own row" in the bright moonlight. The old French book I was reading had been lent to me by an official at Mergui, and the author, whose name I forget (perhaps Turpin) was very minute in his descriptions of "the contact," and so on. It occurred to me then to look up at the moon in front of me, which just at that instant seemed to be obscured by a small cloud of great density: the hour reminded me of the exact circumstances described in the book, and the latitude was almost the same as in the eclipse of two centuries ago observed by the ambassadors of Louis XIV. Then a thick black line appeared to eat into the moon, and the gongs and crackers in the town grew louder. There were no newspapers in those parts, nor had I seen one for many weeks. Surely this cannot be an eclipse of the moon, under precisely the same conditions and in the very country I am reading about? By this time the moon was nearly obscured, and it became evident that it really was a total eclipse.

Although the theory of eclipses has from very early times been clearly understood by the Chinese, the

Astronomical Board still considers it advisable to notify the provincial authorities of the time at which they are to begin the process of "rescuing." The popular idea is that a dog or some other rapacious beast is devouring the orb, and that it may be frightened away by noise. The local Chinese "dynasty" of Khaw (Hü) was strictly carrying out imperial forms. About thirteen years previously there was an eclipse of the moon visible at Canton on December 29, and I saw a despatch from the Board to the Viceroy: "I have to instruct you to begin rescuing at (whatever time it was)." As the Chinese day begins at midnight for astronomical purposes, it is probable that they now calculate their eclipses on the European system, as taught to them by the early Jesuits. The expressions they use are "first deficit," "eaten quite," "eaten very," "yield light," and "again round"; which would seem to correspond to "first contact with the shadow," "beginning of the total phase," "middle of the eclipse," "end of the total phase," and "last contact with the shadow." The double Chinese "hour" of midnight extends from eleven to one, and the first half of it is called "night first hour," to distinguish it from the half which lasts from midnight till one o'clock.—The above singular coincidence impressed me very much.



THE OLD JESUIT INSTRUMENTS OF THE ASTRONOMICAL BOARD AT PEKING (TAKEN BY GERMANY).
(Illustrates Eclipses)

[*To face p.* 36.

CHAPTER III

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD

CHINESE WASHERMEN

IN 1877, on my way back to China, I stopped for a night at several towns such as Omaha, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Merced, San José, etc. It is immaterial which town it was, but at one (I think Salt Lake City) I happened to wander past a group of Chinese wash-houses, such as one sees in them all, and thought I would "have a bit of fun." I introduced myself as the possible coming Chinese consul. I said that China had just sent a Minister to Europe, and that I had come round to enquire into Chinamen all over the world, as a preliminary step to the Emperor's sending a consul to San Francisco. "Tell me all your grievances." (They were Cantonese.)

One said: "I saved about five hundred dollars a year ago, and put it into the bank on deposit. I want to go home, and the bank won't give me my money." He showed me the receipt and a *memo.* from the bank, stating that no transfer could be

effected unless Mr. A-lin (or some such name) endorsed the paper.

I said: "Come with me to the bank."

We marched in, and I said: "Here's a Chinaman who says you have five hundred dollars of his, and won't give it up."

The manager said: "Yes, we have; but we don't know that that's the Chinaman: they're all the same."

I said: "It seems to me that in accepting the man's money you ought to have taken the necessary steps to identify him, or secure his signature."

The manager replied: "We have a hieroglyphic which he has written, but other Chinamen say it possesses a different sound."

I looked at it, and found that A-lin (his "Christian" name) had styled himself Chêng Lin in due form, Chêng being his family name, and "A" a mere expletive.

"Then what are you going to do?"

"We will do anything he likes, so long as we get an indemnity through a notary."

I explained to A-lin that he must get his friends to "skewer" the bank, in case any one else should claim the money later on, and must get a *chong-sz* (= pettifogger) to act as witness. We then went back and talked it over with the other washermen. As I judged from their hold-offishness that they thought I expected some commission, I then left them, for I had no time to waste.

In spite of their cunning, Chinamen usually show a childish confidence in "established" foreigners of any kind, whether it be matter of a bank, a consul, a missionary, or a working manager. I have known mandarins, whose hostility to missionaries had brought on a threatened riot, to send their own valuables for safety to these same missionaries. A great deal of trust property is held in foreign names at Shanghai for the benefit of Chinese, who often have no security whatever beyond word-of-mouth undertakings.

THE CHINESE DIPLOMAT IN RUSSIA

"*Hier muss man das Maul fest halten*" were the warning words of a German "drummer" who occupied with me the hotel omnibus as I underwent my first experiences of St. Petersburg. To the uninitiated, I may explain that a *Maul* is a "mug"; but I took no notice whatever of his remark, and opened mine as freely in Russia as elsewhere, even to the extent of bearding Governors and Vice-governors in their own dens when they bothered me too much with their meticulosities.

I was sauntering along the Nevski Prospekt one summer's day, when I saw in front of me an unmistakable Pekingese holding, by a straw attached to the little finger, a small paper parcel, exactly as, in the odoriferous streets of the "Most Beautiful" (*shou-shan*), it is the custom to carry home a few ounces of pork

or a packet of brown sugar of an evening. The Pekingese do not say "How do you do?", or "Good morning," but "Where are you going?", or "Have you eaten rice?" Accordingly I said: "*Shang na-rh a?*" ("Where are you off to?"); and as the man turned quite unmoved to see who it was, I added: "*Ch'ih-lo fan-lo-mo?*" ("Have you eaten rice?"). He seemed to think it the most natural thing in the world to be thus addressed, and showed no emotion whatever. In answer to his questions, I told him I was not a Russian, but had just come from his native place. When I told him I was preserving my incognito, and he heard the most secret purlieus of Peking mentioned familiarly, he seemed to think I was in some mysterious way a northern Chinaman in disguise. It turned out he was an *attaché* at the Legation, to which place he took me. There I made the acquaintance of the Manchu *chargé d'affaires*, and for several days we went about together,—to the museums, the "fortress," tombs, cathedrals, monasteries; to the Arcadia and Bavari public gardens (it is quite light until 11 p.m. there); and to various other places not so easy of access without some influence.

In any country but Russia, to be seen chatting with Chinamen in a *Biergarten* would attract a crowd; but I was given a particularly wide berth,—by the common people because they thought I was an official, possibly a police-agent; by the "swells" because they assumed from my confident manner that I was "authorised" in

some way. Only on one occasion a man I had noticed "shadowing" us, and who, I had told the *chargé*, was absolutely certain to find a pretext for joining us, did really come to our table. He addressed the Chinamen, or rather Manchus, as "old friends" in French, and said he had met them at somebody's reception; as I looked vacantly forward, he then proceeded to ask who I was. He was informed that I apparently spoke no language but that of Peking, and that I was not a Russian, but that we knew common friends; and that was all they could say (nor did they ever press me further). I have no doubt the man in question was one of the police-agents, and that he solved the mystery for himself by following me on that or some other day to my hotel.

The following afternoon the Czar was giving a reception, and all the diplomats went to the palace of Peterhof. In St. Petersburg things are done in the free-and-easy way of the Pincio at Rome, and there is not much "carriage style." I went to have a look, and found my Manchu friend coming away in a common open *droschky*. That night we went to the Leitny Gardens, and played some more pranks there.—At Moscow and Nijni Novgorod, later on, I had some more "carryings on" with certain Shan Si Chinese much to the mystification of the ever-watchful Russian police.

CHINESE IN SUMATRA

IN June, 1878, the Chinese Government sent a Cantonese named Ch'ên Lan-pin as Minister to Washington. His sphere of influence included Spain and the Spanish-Portuguese Republics, and "grew out of" the ill-treatment of coolies in Cuba. A mission of enquiry, conducted by Mr. Macpherson, of the Foreign Customs, had passed through Shanghai for Cuba in October, 1873. (Incidentally, I may mention that when I was in Cuba [1894] the ill treatment of Chinese had ceased.) The Macao "slave trade" had been stopped, largely through the efforts of Great Britain, in 1874; and the Peruvians (also under suspicion) were busy at Canton with their proposed coolie hiring, when Ch'ên Lan-pin called to consult certain of his friends about it. The Peruvians did not eventually succeed. Two years later the Brazilians came to try their hand; and the Dutch were also particularly anxious to facilitate the importation of Chinese coolies into Sumatra, as their methods were such that the British (Indian) Government did not care to encourage the emigration of Klings, at least unless a British official were allowed to watch the whole business.

It was under these circumstances that I took an opportunity of visiting the Sumatra tobacco plantations of Deli, in the spring of 1888, in order that I might see on my own account and with my own

eyes the real state of affairs. Deli seems to be practically the old state of Ferlech, or Parlac, visited by Marco Polo; and when I was there, quite a flourishing town called Medan, connected with the port by a good railway, had grown up in the neighbourhood of the Deli Maatschappij's chief plantations. Very few Englishmen owned tobacco interests; the most energetic, and the least tender to the Chinese, seemed to be the Germans. I found the rules made by the authorities fairly good on paper; but, on visiting the tobacco-fields, and closely enquiring from the coolies themselves, I was convinced that the majority of them were in a position little removed from virtual slavery. In the first place, they had to sign bonds to serve for a minimum time (three to five years) at fixed wages; then they had to guarantee repayment of their passage-money and outfit; every encouragement was given to them to "extend their term," and to spend as much of their money as possible in "tuck-shops," brothels, and other places provided for their recreation; the food they bought and the opium they smoked brought profit at their expense to either the administration or the "owner"; loans were offered freely; penalties for breach of discipline were heavy; and the "laws of evidence" were such that practically the white man was able to "work the case" in his own interest. Every possibly obstacle which the law allowed was directly or indirectly put in the coolies' way to prevent their leaving for China with their

earnings ; but they were invited to *send* savings, and to coax their relatives to come too. The influence of "smart" Chinese was used to compel the unwilling. Nearly all the coolies I saw said, on their own behalf and on that of their friends, that they would be only too glad to escape with their possessions, if they could.

Of course the Dutch and German planters put a very different colour upon the story. They said (which was true) that the hut accommodation was good ; the medical attendance adequate ; food sufficient, and not excessively dear ; hours reasonable ; amusements and pleasures to be got for the paying ; but that order and discipline had to be preserved with a strong hand. Still, having seen most other foreign resorts of Chinese, I say that, as compared with Chinese contract labourers in English Protectorates, the men were in serfage ; they were infinitely worse off than the same Chinamen in French colonies, where a man is at least free, even though he may be bullied and overtaxed. In a surreptitious way the planters hoodwinked the officials, who perhaps made little effort to be undeceived ; they seemed to strain every letter of the law to entangle in the meshes of debt, indiscretion, greed, and vice ; and the whole system appeared to me (who see for myself, and take no man's interested assurances) to be negative if not positive slavery ; but still a mild slavery. However, I see from our Swatow consul's last report on the coolie traffic that things are now better.

CHINESE IN AUSTRALIA

DURING the past dozen years of exclusionist policy, it is not probable that the Chinese population of Australasia has increased, and it may safely be assumed that, including New Zealand, the total figure does not exceed the sixty thousand of 1888. The general attitude of white men towards the Yellow Race may be gathered from the following, repeated almost word for word from the mouth of an English miner employed by the Wo Hap firm of Ballarat.

"Oh! they're not bad fellows, them Chinese; the only thing is they're so dirty in their ways, and won't spend nothin', and they plays old 'Arry with our women. But they doesn't do us no 'arm; only we want none o' their blood a-mixin' with ourn. We can put up with them as we've got, but we won't have no more o' them. If they'd only bring their wives and settle down, we could stand it well enough; but they goes a-sellin' o' handkichers and sich to them Irish girls, so —— soft-spoken like, that the girls gets kind o' fond o' them; and the Chinaman he makes a very nice husband too, for he gets up early to make the fire, washes the togs, and lets 'em dress up just as they like; and they are always a frightenin' of him—don't ye see?—and if he didn't fork out, he'd think they'd be after some other chap."

Six shillings (and this but one-half of what the Australian Irishmen try to get *per diem*) is exactly what a Chinaman receives a month at home, and to

keep his whole family. Wo Hap employed sixty of his own countrymen (Cantonese delta) and forty Europeans ; the latter mostly as carters ; only Chinese did the wheelbarrow work.

It was amusing and interesting to see how the supple Celestials accommodated themselves to the taste of their rough British mates. They slouched their soft hats' brim down over the face in colonial style, strapped their trousers below the knees, wore heavy boots and red flannel shirts, and affected the clumsy, hearty, " how the h—— are you " ways of their gruff companions. I noticed a slight tremor in the voice of the Hakka who was " trying it on " with me ; his nerve gave way when I addressed him in Cantonese, and in reply to my query he produced his pigtail, coiled snugly up in the recesses of his billycock, when he found " it was all up." By leaving an unshaved fringe round the crown, and thus concealing the caudal temptation to " larks " and horse-play, the Chinaman can easily produce the general appearance of an unkempt Italian ; and when there is no external evidence of " Mongolian " origin, the Irish mate soon forgets the incongruity.

At night the Celestials retire to their own huts in the " camp " outside the town, which there is no need for any European to visit ; there they can pig away without fear of molestation. The well-to-do, and especially those with white wives, own the gambling-houses, opium-dens, and shops or stores in China Street (inside the town). As no one understands Chinese ways,

there is little police interference with them. The only thing is that a private detective (I met one) is told off in the large towns to prevent the abduction of English girls, who are at once sent to prison, if found with Chinamen, for having no "visible means of subsistence";—unless they marry, that is. Chinese "protection" is not recognised, especially when there is reason to believe that more than one "protector" exists over one and the same subject. In Sydney there are a good many excellent Chinese shops at the bottom of George Street, near the Circular Quay, and in Melbourne the greater part of one whole street is Chinese. In Adelaide there are occasional "stores"; but in each and every case European costume is worn, which, being of the "street cad" type, effectually deprives the Australian Chinaman of any native dignity he may possess at home. Several, however, have become prominent and useful citizens, and quasi-Anglicised. I saw several who might have sat for Mr. Stiggins's portrait, with pot hat, white choker, and umbrella.

THE CHINAMAN IN NEW ZEALAND

JOHN CHINAMAN was not viewed with favour in New Zealand when I was there; in fact, a prosperous Celestial trader in Fiji (Hung-li), who travelled with me to Auckland from Levuka, expressed doubts as to the possibility of a Chinese' landing on any terms

just then. Nay, more, there was a "black-leg" dispute about the crew of the very steamer (*Mariposa*) in which I subsequently left Auckland for Honolulu. Of course, those Chinese who were already in the country were not interfered with; but the Maritime Labour Council went so far as to decline to permit the supply of coal to the *Zealandia* (the steamer which preceded mine), "manned as she is by Chinese in the stoke-hole, to the detriment of the white race," and in order to defeat the "endeavours to reduce our race to the level of Mongols." It was, therefore, not without surprise one day that, as I was sitting on the box-seat of McIlroy's coach, on the way to the Haka Falls, I observed a Chinese ostler calmly walk up with a bucket of water for the horses. His behaviour and attitudes were exactly those of the innkeeper *employés* on the Peking roads; but I could see from his "pants" that he was a genuine Cantonese. I shouted out from the box the usual Cantonese query: "Are you from Namhoi or P'unyü [= from which half of the city]?"

"I am a Sai-ts'iu man," said he (south-west of Canton), without displaying the slightest surprise.

I then asked him a few questions about the treatment he and his compatriots received in New Zealand.

The passenger sitting next to me on the box here interposed: "Was that Chinese you were talking?"

"Yes; Cantonese."

"I used to study Chinese once—about twenty years

ago, that was; and the pronunciation I learnt was quite different."

"Who taught you?"

"A missionary in London."

"There was surely only one man teaching Chinese in London twenty years ago, and that was an ex-missionary named Summers."

"That is the name of the man."

"Then we must have been there together."

It turned out that we had both taken lessons at the same time in George Yard (just opposite Mr. Pickwick's chop-house), and had encountered the same fellow-students; but had never met each other.

Mak, or *Mék*, is a Chinese family name (Cantonese pronunciation), and is pronounced like the *Mc* in McPherson—without any definite vowel. In Otago nearly every one is Scotch, and so the son of one A-fu (or Mêk Fu) ingeniously styled himself *Macpherson*. In this way did the wily Celestial circumvent the canny Scot, and became a prominent citizen. When I was there he resided at Round Hill, and, if I am not mistaken, had an Irish wife; at all events, I met several prominent Chinamen in the colonies who were happily married to British wives; and several wives told me (in a whisper) they preferred a Chinaman to a white man, as being more sober, domesticated, and thrifty.

FRENCH CHINAMEN

ALTHOUGH we are given to animadvert upon French colonial incapacity, and although I myself have indulged in considerable "chaff" at the cost of their fussy and superfluous *fonctionnaires*, I must state outright that there is a good deal of generous and noble-minded disinterestedness about the French administration in the Far East. They spend huge sums upon public works, markets, and all sorts of advantages for the *indigènes*, (they also waste a great deal upon banquets and ceremonies,) and there is no doubt that the French priests, in their ecclesiastical efforts, have a higher repute than the Spaniards of Manila as regards purity and good faith. But, having been over a good part of Tonquin and a fair proportion of Annam, I must confess that it always appeared to me that the Chinese cordially hated the French official ways. It is not that the rules and regulations are not just and good, but they are too pin-pricky. What the Chinese like about the English administration is that it ignores them, and they are themselves left absolutely alone.

Hongkong, and even more Singapore, is a wonderful spectacle of mixed liberty. The French do not interfere with liberty in theory, but it is the caprice and incapacity of individual officials that harasses the Chinese. For instance, the instant a man lands, he has endless trouble with his baggage, his effects, and the *tarif général;* he is cuffed and shoved about; he

has to pay a heavy annual poll-tax, get photographed at his own expense, have himself affiliated to some guild, and obtain various permits and passes. The Chinese are a republican race, and in their own country salute no official in the streets. The French do not properly understand Chinese ways; and thus the Chinaman at one moment insults his "protectors" with impunity, whilst at another the hot-headed French officer or policeman boxes his ears for some neglect of form which is purely imaginary. On the other hand, the Chinaman does not understand French ways, and irritates the testy jack-in-office by resisting *bonâ fide* attempts to benefit himself, as often as he unwittingly breaks the law in his earnest endeavour to observe some childish regulation.

In a word, the government is "uneven." On the one hand the priests, who really exercise an admirable influence, exhort to virtue and self-denial: it is a pity they cannot follow this out without calling for incessant *contributions*. The weak point of the Roman Catholic Church, here as elsewhere, is that you cannot enter a church, sit down, burn a candle, or do anything towards your soul's salvation without paying for it. It is all pay, pay, pay; and obey, obey, obey. Then, again, the position of priests *vis-à-vis* of civilians is doubtful: in China it is all clamour for priestly rank and rights: in Indo-China the priests are jealously kept within tether, and as often as not snubbed and ridiculed by the civilian French. The very frankness of Frenchmen in questions of morality or immorality,—the very

absence of that goody-goodiness which some Englishmen possess and others affect,—leads to an apparent *dévergondage* which is not approved even by the Chinese. Then there is the absence of business capacity; the martinet-like adherence to fixed hours and rules not essential to the furtherance of objects desired; the excessively severe opium rules; the granting of monopolies; the wholesale licensing of gambling-houses (the Chinese, of course, like this, though they do not respect it); the grinding taxation; the want of calmness and *bonhomie*; a waste of time over the midday siesta; official censoriousness, prying, and arbitrariness:—all these taken together tend to make the more intelligent Chinese despise French rule.

Personally, I have always enjoyed the utmost hospitality at the hands of genuine French officials, naval, military, and civil; and I hope, and believe, not one has any ground to complain of me; the only persons I have found disagreeable are "mercantile officials." One need not be such a simpleton as to swallow all the yarns every discontented Chinaman relates; but I used to talk with every one who would speak to me; and, for the reasons given above, they in each case left the same impression upon me. The government is a good one, but capriciously administered by ill-trained agents; it requires unification and steadiness; and I feel convinced it will never fully succeed until the French voluntarily take a leaf from our book, and "let the Chinamen be."

THE CHINAMAN IN HAWAII

ALTHOUGH American influence, and notably that of the sugar "king" Spreckels, was firmly established and predominant, yet Hawaii was still nominally an independent kingdom when I got a glimpse of it, and the total population was about seventy-five thousand, of which Chinamen numbered one-third. Since then there has been a large increase, especially of Japanese.

In 1878 the "Great Sandal Islands" (the Chinese name) addressed an official communication to the viceregal government of Canton, but Liu K'un-yih showed no disposition at all to enter into diplomatic relations with that obscure "power." One king came on a visit to Shanghai, but I forget his name and the year of his visit. Kalakaua was not much of a monarch. He accepted a bribe of seventy thousand dollars from a Chinaman in exchange for the opium monopoly, notwithstanding that it was a criminal offence to smoke the drug in the islands at all. His (American) judges "decreed" that his majesty should restore the money to the Chinaman; but meanwhile a "Total Exclusion Bill" was introduced into the legislature, the ostensible objection to poor John being his "immorality." All this was just before my visit to Honolulu.

It is true that Chinese emigrants here as elsewhere are slow to bring their own women with them until arrangements are made for permanent cemeteries, and

until a feeling of justice and security is engendered in their minds; yet the lady Kanakas are only too pleased to consort with Johannes (for a consideration). Chinese industry has brought under cultivation vast tracts which would otherwise have lain waste; but here, as at home, the labourer who saves a few dollars takes the first opportunity of turning to trade. When I was there, half the best shops were Chinese, and of course they undersold the white men: hence the jealous cry, "ruined by Chinese cheap labour." One of my Canton lady acquaintances (American) had married a missionary and joined in his work there. There were also some Hakka Christians under the Basel Mission, and some American lady-missionaries from Foochow. The labour immigrants were nearly all of Kwang Tung provenance, but not necessarily from Canton; and their guild was practically under the control of the Chinese Minister at Washington, who "put the screw on" persons disagreeable to him by getting the Viceroy at Canton to "go for" their relations at home. Of all these facts I obtained documentary evidence at the time; but at this moment I have no doubt the Americans have crushed out all Chinese aspirations in the direction of political intrigue, at which they are passed masters.

In consequence of the tendency of Celestials to gravitate to "Chinatown" in Honolulu, the Japanese were officially encouraged to come in 1888, and a thousand of them had just arrived in the *Takasago*

Maru when I landed, twenty per cent. of them being (under the convention) women. The Japanese take more kindly to permanent plantation life than do the Chinese, and, moreover, give no trouble about ancestors, graves, opium, bribery, and municipal intrigue.

If the Chinese Central Government had had any "go" in it, there would have been no great difficulty in annexing the group in 1886, just at the moment when the Emperor's father was Admiral of the New Fleet; when Japan had been "defeated" in Corea; when the United States were at loggerheads on the labour question; and when Russia was really afraid of China in the Ussuri Province. I happened to be in Honolulu on Kalakaua's birthday, and the Chinese prisoners were engaged with the native criminals in dancing and posturing to the strains of their native guitar. I had some conversation with them, and in surveying this allegorical scene I came once more to the conclusion already formed, that the easy ways of genuine barbarians are in many respects kindlier and more humane than the Pecksniffian tyranny of certain "outer barbarians" of Christendom, notably those of the Scotch-Dutch type. Moreover, I had but recently conversed on the sly with some French "murderers" in New Caledonia, and felt sick of contemplating the harshness of man to man: the French system seemed to me brutal, despite its pampering discipline.

DON MAGNIFICO

IT was curious for me, coming from China, where you can buy a man, woman, or child for a few shillings, to observe the "side" which the same Chinese had traditionally acquired in Burma. There were two currents: the Pekingese-speaking of Yün Nan, entering Upper Burma by land from the north, with more or less "conquering" traditions; and the Cantonese, or Fukienese-speaking, entering Lower Burma by sea from the south, imbued more with the English or progressive ideas. But both currents agreed in one respect: they declined to serve as menials, and they toughly held out for the privilege of *not* dressing as in China; that is to say, the pigtail—now so beloved, despite its humiliating origin—was carefully preserved on principle, but was as often as not concealed in a turban, or a billycock; the long gown—the "toga" of the Chinese—was likewise stowed away for sacrificial occasions, or to do honour to Chinese officials on the rare occasions when Burma was officially visited.

With the exception of a few northern Chinese waiters on the Bhamo steamer, the Bhamo missionaries' "boys," and the servants either brought from China or hired on the frontier by the consular officers who had preceded me, I never saw a single menial Chinese in Burma, and monopolised all the specimens myself;—that is, I never saw one serving a European, and I was informed that the various guilds would not allow

it. Of course they served each other. Imagine, then, the consternation when I appeared upon the scene with a gigantic northerner speaking almost pure Pekingese, always dressed in robes at table, and never daring to coil up his pigtail in my presence; accompanied, moreover, by a Swatow wife, who had even had the audacity to "let her feet out." They might as well have asked Chang-êrh to oblige them by cutting his throat as ask him to disobey me. However, there was no difficulty. Chinese always give way before "irresistible persuasion," so long as that persuasion accords with their home "form"; just as cowboys or diggers (Artemus Ward tells us) consent to be at least negatively decent, when missionaries or women arrive to remind them of meeting-house and "veskits."

But Chang-êrh was too big a cargo to carry about steamers and railways: Burma is more "oriental" than China; a European traveller needs some one who can coil himself up on the door-mat; get up at any instant, night or day; go to sleep at any moment to kill the time; and practise the innumerable ways of a "hot country," which China is really not. Hence Chang-êrh and his wife were left to hold the fort (it was truly a fortress in its tremendous strength) at Bhamo, whilst first Wawa (= "Baby"), a diminutive Yünnanese Christian, lent me by a French missionary; and then Joseph, a coal-black Tamil, a still more diminutive Madrassi Christian, lent by another French

missionary, followed me all over Burma. Wawa was forced to wear a robe, but, "yielding to the solicitations of his friends," he soon gave notice to quit.

It was only when I was leaving Burma for good that I decided to spring a surprise upon the local upper ten by producing Chang-êrh officially in all his glory for their inspection. The Chief Commissioner (now Lieutenant-Governor) had invited me to dinner, and Chang-êrh was simply informed: "I dine out to-night." He put on his best blue silk robe, extending nearly to the feet; his two-inch thick yellow satin shoes, pink satin *t ao-k'u*, or "bags" (a sort of legging or lower half-hose); got his tremendous glossy pigtail (which in his younger days had also reached to the toes) nicely trimmed with red silk; and, preening with pride, presented himself to lay out my shirt and put in the studs.

But the Rangoon *gharries* (cabs) are ramshackle affairs; and it was very showery; so, instead of perching him on the narrow, uncomfortable box, next to the frowsy Tamil driver, I said: "You can go inside." Poor Chang-êrh had never in his life actually sat at such close quarters face to face with his terrible master; so he took a respectful side attitude, with hands meekly folded, on the edge of the seat, wearing a resigned air like that of Mrs. Cluppins at the trial, and, uncertain whether he should talk or not, sheepishly looked through the window at nothing in particular, with an uncomfortable, vacant stare.

Arrived at the great man's house, he leapt eagerly out of his cage, and, as all Chinese servants do at home, elbowed his way through the various flunkeys (Burmese and Hindoo), to the servants' department behind. I then got out, and was relieved of my hat, etc., by the butler, who showed me in. People seemed to be fussing about something, for the Tamil or Burmese butler came up to me, and asked me in good English, in a confidential voice: "What is the rank of that Chinese gentleman who came in the same carriage?" No one had ever seen or even heard of a Chinese "boy" before, and as Chang-êrh always "took charge," his presence in the servants' hall was embarrassing; nay, it was uncertain whether he was to sit at table. He had no idea that anything was unusual himself, but waited at table quite nonchalantly. The ladies cast cautious but respectful eyes at the monster, and were lost in admiration of his hands, which (like most Chinamen's) were small and clean.

When we got home and he brought the morning tea, he said: "Your Honour enjoyed great dignity last night. I saw all the foreign gentlemen and ladies admiring me."

CHINESE GAMBLERS

AS I was pacing the streets of Boston or New York (at this moment I forget which), my eye caught some Chinese characters which reminded me of the purlieus of San Francisco, Melbourne, Ballarat, and

other places where "the Chinezes drive." I tumbled up a narrow staircase constructed quite in the Hong-kong *bagnio* style, and on the third floor saw a door open, with half a dozen Chinamen inside, gazing in rapt attention upon a gaming-board—*fan-t'an, rouge-et-noir,* or some such game. From the shape of their nether garments I perceived they were Cantonese. Though I walked up close enough to peer over their shoulders, they were so absorbed that not even those facing me perceived a foreign face. I said in Cantonese: "What a lot of men!" Two or three then looked up; but, seeing no flurry in my eye, which I kept fixed on the counters, they too observed that sphinx-like attitude which comes so naturally to all Chinese rogues. From their glances I could see that through the corners of their eyes they were silently asking each other: "Shall we bolt, or go for him, or what?"

I then said: "Are you from Namhoi or P'unyü?" (the two divisions of Canton).

Some one said: "Höngshan," (Macao region).

They seemed now to feel more at their ease, and one asked: "How did you get here?"

I said: "I dropped from Heaven." I then went on to explain that, although in appearance I was a flowery-flag (American) man, I was really the re-ëmbodiment of one of themselves, and that I had no fear whatever; moreover, that they themselves need not be alarmed.

One then enquired: "What are those four characters on the wall?"

I replied: "*T'in-kun kong-fuk*," ("May the heavenly ruler send down happiness").

"And those?"

And so it went on.

Then I said: "Well, I must go now. No one must follow me. You see I have proved my heavenly origin."

They all bowed: and said "*M-koi*," (= "*bitte sehr*," as the Germans say).

This is not the only time I have successfully posed as, or been taken for, a quasi-supernatural being. Though Chinamen are rarely, if ever, fools, their total ignorance of science, coupled with their exaggerated and confused notions of western discoveries, renders it easy temporarily to impose upon their credulity; indeed, the "Boxer", superstitions of 1900—for example those of immunity from rifle-fire—prove this on a wholesale scale. As a rule, every missionary who speaks a local dialect at all clearly is known by reputation to one, at least, of any Chinese group from that region: probably after I left they would recover their wits, and think I was a police-agent, and perhaps an ex-missionary who had been in Canton. But the whole business must have been uncanny to them, and I myself was not sorry to get safe down the stairs.

CHAPTER IV

KINGS, POPES, PREMIERS, AND PHILOSOPHERS

THE TSUNGLI *YAMÊN*

POSSIBLY things are changed since I was there, and in any case my intercourse with the old boys of the *Yamên* was limited. I only saw Prince Kung once, and that was on October 31, 1869, when he came to say good-bye to Sir Rutherford Alcock. Ch'unglun was a curious man with a huge, goitrous wen, and naughty, twinkling eyes ; he specially shone at the race-course, or in telling a *risqué* story. Tung Sün was a renowned poet, whose sacred fire was easily kindled by Sir Thomas Wade: I believe he inflicted upon the Peking world a translation of *Childe Harold.* Great men are usually known by a *mot.* Tung Sün's *mot* was "*Pi-fang yi-t'iao-yü-a!*" ("for instance, one piecey fish") ; the wit comes in through the simile of one fish (England, of course) leading the way, and then others (minor Powers) following in a line: also in the word *pi-fang,* "for instance,"—a favourite refuge of foreign

TUNG SÜN THE POET (IN CENTRE), WITH HIS TWO CHINESE COLLEAGUES, 187

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interpreters when hard pressed for a word: hence Sir Rutherford's caustic expression: "*pi-fang*ing their way through an interview." Ch'ênglin seemed to have had the end of his nose snipped off and replaced by a piece of dull red Turkish pipe-clay. The others were Shên Kwei-fên and Paoyün, neither of whom left very definite impressions upon my inexperienced and callow mind.

All Chinamen and Manchus of rank seem to have a "monstrosity" of some sort: either a fearful goitre; or one side of the face totally different from the other; or a strange squint; or four or five teeth run together in one piece like a bone; or a big dinge in the forehead; or a beard consisting of six long, stout bristles; or a set of eagle's claws instead of nails. In those days nearly every one was deeply pock-marked. All men's morals are *plus quam* Turkish, for it is the Peking custom to have them so, and one feels a ghoulish sort of sensation in their presence. Ch'unglun did me the honour to wet his finger and rub my cheek to see if I was painted; Li Hung-chang patted me, and put his arm round my neck. It will be remembered that the Emperor Kienlung, who was a notorious old *rip*, similarly patted the head of Lord Macartney's page, Sir George Staunton. Their "room" is decidedly better than their company when temptation offers, for they are not very strong in virtue, any of them. Perhaps it is "only their way"; and, after all, they are much more astonished when they see a couple of fat Germans kissing each other (not to

mention effusive Frenchmen and Russians) than we are (or I was) to be stroked by a Manchu or a Chinaman.

It was great fun talking to them: they seem to loathe business, and to be convulsed with merriment at the thought of the British lion roaring with rage, just because a missionary had had his eye squelched whilst holding forth from a barrel in the streets. I remember once "soaring to eloquence" myself in describing in horror-stricken language and earnest tones how the "*shih-lao-ju-yü*" ("the stones fell like rain") about some preachers' heads. "Splendid!" said Ch'unglun. "Not bad at all! You've got it well off by heart! Ha! ha! 'The stones fell like rain!'" This was too much for me; I joined merrily in the infectious mirth, and the rest of the interview was noisy, hilarious, and anything but business-like. The fact is the *Yamên* does not want any missionary to be basted, nor any merchant defrauded: the view of life (and government) it takes is quite easy and good-natured: "Oh! don't bother; let things right themselves: we'll pay the damage some time. What did he want preaching there?" or "What did he sell things to a man like that for?" However, the inevitable crash has come at last; and the easy old days are gone for ever.

WÊNSIANG

SIR THOMAS WADE used to call him "the last of the Manchus,"—meaning that there were no others left

of the grand, non-opium-smoking, self-respecting race who for over two centuries had ruled the Empire with firmness and credit. Wênsiang is chiefly remarkable, so far as we barbarians are concerned, for the oft-quoted saying: "You argue that we do not move quickly enough. Beware! A time may come, after China is once started on the path of progress, when the great machine will roll inexorably on and crush," etc., etc. Sir Robert Hart is the most recent amongst distinguished men to reproduce this steam-roller-like *mot* for public consumption.

The earliest mention I can find of this fine old Manchu statesman is in 1855, when he was a Brigadier-General in Sz Ch'wan, serving against the Kwei Chou revolters. In 1858 he was ordered to recover Momein, on the Burmese frontier, from the Panthay Mussulman rebels; and shortly afterwards we find him rewarded at Peking with the honour of "being allowed to ride a horse within the imperial precincts." He is next heard of in 1859, when he figures as Master of the Mint and an Under-Secretary of the Board; later Privy Councillor; and so on. In 1860 Prince Kung, Wênsiang, and Kweisiang are all commended by the Emperor for their services in settling the various treaties after the Anglo-French war. Amongst other things it is recorded that "Thomas Wade describes Pulusi [Prussia] to be a state of considerable size too, and one which for this reason cannot be excluded from treaty benefits."

It was as good as a play to see Sir Thomas Wade and Wênsiang at a *tête-à-tête.* Each entertained perfect respect for the other's good faith and ability, but Wênsiang often had to remonstrate with his adversary for not keeping his temper: the missionary memorandum was then on the *tapis.* On these occasions Mr. McLeavy Brown, who was a perfect master both of elegant Chinese and of calm diplomatic manner, used to take the Chinese statesman aside for a moment and explain: "*Fei ch'i ye; chi ye,*" ("It is not wrath; it is zeal"). The difference in "aspirate" and "tone" between *ch'i* and *chi* requires the possession of all one's linguistic faculties to bring clearly out; and Mr. Brown did it so nicely that Wênsiang was mollified.

My own relations with Wênsiang were phenomenally short, and were ruthlessly extinguished even at that. Sir Thomas Wade had lent me a novel called *The Fortunate Union,* in which one visitor says to the other: "I dare not bear the weight of your jewelled toes." The other replies: "Long have I heard your great name, like unto thunder crashing into the ear." This struck me as being rather a sonorous phrase, and I decidedly "fancied" the style. I therefore got it off quite pat for use, tones and all. Just at that moment a message came out to the Secretariat: "Send Parker in with that draft, if ready." In I went. As I entered, Sir Thomas Wade, sitting at the writing-desk, scowled at me over his spectacles; but old Wênsiang,

with inborn politeness, rose from his chair and looked enquiringly at Sir Thomas, as though to ask: "Who is this nice young man?" Sir Thomas, with a growl at me, waved his hand impatiently and muttered a word of introduction. Wênsiang then said modestly to me: "*Pu-kan tang*," ("I cannot bear it"). Out then I came with my sentence, in a clear, determined voice: "Long have I heard your great name, like unto thunder crashing into the ear."

"Ah!" said Wênsiang, "*tiens!*" (to use the French expression).

"God help us!" roared Sir Thomas; "one would think he had the cares of the Foreign Office on his back!" (a favourite expression of his, subsequently used several times to me). "Here, that will do!" So out I slunk.

THE TAOIST "POPE"

MORE ancient than Confucianism is the teaching of *Tao*, which syllable means "Way," in *all* our significations of the word; but the main idea which runs through the whole set is "the right Way," or, simply, *Truth*. Volumes have been written upon the treatise supposed to have been bequeathed to the world by Lao-tsz, the accredited apostle of this teaching, who also gave lessons to Confucius. The Chinese, like ourselves, are more prolific in literature which deals with matters of imagination and "belief," than with

that which treats of plain questions of fact, provable by logical evidence, and "understanded of the people." I take it that Marcus Aurelius was the European thinker of antiquity whose "form" nearest approached that of Lao-tsz. The great thing is to "go on quietly with your existing routine, whoever you are: don't ever make a fuss; don't get excited or angry about whatever disturbing factor turns up; but pour oil on the troubled waters, and try to maintain the *status quo*: you have organs and feelings; never mind asking why; use them as nature prompts; but don't be selfish, unfair, or a beast."

However all this may be, a certain Chang Tao-ling, born about the time Jesus Christ died, was a later prophet of *Tao*ism, and he is supposed to have "ascended into Heaven" upon or from a mountain called Lung-hu Shan in Kiangsi (a place of which I was almost in sight on my inland journey from Foochow to Wênchow in February, 1884). His descendants have been alternately honoured and ignored by successive dynasties, and their souls are supposed to pass from one generation to the other by a sort of metempsychosis, like the souls of the Lamas of Tibet. The Manchu dynasty has consistently ignored them at court, and in 1742 even deprived them of court rank; but in 1747 Kienlung accorded them buttons (local) of the fifth grade, in consideration of their ecclesiastical status.

Well, in 1880 the hereditary "Pope" Chang Jên-chêng

visited Canton in state, and I went to see him in his travelling barge. The Chinese officials ignored him utterly, regarding him much as we regard a gipsy or a Dulcamara. He was dressed very much like any other official Chinaman, but he had a quiet, passionless, and unworldly look about him, and was very well bred. He appeared to be a man of forty, and he said he was the sixty-first in descent. His usual designation is Chang T'ien-shï, (Celestial Teacher Chang); but his own official title is that given him in 1739, *Chêng-yih Ta-chên-jên* (*verus unus, magnus purus vir*). He spoke to me very kindly, and said he knew the Rev. Joseph Edkins, then a Protestant missionary; —still living, and a distinguished sinologue. At my request he wrote me a "charm," which I had framed. I took it with me to Chungking, and, at Chang-êrh's suggestion, hung it up in my private "court" to ward off danger. We forgot all about it; but, when I was *not* killed during the riot, the Chinese said: "Ah! how clever! It was the *Tao*ist charm that saved him!" (Q.E.D.)

THE PHILOSOPHER CINCIUS

THIS vocable stands for Tsêng-tsz (disciple of K'ung Fu-tsz, or Confucius), just as Mencius stands for Mêng-tsz (Menfucius would do as well). As my name in Chinese mouths had a tendency to relapse into Bakka, I adopted in 1871 the philosopher "Sancius'" family

name of Chwang: for "unpronounceable" reasons the Russian consul Skatchkoff had styled himself Confucius; whilst the British consul Mongan had, on obvious homophonous grounds, called himself Mêng. So there were the three "sages" at Tientsin, all complete.

A Foochow teacher I once had traced his descent man by man for eighteen hundred years back to a well-known statesman of antiquity. This curious circumstance induced me to question all the "boys," teachers, barbers, women, and even children thrown in my way for an hour at any time, and I discovered that the commonest Chinaman could usually go back by memory for from two to five hundred years; or even more by referring to his "genealogy" book at home: in fact, I published in the *Shanghai Evening Courier* twenty years ago about a dozen genuine "lives" of such humble folk. On another occasion, at Pagoda Anchorage, I "bet" Dr. Somerville at a dinner that his rowdiest stable coolie, if ordered in there and then, and questioned by me in his own dialect, would give us off-hand the names of all the Manchu reigns, and of all the dynasties back to Kublai Khan; and the man did it at once.

These introductory observations lead up to and partly explain an interesting event which happened to me in the wilds of Hu Peh;—this was at the small city of Kienshï, two days' journey south of the Yangtsze River. My civilian mandarin was surnamed Tsêng, and he happened to be undergoing tonsorial operations in

the inn yard, when an old druggist strolled in to ask about, and if possible see, the barbarian. I overheard their conversation. As soon as the old man (in accordance with custom) gave his name, my mandarin said: "Ah! then we are relatives. What is your branch-stream? I belong to the *ts'üan* lot."

"I am a *ki*."

When I heard this, I went out to join in the *causerie*, and said: "Then the Marquess Tsêng, the new envoy to Great Britain, must be your cousin, and Governor Tsêng Kwoh-ts'üan of Shan Si must be your uncle."

"I don't know what post *Ki-tsêh* [the Marquess] holds now, but I know he is *Kwoh-fan's* son, and the Governor's nephew; moreover, there are two others of the *ki* lot holding office in the Yün Nan and Canton provinces [which was true]. But our branch migrated a great many centuries ago, and we only keep genealogical registers back as far as the dynasty of X. [I forget how many hundred years]. The original registers are preserved in the old house at Confucius' town in Shan Tung, and we send them copies of our local registers at intervals. There are several hundred thousand of us in China, mostly in this province, Kiang Si, and (of course) Shan Tung. In 1330 the Mongol Emperor Tub-Temur gave our original ancestor the title of 'Ancestral Sage, Duke of Ch'êng' [on the River Wên in Shan Tung]; but emigrations had taken place long before then. Our first ancestor [*i.e.* of the branch] has his cemetery at Y——."

The only man I ever discovered who could not go back more than three generations was my own "boy," who was a devil-may-care sort of fellow, and did not care twopence about his ancestors ; in fact, he would have left his own mother to starve, had I not for twenty years confiscated part of his wages for her. Towards the end of his days, however, he grew quite filial, and sent her amongst other presents a coffin, "ready for the event." He himself happened to die first, after I had left for good, in other service, and the mother wrote to England to ask me "how about my money?" I sent her a few dollars to "burn paper-money for the wandering soul";—in other words, for herself. I received thanks for the money, with a "verbal *post-scriptum*" sent through the Legation : "Is there no money for me, too?"

CHINESE ROYALTY

"*Bon voyage, Parrkerre! Vous allez voyager avec un roi!*" These were the last words of my cheery French host as we reached the tiny wharf at Hanoï, to which he kindly came to see me off. A group of French generals, colonels, and *fonctionnaires* were buzzing round his Majesty at that very moment, full of *empressement* and respect (they had been officially "dining" him the night before) : they took their most affectionate leave, (even *umarm*ing him, but discreetly avoiding the kiss,) and the royal procession at once

moved on board. As soon as the steamer had well started, I naturally made enquiry as to who the distinguished monarch was, and I was informed that he was *un roi Muong très guerrier*, who had been prevailed on by French diplomacy at last to throw in his lot with *la France*. It so happened that, three years before this, I had, whilst on leave of absence, made a private tour of my own to Tonquin, Siam, and Burma, and had made independent enquiry as to the conflicting claims of Annam, Bangkok, and Mandalay to the allegiance of the Shan states, some of whose chiefs I had interviewed; and consequently I knew all about the attack of Tiêu Văn-tri of Muong-lai upon Luang Prabang in June, 1887; the flight of his Majesty of Luang Prabang to Bangkok; and the temporary occupation of Muonglai by the French in January, 1888; in fact, M. Tirant, the French Resident-General at Hanoi, had just received the latest news from Muonglai, and was examining the maps (which he showed me), when I visited his office, on March 17, 1888: it was then uncertain whether Muonglai would "stand it." (I may explain that the "Muongs" are simply the Shans, *Muong* meaning in their tongue "country." The Siamese call themselves *Muong T'ai*, "Land of the Free," and the Burmese call the Siamese *Sciam-pi*, or Siam-land; but when I was first in these parts no one had a very clear idea of who was who.)

When I came to "walk round" the king, by the

identificatio quasi canina of narrowly observing the seat of his trousers, I came to the conclusion that he must be a Cantonese, the foot-gear and limb-gear being for males what the head-gear is for females—a quite certain mark of origin. The French diplomatic agent with him and the others of his entourage all spoke either Shan or Annamese; his Majesty also understood a few words of French. He was very independent and reserved in his manner; would not sit at table with Europeans; would not "drink"; and, altogether, made his obsequious suzerains feel as the Amir of Afghanistan likes to make the Viceroy of India feel; —*i.e.* "creepy." He was by no means a captive, but an independent sovereign, on the point of accepting over-rule. Watching my opportunity, I walked up to the king and addressed him, quite as an equal, in Cantonese; he was delighted, and replied fluently. He could not only speak, but write well, and it turned out that his ancestors came from a place near Pakhoi, where the family graves were still kept up, and to which place he sent messengers to sacrifice every year. The Frenchmen airing themselves on deck were naturally *intrigués* at seeing this "animated conversation" going on in a tongue totally unknown to them all, and the more so when they observed the activity of my note-book, down into which facts were going with startling rapidity. The situation was amusing: here was the "enemy," flop down in the very hot-bed of diplomacy, enjoying all the exclusive secrets for

himself! However, there was no way out of it: I turned the king completely inside out before I dropped him; but I may inform my French friends that I did nothing naughty; in fact, when he told me that, after meeting the British officials in Chiengmai, etc., he had decided to "plump" for France, and send his sons to Paris for education, I made no attempt whatever to represent to him the superior virtues of Short (China) or Codlin (Siam); and said no word to which my French hosts could, had they understood it, have in the least objected.

His real family name was Lo; but, like most of the Shan chieftains in the Laos or "Old Shan" region, he used the Chinese family name of *Tiao*, which doubtless stands for the Siamese *Tjao* (= prince). He gave me his card, inscribed *Tiao Wên-chï*, which, in the Cantonese, becomes *Tiu Mên-chi*, and in Annamese *Tiêu Văn-tri*. This last the French call him, believing him to be a Shan. Like all Chinese "kings" abroad, he prefers "short coat and trousers" (= our tweed suit) for the ordinary purposes of life, to the cumbersome boots, yellow jacket, and peacock's feather form of frippery.

THE EMPEROR OF ANNAM

THERE was a good deal of telegraphing between the Resident at Tourane, the Resident-General at Hué, the Governor-General at Hanoi, and (possibly) the

President of the French Republic, before I was allowed to go up to Hué. However, common sense prevailed, and I may state to my hospitable French hosts that I had no mission whatever; and that neither the British Government nor the British Minister had the faintest idea I was there.—We of the ruck—*i.e.* those not acting officially—assembled in evening dress at 9 a.m. at a certain palace outhouse, where we deferentially awaited the arrival of the Resident's coach. Then we marched through a double line of caparisoned elephants and horses; banners, trumpets, fanfaronades, etc., up to the royal hall of audience, which was quite as dignified as anything of the same kind in China. The little king (locally "emperor") was seated, *à la Turque*, on a fine, handsome throne, and there were around him the usual bearers of fans, flappers, and *fasces*; the eunuchs, and others courtiers and paraphernalia of, the Far East; apparently all based in the distant past upon Hindoo ceremony. The Resident-Superior read an address in French, uttering the usual diplomatic verbiage about "rights," "liberty," and other imaginary advantages which are never at all appreciated by "protected" powers. Then the king read from the back of a *yahu*, or "tablet," (which Chinese emperors of old used to hold before them with two hands,) a reply in pure Chinese, but pronounced in Annamite fashion. It must not be supposed that there is any (known) connection between Annamese and Chinese; but with all people who dabble in Chinese civilisation

THE KING ("EMPEROR") OF ANNAM.

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it is considered good form to use pure Chinese in courtly matters: thus, during the "Boxer" troubles, the Emperor of Japan replied to the Emperor of China in perfectly good Chinese taste; his language was faultless from a "high-falutin'" point of view.

But the most interesting part of the show was the native ceremony, after the European introductions were over: it was one of the most dignified and impressive spectacles it is possible to conceive, with nothing whatever tawdry or serio-comic about it. Far away in front of the throne-hall extended the vista of elephants and troops; then, out in the sun, in front of the throne-hall and above the elephants, were about twenty or thirty double rows of civil and military officials, all dressed in very quaint but very magnificent court robes, hats, and boots. Not even the highest dignitaries advanced at any time more than a few steps into the throne-room, which was a pavilion quite as large as the great hall of Westminster, and had its roof supported by magnificent teak timber, painted a deep rich red, or "purple." The emperor, eunuchs, and Europeans were the only ones admitted into the centre of the pavilion. The marble-paved court in front was thus filled with mandarins, the military on one, the civil on the other side of the narrow alley running up the centre. At a signal a singular and by no means unmelodious hymn was struck up; the whole body of officials knelt and rose three times in slow succession, *kotow*ing thrice for each time they knelt, all in

perfect harmony with the music; and pausing to sing at each move. This occupied about twenty minutes, after which there were certain other ceremonies, all based upon the Chinese etiquette.

The thing which struck me most during this extraordinarily interesting function was its striking similarity to the ceremonies of the Byzantine court, as related in Western history, and as depicted in paintings. I do not for this reason rush to any conclusions; but I think it highly probable that "ideas" must have passed freely to and fro between Rome, Constantinople, Persia, Parthia, India, and China at all times subsequent to the mutual discovery, by East and West, of West and East, respectively, about two thousand years ago; and that the means through which they filtered in both directions must have been chiefly the horse-riding Turks.

CHINAMEN AS PRINCES

TOWARDS the end of 1892 I visited the Siamese Commissionership of Junk Ceylon—capital town, Tongkah. This high official has under him several Chinese rajahs, notably those of Kra and Renoung, both of whom I met at the latter place, where I was sumptuously entertained by the "royal family."

The existence to-day of the Chinese adventurer "dynasties" in the south seas helps us very considerably to understand how in ancient times the feudal states existed under the hegemony or nominal

rule of the kings (in ancient China the Monarch, or King, had not the same Imperial title as to-day), and how enterprising Chinamen established petty dynasties in the Corean, Annamese, and Tibetan regions. The palace and tombs at Renoung were modelled on the same scale in theory (though of course less spacious in practice) as those of Peking and Annam. The *divissimus*, or "founder" of the dynasty, was a prosperous "Zaitun" trader from Changchou Fu, near Amoy, whom the King of Siam, Phra Chom Klao, made, first, "Lord," and then Governor-General of Renoung. The four sons of the first rajah are now independent of each other, and also rule Kra, Trang, and Langshun provinces, in consideration of paying tribute and homage to the King of Siam. Not one of them smokes opium; and they form together a vast commercial union, something in principle like that of the Rothschilds, but, naturally, with infinitely smaller scope. In accordance with Chinese views of happiness, they breed like rabbits; for to have "his quiver full of them" is the *beau idéal* of a righteous and much-married man.

But the most striking thing of all is the mildness, firmness, impartiality, and justice of their rule. With the exception of a handful of Burmese and Madrassis, their subjects are entirely Chinese, Siamese, and Malays; yet they exact no "crawling" rights or *kotow* forms, and, except on sacrificial occasions, wear the short jacket, loose pantaloons, billycock,

and foreign boots of the Penang Chinese under British rule; the whole corresponding to what we should call "cow-boy" or "shirt-sleeves" attire, as, worn, for instance, in Fiji government circles, where the not inelegant shirt (no braces) was quite the thing with Governor Thurston. In fact, though nominally Siamese, these rajahs belong to the Penang or English "sphere of influence," which is perfectly honest, and quite innocuous to the political rights of Siam.

When the Chinese rajahs do homage at the Siamese court, they have to conceal the pigtail (to which Manchu badge all Chinese fondly cling, now out of mere habit), and wear Siamese uniform. The Chinese official dress is put on when ancestral sacrifices are performed. No lodges or "secret" societies are tolerated; for the laxity of the British government had allowed the rival lodges of Singapore to squabble and wax dangerous, and even to extend the scope of their operations beyond the legitimate sphere recognised by the best Chinese members; which evil example had showed signs of spreading to Burma and other places.

A smartly manned gig, a brisk dog-cart, and a comfortable bungalow were placed at my disposal; I was shown all the industries and the sights; and I left the place more impressed than ever with the admirable business capacities, the sterling honesty, and the manly dignity of the Chinese emigrant class, when given a free hand to work out its own salvation. Neither

the French, nor the Dutch, nor the Spaniards, nor the Americans sufficiently understand the art of letting Chinamen alone, an inactivity in which we ourselves excel.

VAE VICTIS

THE story of the Panthay massacres is one of the saddest in Chinese history, and, knowing all the particulars of it, I went to see the late Sultan's son, Prince Hassan, directly I heard he was living in Rangoon, where, as at Bhamo, his father the Sultan had once had several trading-houses. He occupied an ordinary villa, not very well kept up, in the outskirts of the town, and drew a pension from the British, or rather, perhaps, from the Indian Government, for which favour he was apparently very grateful. He was a stout, grave, and not unusually intellectual Chinaman, of what may be called the Turkish or Persian type; that is, he bore no traces of the distinctive Mongol, Manchu, Tibetan, or Indo-Chinese features which sometimes peep out in the northern, western, or southern Chinaman: (there is no such thing known in China as a Japanese type).

I am not sure whether I remember this point correctly, but I think he told me that he himself had been one of the two envoys sent by his father to London in 1872, with the object of inducing Great Britain to accept suzerainty over the expiring Mussulman kingdom. This was at a time when the victorious

General Ts'ên Yüh-ying and his lieutenant Yang Yüh-k'o (nicknamed "the monkey") were gradually closing in upon the Panthay capital of Tali Fu. Francis Garnier, whom I met at Hankow in April, 1873, told me he had managed at great personal risk to get into Tali Fu in the Sultan's time; this was on the occasion of his splendid journey with the Lagrée mission through the Shan states in 1868; but on the English side Major Sladen was not allowed to advance from Burma beyond Momein (now a consular station on the Yün Nan frontier). At that time Suliman (for that was what the "Sultan" Tu Wên-siu called himself) was in the heyday of his power; still, the eastern parts of Yün Nan were adversely held in the Chinese Emperor's name by the "Lao Papa," or "Old Pope";—that is, by Ma Têh-hing, a Mahommedan *hadji* of high character who had abandoned the Sultan, and had accepted the post of Imperial Viceroy at Yünnan Fu in order to save further civil war and useless bloodshed.

Ma Têh-hing, under the name of Ma Fu-ch'u, had, in 1842, made the pilgrimage to Mecca by way of Burma, and in February, 1893, I met at Bhamo another Chinese Mussulman from Ho Nan province taking the same route. The city of Tali Fu had no sooner fallen, than the treacherous Chinese Brigadier-General Ma Chung, of Yünnan Fu, massacred the Mussulman Viceroy too, who, though he had long held the city as a renegade in the imperialists' favour, was now of no

further use to them, and was even much to be dreaded in his capacity of local Pope for Islam.

The death of Prince Hassan's father Suliman is thus described: The Chinese commander promised to spare the city if he surrendered. As his people were weary of war, and he was therefore not unwilling to be sacrificed on their behalf, he first sent in his official seal as token of submission; then he robed himself in his best, destroyed his valuables, and forced his wives and children to commit suicide. Finally, he got into his sedan-chair, and was carried through the crowds of his weeping people to Yang Yüh-k'o's camp. His manner was so bewildered when he got there that he could do little more than gasp out an entreaty that his people might be spared. It was soon evident that he had, *more sinense*, taken a slow poison, in order to avoid a shameful public death; and he was successful, in so far, at least, that he died before they could hurry him away in his chair to Ts'ên Yüh-ying's headquarters. The next day the corpse was decapitated, and the head embalmed, for transport in triumph to Peking. Prince Hassan was not inclined to be communicative upon these tragic matters, but he was very much interested in all questions concerning local Mussulmans, and very pleased indeed when I caused to be sent to him a copper seal and some Mussulman archives brought from the Kachyn state of Muongpo, near Sefan, which had taken part in the war on the Panthay side. He is visiting Mecca this summer (1901).

THE WILD KACHYNS

THE Japanese have a saying: "*Ftats-ki demo, djibun no uchi*"—literally, "Pair-spread though-be, self his house," or "Cock on one's own dung-hill." I believe the proper way is to write "*Futatsu-shiki*" ("a couple of mats"), or "*San-shiki*" ("three"); but it was said to me exactly as above, in reference to an old Nagasaki "pub." which the paternal British Government had bought for me, and had put up at Chemulpho as a vice-consulate. The saying forcibly recurred to me when the King of Pontu, sitting on the soft side of a muddy and jagged stone, clothed as to his nether regions with a short pair of ragged cotton drawers, and as to his "upper circle" with a short jacket of the same unwashed material, was deferentially served with his dinner. The banquet in question consisted of about half a pound of coarse red rice, "dished" up in a fresh banana leaf; and about a quarter of a pound of what we call "kewins" in Liverpool—*i.e.* periwinkles. They were ready picked out for him, and handed up in a second banana leaf. As with many people in the Far East, the king scrupulously used the right hand only for fingering his food. After the repast was over, he blew his nose with the left-hand fingers, and royally wiped them on the attendant's trousers.

His Majesty, like most of his kind, dwelt with his population on one hill, which was his kingdom. I was again reminded of a story, told by the Chinese

philosopher Chwang-tsz, about the fearful war which once raged between the *bacilli*, or microbes, which lived on the right feeler of a dying snail, and their rivals living on the left. The snail's death brought history to an end. But this man of Pontu was a real monarch, and the much-superior-looking man who served him was of noble birth. Before a Kachyn engages in conversation with a stranger, it is said he always asks: "Are you a noble or a commoner?" This particular monarch was a political prisoner of Great Britain—a sort of unmounted De Wet. There had been a good deal of fighting, and one or two valuable British officers had lost their lives. A "column" was sent to Pontu on the Chinese frontier to demand submission and tribute; the tribute in this case consisted of a few hundredweight of straw required by our garrison for thatching the roofs of the fort at Sima. The houses of the Kachyns are as roomy, and in every way excellent, as the Kachyns themselves are insignificant. I and half a dozen officers slept luxuriously in one compartment of the "male" end of the king's house, the females taking advantage of our candles to peep at us from the obscurity of his harem.

The king had to come in person, and as he spoke Chinese fairly well, and none of the Sikhs, Goorkhas, or British officers spoke a word of it, he attached himself by preference to me, and walked back a portion of the second day's journey by my side. But the curious part of the whole business was the deference

with which this ragged chief was treated by his own man.

A recent picture in one of the illustrated papers shows Li Hung-chang looking into a kinetoscope, surrounded by his "boys" and coolies. This is exactly the attitude in which I once saw the Emperor's late father, surrounded by a lot of street boys—and by myself. Once I saw the Viceroy Liu K'un-yih take the pipe which a slave had just puffed into a blaze for him, rub his thumb carelessly over the mouthpiece, and then smoke the wet pipe himself. The fact is, despite the power possessed by, and the immense respect shown to the ruling classes in China, there is an easy feeling of human equality all round. They are no snobs. Even the old Empress-Dowager, in her flight from Peking, found time to "chaff" a kneeling magistrate on the road, who had brought her a good hot dinner, on the excellence of his cook. She also asked him for some clothes.

He said: "In this poor district there are no luxuries, and all I have is the coarse outfit of a poor concubine I have brought to live with me."

The Empress said: "Oh! don't make a fuss; we are cold, and don't mind about forms and ceremonies. *Chĭ yao nwan-ho, chiu shĭ-lo!*" ("All I want is to be warm!")

This Chinese Raleigh, to his disgust, was made a prefect, and forced to "Come along." The whole story of the flight is most amusing, and some day I may tell more of it.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE

POPE LEO the Thirteenth would hardly look to Hoihow for pronouncements upon the Vatican; but I may mention that, in the archives of that swinish metropolis, his Holiness figures as *shï*, which character by a very curious coincidence means both "a lion" and "a supreme teacher"; in fact, it means "a Pope," for it was applied by Kublai to Paghsba and his successors, and is still applied to the Taoist Pope. The whole papal theory is left on record in Chinese at Hoihow in connection with the official preservation of the Jesuit tombs there, and the names of their Holinesses have been duly raised three pegs or two pegs, like the Chinese Emperors, or *divi*, according to whether dead or alive.

However, that is not the immediate point. There was quite a plethora of distinguished French visitors about this time; one day the new French Minister suddenly appeared unannounced by my bedside; a week later the Acting Governor-General of Indo-China most hospitably required my presence at dinner on board his steamer. But on the occasion here referred to a card was handed to me on behalf of "Monsignor Termoz, Domestic Chaplain to his Holiness the Pope." He was accompanied by another cleric named Rossel, and like all other persons in doubt or difficulty at Hoihow, inevitably found his way to the British Consulate for comfort and refreshment. We all took a walk to see Father Diegues (otherwise known as Father

Diogenes), and then went on to "the stricken field" to inspect the Jesuit tombs; so that persons interested in those remains now know to whom they may go for a voucher; and I may take this opportunity of saying that the much-abused though "heretical" English Government, at my request, paid ten pounds for the protection of the said tombs, which tombs the Roman Catholics as a body ought in future to care for themselves, as the Portuguese mission is too poor. (I hope that the Secretary of State, who is responsible for the grant, will not monopolise all the reward for this good act in the next world, but leave a wee crumb for me.)

However, the bishop's visit is used here simply as a peg on which to hang the subject of presents, which are a great nuisance in China. My own plan (being, unlike Mr. Wemmick, a firm disbeliever in the value of portable property) was, when any European gave or sent me a fancy present, to pass it on instantly to the nearest deserving Chinese; and when a mandarin sent me anything more ornamental than useful, to send it or give it to the first "foreign" person I saw or thought of. Only a week previously, a customs officer, who had been dismissed, asked me to assist him by purchasing at a valuation a silver epergne; just then the *taotai* was cashiered too, and the epergne came in very handy as a consolation present. As the episcopal party returned fatigued from their outing (the bishop, by the way, was "accommodated with a chair," and Père Rossel, who pluckily tried to walk, soon collapsed, and had to be

chaired too), after we had all had a bath and (including the bishop) a glass of whiskey and soda, we assembled in that compartment of my barn variously known as the office, the sitting-, dining-, or drawing-room; and what should we see there but a gigantic screen of the most gorgeous colouring, together with some other presents. I forget who sent me this, or what (if anything) I had done to deserve it. The rule in China is to accept part of a gift, and then "tip" according to its value; or to reject the whole, and "tip" with great *sagesse*. You either write on the card: "X. respectfully detains screen one piecey; remaining gems are excluded with thanks," or, simply: "X. excludes with thanks." On this occasion the whole of the gems were detained without exclusion, and at once made over to the bishop, who was delighted, and undertook the serious business of conveying them to Rome, where I trust they adorn some worthy nook of the Vatican. (I paid the "tip.")

In connection with presents, I may add that it is the custom at the New Year for consuls to send a few discreet or elegant trifles to the authorities and charge them to the public under the head of "New Year's complimentary gifts to the . . ." The scraggy poultry and other edible gems received in return I used to give to the constable and the "boys." On one occasion a waggish colleague of mine, carried away by a *cacoëthes alliterationis*, simply stuck down "Turkey for *taotai*"; much to the horror of the Foreign Office, which promptly (in the person of its Chief Clerk) called for explanations.

CHAPTER V

"ROWS"—MISSIONARY AND OTHER

A ROW WITH STUDENTS

THE overland journey from Kewkiang (in Kiang Si) to Hankow is remarkable because not one yard of it lies in Kiang Si. You cross the Yangtsze on starting from Kewkiang, and after five days' hard travelling you traverse it again at Paho; yet in Hu Peh province all the time: it must be crossed a third time at Wuchang (Hankow). The people are (or were) very disagreeable all the way. Chang-êrh was allowed a small chair, as it was not easy for him to tramp thirty or forty miles a day and look after me too. On this occasion I also contented myself with a small native two-bearer chair, and consequently the *οἱ πολλοί* had no very clear idea who and what we were: the "boy" was transformed by them into the *ta-lao-ye*, or *lao-ye*, and I was the *ta-jén*: ("old sire," "great old sire," and "great man," roughly stand for "your worship," "your honour," "your excellency"). But when we got

to the town of Paho (= River Pa), at the mouth of a tributary of the Yangtsze, we found the place unusually crowded with students on their way to the capital of Wuchang for examination, and it was not easy to secure any quarters at all, not to say privacy. Every table in the open or restaurant part of the inn was crowded, and the sleeping "bins" were of the smallest and stuffiest. However, whilst Chang-êrh was making my bed and arranging my effects, I did my best to answer questions and satisfy the students' curiosity: "Don't you feel cold in such tight clothes?" "Have you rice in your country?" "Is it true that there is a country where they carry men on poles run through the belly?" "Have you a wife and children?" "Are you not afraid of swallowing the fork?" etc., etc.

After an hour of this it began to get wearisome, so, as soon as I had entertained the company by eating my dinner in their presence, I bowed my leave, moved towards the compartment allotted to me, filled my pipe, and lay down to read. Suddenly the light wooden door flew open, and a student, flushed with wine, burst rudely in, sat on my bed, took the pipe out of my mouth, and began to smoke it. On this I "up with my fist" and gave him one straight in the chest, knocking the partition down and him over it, and creating noisy havoc among the tables and crockery outside. There was a fearful uproar at once, every one shouting that I

had struck literary men, had used "arguments of force," and so on. The students gathered up fragments of broken furniture and assumed a "hold-me-back-lest-I-should-break-his-head" kind of posture.

At that instant I was putting on my dressing-gown and smoking-cap (a fez), and Chang-êrh, quite calmly, waved his hand, saying: "Come, come, the great man is putting his official uniform on; you can't strike an official." I chimed in by calling out in a peremptory tone of voice for the landlord, and ordering him to fetch the *tipao*. (The *tipao*, or "local guarantor," is a curious Chinese institution, like a "whipping-boy." He is nominally *Monsieur le Maire*, but in reality he is often a hired ruffian or toper, who, for a consideration, acts as spokesman to the municipality, and incurs all the penalties: it is as though the Lord Mayor should keep a greengrocer at fifteen shillings a week to listen to the warnings of the Chief Justice.) When the *tipao* came, I gave him all sorts of orders, and demanded various forms of satisfaction, hinting that on my arrival at Wuchang I should speak to the Viceroy. Things gradually quieted down; but I felt very uneasy in my bin during the night, for I overheard many a discussion as to my status, and as to the advisability of "going for me."

THE CAGED WARRIOR

CHINKIANG is a disagreeable centre for soldier riots; for, being at the parting of the ways for canal, river,

or land routes, it has large Tartar and Chinese permanent camps; and besides, there are always remounts, reinforcements, and escorts passing through to other provinces. Naturally, these men like to stroll on the settlement and steal a look at the foreign devils.

When I was there, certain Europeans used to connive at gaming-houses, and take shares in native theatres; not to mention the pawnshops, drinking-houses, and other places even less orthodox; all flourishing under the sacred nose of Her Majesty's Consul. I had already had plenty of experience in soldier "rows" on the Kewkiang settlement in 1872-4; but Chinkiang was a much rowdier place, both from a native and a foreign point of view. Consequently the municipal police had plenty of work; and if the soldiers did no worse, they "committed a nuisance."

For this last crime one strolling warrior was arrested when I was there, and he promptly punched the policeman's head. He was at last overpowered by others, and temporarily lodged in the consular gaol, the keeper of which was a one-eyed old soldier named Joshua Nunn, who boasted several medals, and had served his country bravely and well in the wars. Some more soldiers soon gathered round, and began to threaten a rescue, and even to burn down the Consulate.

Quickly giving orders to plucky old Nunn to lock the man up in his strongest cell, I just sent a pencil message round by the *t'ing-ch'ai* to each of three

sturdy Britishers: "Please step round with your gun; I expect a row."

In less than five minutes, round they came. A table and chairs were set outside the front door, and we four sat there, guns or rifles in hand. I am not quite sure but what they were the new rifles just about then served out to all the consulates in order to meet such eventualities: it was the *Spark* piracy that had set us all on the *qui vive.*

The Consulate stood (like most British Consulates) on the most commanding elevation; in this case at least fifty feet above the road, with a steep mountain behind. About two hundred unruly soldiers gathered round the lower enclosure; but when they saw us armed, quietly sitting and smoking at the door, they did not "come on." Meanwhile, a written message was sent to General T'ao of the permanent camp, half a mile off, stating that the man would not be released unless he, the general, came in person to identify and punish him.

In about half an hour down came General T'ao in his chair, with Colonel P'êng on his charger, and the usual rabble of a suite. It was explained to the two officers that there was no desire to claim jurisdiction over, or in any way be harsh to the arrested man, but that it must be clearly understood in future that if any soldiers, or even officers, came upon the settlement, they would be forced to obey the municipal bye-laws; and the consul was municipal chairman.

TOMB (NANKING) OF THE FOUNDER (1368–98) OF THE MING DYNASTY (VISITED FROM CHINKIANG).

(His son Yung-loh moved to Peking, not far from Chinkiang.)

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General T'ao did not seem to like his position very much; but he was civil. He went with me to the prison, and spoke to the man through the cell bars. The result of it was that the soldier received about twenty slight bastinado-strokes on the spot; and all was settled.

Twelve years later (1889) a somewhat similar riot occurred, and the Consulate was burnt down. I was in England at the time, and therefore only speak from hearsay. The cause was the same,—dissatisfaction of the Chinese with the somewhat fussy behaviour of the municipal police, who had just before that arrested a military officer for "reckless riding." Soldiers (three hundred) were sent from the camp to "protect" the Consulate, where the policeman, in this last case, had taken refuge; but, of course, three hundred Chinese soldiers, who never do more than "look on," are not worth four well-armed Britishers who are prepared to shoot. Hence the mob simply rushed in unimpeded, and burnt the place, the consul and his wife barely escaping with their lives by clambering down the mountain side, half-dressed, to a friendly steamer.

A "MISSIONARY ROW"

ON September 15, 1880, "there was not a cloud on the horizon," as Lord Granville had remarked the day before the Franco-Russian war broke out. By a singular coincidence, the very day before the events

now to be narrated, a complimentary despatch addressed to consular officers from Lord Granville had reached Canton, and the English and French consuls were both doing a little *desipere in loco* at Macao; so quiet things were. The Chinese writers had, for some reason, gone away rather early. It was about 3.30, a very hot day, and I had just finished "tiffin," sent off my guests, and was drinking my coffee alone, when a note from Père Béal was placed in my hands: it was to the effect that an attack on the cathedral was threatening.

In "rows" of this kind it is important to look sharp, as five minutes may make all the difference; and in any case a Chinese writer (even if present) takes at least half an hour to fumble about with his inkstand, his draft, his fine phrases, and his caligraphy. I never hesitated to make a shift for myself when pressed for time, and now therefore jotted a few words down in pencil on the consul's visiting-card, so that a man was off to the Viceroy's in less than five minutes. The cathedral was about two miles away, and the Viceroy's *yamên* four.

In a short time more urgent messages came from several of the Rev. PP., and they continued to come at intervals, varied by personal visits, every half-hour or so, for some hours. It was soon necessary to explain to the Viceroy that the French consul was away; and finally, as the correspondence to and fro and the verbal messages became more frequent, to confess that the

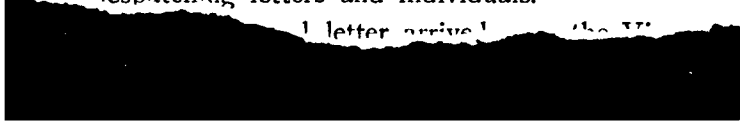
English consul was not there either. Still, in such cases the Chinese are never martinets; and, apart from the consideration that one barbarian is, in their opinion, as good as another, and that "petty divisions into states" are (or were) not taken very seriously, they are usually willing to act reasonably in times of emergency, whoever makes out a good case; more especially when the British Consulate (as an abstraction) says "It's all right."

Chang Shu-shêng was a grizzled old warrior—an ex-rebel—who, as the story goes, had surrendered to Li Hung-chang, and had subsequently married Li's sister,—of the old Taiping revolution days. His chief feature was a single jagged green tooth, or tusk, in the upper jaw, and he spat freely into your face as he addressed you. On this occasion, however, he came out well; he went forth in his own chair, and (perhaps luckily for us) had his vice-regal hat knocked off, and his sedan smashed by the mob.

The two gates and bridges of the foreign settlement (an island) were always watched by "the viceroy's guard," under the command of a well-disposed deputy, then named Chang Chên-toh. This man held himself (he was always supposed to do so) at the disposition of the British Consulate, and his mission was to keep the creek boats and rowdies in order. There was also a vice-regal steam-gunboat anchored near the cathedral: the French officer in command wished for my sanction to land marines at

in person to ask it; but, though I had no objection in principle to usurping the authority of the Viceroy and French consul for a few hours, I declined on other grounds to approve this action. Another vice-regal steam-gunboat was anchored off Shamien; the English (*i.e.* Scotch) commander (a fine old fighting man and an ex-whaler, named Captain James Stewart) also came in person "for orders," and I privately arranged with him that, if the settlement were rushed, he should, at a signal from me, occupy it with all his forces and arms. (I may explain that the Viceroy had two anti-pirate steam-fleets; the officers were all appointed and removed by the two consulates, but all "orders" came, nominally at least, through the Viceroy's chief-of-the-staff.)

Thus the commercial settlement was rendered perfectly safe both by land and by water; and all these dispositions were made before 9 o'clock in the evening, when the chairman of the municipality was, by way of precaution, told what had occurred, and warned to keep some Europeans on watch during the night. This warning had the instant effect of summoning a meeting at the club, when the German and other "minor" consuls arranged to send for a gunboat, and to have an armed volunteer patrol during the night. I think I scarcely moved from my chair until 1 a.m., the whole of this time being occupied in receiving and despatching letters and individuals.



LOOKING DOWN THE CANTON RIVER.

(Cathedral to left; "flower-boats" and dragon-boat for racing to right.)

[*To face p.* 98.

Chang Shu-shêng, announcing that he had as many as two thousand men disposed in a cordon around the cathedral, the orphanage, parsonages, etc., etc., and that there was now no danger. So far as my memory serves me, one or two unimportant Christian houses had been fired or pulled down, but no French interest had suffered in any way. It so happened that there was no British gunboat at Hongkong, and the next day things were so quiet that there was some waggish disposition to suggest a "got-up thing." More especially were the Protestant missionaries indignant because no one (which was a fact) had given them a thought: most of them lived between the wharf and the cathedral.

On the 17th the two consuls returned; and on the 18th a belated Portuguese gunboat turned up from Macao. The Viceroy's letter above-mentioned, and the French consul's subsequent letter laying stress on the narrow escape every one had had, were of course unknown to the Hongkong press, which also broadly hinted at a "mare's nest." However, the records are still there.

Curiously enough, almost exactly three years later (September 10, 1883), a somewhat similar riot took place, and a big, ugly rush from the cathedral direction actually took place. The sceptical residents thus had a second opportunity of dealing independently with the cry of "wolf." On this occasion the mob had a fairly good excuse, for a drunken Englishman

named Logan had caused the death of a Chinese lad by shoving him overboard as the daily steamer lay alongside the wharf (between the Consulate and the cathedral). But this second time over a dozen foreign houses were consumed; the ladies were taken on board a friendly steamer; the British flag was hauled down; and the German consul's patrol was again requisitioned. The unfortunate Baron von Ketteler (murdered in Peking on June 13, 1900) distinguished himself very highly, and I believe several Chinamen were shot before the crowd desisted from their violence.

FALLING HE FELL, AND FALLING EMITTED A THUD

SUCH was the translation of Homer's favourite line *Δούπησεν δὲ πεσὼν*, etc., which once at school involved my next comrade's precipitate descent to the bottom of the class. The day after my return from a month's tramp in North Szch'wan, I was walking, followed by my escort man, towards the solitary gate which leads from the rocky peninsula of Chungking to the mountainous country, when I noticed angry faces and sullen groups on all sides, as if there had been a "row," and people were indignantly discussing it. As soon as we got out of earshot of the wall, the *hien*'s policeman said: "Great man, I think we had better go back another way; the people are threatening you." I thought he was afraid for himself, because

his nasty habit of spitting at noisy boys (which had several times evoked my remonstrance) had made him unpopular with mammas. Still, I judged it more prudent to take a longer turn in the country than usual, and we therefore came back the same way towards dusk: any other direction would have involved a long detour, followed by a disagreeable walk through miles of malodorous streets.

There were still crowds on the wall, the path along which was also the nearest road to my house. A scuffle took place above me as I entered the "tunnel" of the gate (I afterwards learned that some Protestant Christians had prevented a man from pushing a large stone on to me); but I ascended the wall from the inside as usual, and there found a human lane prepared for me, with rows of people on each side. A man I had never seen ran towards me and said hurriedly: "Great man, don't come this way: they are going to injure you."

Suspecting a trap of some sort, I took no notice, (the missionaries explained to me this man's good intentions some days after the event,) and got safely through the lane, trying to look as unconcerned as possible. But, just when I thought all was over, some men of the loafer class assisted an old woman to clamber up the slopes. She flung her arms round my legs, and shouted out: "Give me back his life; his back is broken." Knowing Chinese "dodges," it at once struck me that I had been seen

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lungeing at dogs with my stick, and that I was going to be accused of hitting a child. I looked round for the policeman, and saw instead, in the place where he should have been, a testudo of humanity, apparently engaged in trampling on him. The whole affair did not occupy as many seconds as it takes me minutes to describe it.

I was clearly in a mess, and it was useless to run, so I fain had recourse to "art." I said: "Old madam," (the politest address), "you will understand that a mandarin cannot argue with small folk in the street. The policeman belongs to the *hien*, who is responsible for him; if you have any complaint to make, you should petition me at my public residence." Some of the better-disposed bystanders seemed impressed, and, nodding, said: "That is good language."

Meanwhile, I walked quietly on, feeling decidedly uncomfortable. In about four minutes I was at home, but I purposely said nothing to my servants as I entered except: "Invite the writer at once." This man was a Roman Catholic Christian, and had served Mr. Baber faithfully on his travels. I said: "Please, go as quickly as you can to the *hien*'s *yamên* [a good way off], and ask him yourself to come at once with his police. Violence has taken place, and I expect an attack in a few minutes."

Off he went, and now I wrote an account of the matter to the *taotai*, warning him that the true facts would reach Peking by a sure channel, whatever should

happen to me, and that I held him responsible. Off went the gatekeeper with this too. Dinner was served; and during the meal a Protestant missionary came to say that a tremendous uproar was taking place, and people were saying I had killed a child. As his colleague had a wife, I suggested the wisdom of going back to look after the safety of his own mission-house. Then I was called by Chang-êrh to the outer door to inspect the policeman: he was severely mauled, but the people who had brought him seemed quite respectful. I ordered him to be rubbed down with brandy, and told them they must petition the *hien* if they had any complaint. Then I went back to my own court, (or *patio*, as a Spaniard would call it,) and had coffee.

Just as I was lighting up my pipe, I heard a fearful din, and Chang-êrh, running up, said the outer gate was being "stove in with a coffin." He was ordered to bar the gates of each court, beginning with the outermost, and I at once blew out the light. I had nothing on but a suit of duck and a pair of heelless slippers. These I kicked off, and (I had already thought out a plan of escape) took up a position on the high wall at the side of the successive yards, my idea being to advance towards the street as the mob advanced from the street, the gables of the three sets of buildings practically concealing the wall from persons in the three courts.

Suddenly something occurred, and the δούπησεν

πεσὼν episode took place. I did not know if I had been shot, or struck, or what; but, after lying stunned for a second, I found myself prostrate in the narrow space between the wall and the tiers of buildings, quite unable to speak or move. (It subsequently turned out that the mortar coping broke, and I had slipped.) Chang-êrh was just barring the inmost door, and heard the "thud": he ran up with the gatekeeper or Wang-êrh (I am not sure which of the two had gone with the letter), muttering "*K'o-wu!*" ("How abominable!"). They carried me through the writer's "rock-fortress" at the extreme back into the next house. The people there (strangers) were very civil, and they said a chair was already in waiting at their back door to take me to the *yamên*; this, however, I declined. Whilst we were smoking and drinking tea in a friendly way, I heard shouts: "The great old sire [the *hien*] has arrived. Eh! what bravery! He is punching the people's heads with his own fists!"

There was a fearful shindy for some time more, and meanwhile I thanked my hosts, and gave orders to be carried back to my own court. Whilst being "laid gently down" there, I heard the *hien*'s voice shouting: "Where is the great man? Is the great man injured? Take me to the consul. Is he dead?"

I shouted: "Here I am, old sire Kwo [Kwochang, a Mongol of fearless type]; this way."

He was delighted to see me "uninjured," and made the usual Chinese excuses about "silly boys," etc.:

he carried off with him the policeman wounded in my service.

The next day both Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries came to see me. The story now was that I had, by some supernatural means, stolen the golden duck from the sacred tank, and had thus been the cause of the prolonged drought. Both my ankles were badly sprained, and for many weeks I was obliged to roll myself from room to room, instead of walking.

It was a fearfully hot summer; the drought continued for two months more; and there were rumours almost daily of massacres and rebels. All the officials were my personal friends; the leading Mussulman and the leading Roman Catholic gentry also frequently came to see me. The officials durst not punish any one, and I did not like to press the demand very hard, because I suspected my "loaned" policeman was a bad lot, and for all I knew he might have given just cause for offence. The officials hinted that if I would consent to his execution, they would in turn execute one particular criminal whose name I had got from the missionaries; otherwise, they said, the people would accuse them of pandering to "ocean men." This quite Chinese arrangement did not take my fancy at all, and I managed in time to get the unfortunate policeman out of the *hien*'s clutches, and send him safely to the Ichang consul (ten days' journey). As a solatium to my feelings, the *taotai*, prefect, *hien*, brigadier-general, etc., gave me a grand public banquet at the

prefect's *yamên* (he holding the highest territorial or "host" rank in the town). The leading Roman Catholic Christian, Lo Pao-chï, was invited too, and (though I had to be supported) I thoroughly enjoyed the feast and the merriment after so long a confinement in the house.

It is a long cry from Chungking to Peking, and when at last replies came, I soon saw that if there was to be a settlement of any kind I must invent one for myself: the officials simply jeered at the word "Tsung-li *Yamên*." The *hien* (not a bad fellow, but quite unscrupulous) said: "Don't make a fuss: let the affair die out. We are treating you very kindly. Of course, if you persist in saying I am no match for what your people can do, then I'm going to fight." On the top of this came a private note from my first "relief," asking me to apply officially to have him sent back, and suggesting that things were not so bad with me as all that. The Viceroy at Ch'êngtu, Ting Pao-chêng, was no lover of foreigners; but he was a just man, and I therefore sent him a full official account of the whole affair, stating that I had decided not to insist on the personal satisfaction of punishment, but that I wanted proclamations issued all over the province. His reply (sent not to me, but to the *taotai*) was decidedly a good one for a Chinaman of exalted rank at that date. He ordered the authorities to "make repeated enquiries after my health," wanted to know "whether I was an officer of rank, or how,"

and enclosed a large number of proclamations saying what a nice, learned, and just person I was, and how missionaries ought also to be protected. These proclamations were faithfully posted up, and later on I often heard from remote missionaries about them. I then left, leaving my two successive "reliefs" to fight it out between them on their arrival.

About six years after that a somewhat similar "row" took place, and the same house was attacked. This time it was destroyed, and my third successor *had* to accept the chair, again in waiting. He got knocked about considerably in the streets, and was obliged to live for safety during some time in a room set apart for him in one of the *yamêns*. The enormous premises of my Roman Catholic friends were burnt down, and the leading Roman Catholic Christian above mentioned was executed as a sop to the mob. Desperate efforts were made by the French Minister at Peking to save him; but all in vain. He used, even in my time, to keep a number of paid bullies ready for the attack he was always expecting; but he was so rich, and so well supported by the bishop, that the authorities (who of course hated him) thought it better to hobnob with him. These paid bullies fought bravely to defend Lo's house, and even killed one rioter: hence Lo was decapitated for "murder."

On the whole, I entertain grateful feelings towards my quondam Chungking friends, Chinese as well as French, Catholics as well as "Prots."

AN EXTINGUISHER AT WÊNCHOW

THERE were startling doings at Wênchow on the night of October 4–5, 1884. For some time the people had been excited over the French hostilities, and there had been rumours of massacre; but it was such an inoffensive, sleepy place that no one took them seriously; though, as a matter of fact, I sent word privately to Sir Harry Parkes, so as to be on the safe side: the only really malignant sign was that the authorities had asked me to mark all houses which were *not* French, and *not* Roman Catholic. This looked like "*Don't* nail the French priests' ears to the pump, my lads," and so I declined to do it. Meanwhile, the French customs commissioner had been replaced temporarily by an English one.

I was sitting on the verandah one evening, when suddenly I saw a blaze shoot up in the centre of the city, a mile away. My place was on a small island in the river about half a mile outside the wall, so that I was in the position of a man sitting alone in the comfortable dress circle of a dark theatre (as the late King Lewis of Bavaria used to do) and having the performance all to myself. "By gad! there goes a missionary!" said I to myself. Not a soul moved or sounded either on the island or outside the wall; my servants were all at the back; two tidewaiters occupied an old joss-house next door; and the only other building on the island was the great historical temple in which "Facfur" took

refuge from Kublai Khan, as described by Marco Polo.

After watching the blaze for half an hour, I heard the rapid click of the oar-pin, and the sound of a boat approaching through the darkness. I quite foresaw who it would be. He entered by the servants' door, exchanged a word with the servants, and then came upstairs: it was the big *t'ing-ch'ai*. He spoke quite calmly: "Great man, Mr. Soothill's place is burnt, and he has disappeared. They have now gone to burn all other foreign houses and the customs, after which they are coming here."

"All right; you go back at once and watch what occurs."

The little *t'ing-ch'ai* was sent separately. Chang-êrh now came up to entertain me with his views upon missionaries and pagans, and was just beginning his exordium when another boat came alongside. This was the English commissioner of customs and his second (a German), with a cash-box and two rifles; they had just escaped by the "skin of their teeth" by getting over the wall and taking forcible possession of an unwilling boat. The two tidewaiters were sent for; and also the consular constable (married, with a family), who occupied rooms in the big temple. There were six of us, with a fair show of guns, pistols, and swords; the lower part of the Consulate was of stone; quite defensible; and we all sat down in front of it, comfortably watching one blaze following the other.

Various *t'ing-ch'ais* and messengers arrived at intervals. It appeared that all the missions had now gone: nothing was known of the Roman Catholic priest (Italian); the English missionaries had escaped to the *hien*'s *yamên* (he was a very able city magistrate, and really "ran" the whole town), but had been belaboured on the way. The Brigadier-General was supposed to be exhorting the crowd to disperse: the other mandarins were present in accordance with law to "command order"; but, of course, no one was really doing anything but "wait until the clouds rolled by." Dr. Macgowan, a venerable American customs officer of eighty years of age, had bravely started on his poney to "save the missionaries" single-handed. All private residences, chapels, schools, etc., had now been consigned to the flames. It was already past midnight, and at last the customs (just inside the gate) was ablaze. The question was: Would the rioters cross to the island? From the movement of lights and the other dimly discernible signs of activity, it looked as though a large timber raft (of which many used to float down from the upper districts) was being laden with people; and, some one said, with tins of kerosene oil.

At this juncture the following question was put by me: "We are now all here on equal terms, and it is important to decide whether we should abide by the determination to remain and defend ourselves, and then stick to that decision." One tidewaiter expressed the opinion that we ought rather to

cross over in the consular boat, and march in a body to rescue Dr. Macgowan and the missionaries; but no one else supported this suggestion, least of all myself. Then it was urged by another of those present that, as everything in the city belonging to foreigners had already been destroyed, it was useless to think of saving anything but our lives. A majority agreed. I expressed the opinion that our safest place was where we were, and announced my intention to remain, if only on that ground. At the same time, as the consular archives were few and unimportant, and my own property was of no value whatever compared with other men's lives, I authorised the constable, as a married man responsible for his wife and child, to do what he thought right for his family. Finally, it was resolved to leave in the consular boat, which was large enough to carry all, including the constable's wife (Portuguese) and daughter, and the various male and female servants. Rugs and stores with all the arms were placed in, and off they put, the idea being to drift down the river and meet the steamer, which was due in a day or two from Shanghai. Just before pushing off, the party sent back the constable to represent once more the unwisdom of remaining, and he shook hands solemnly with a "God bless you, sir!"

During the next two hours nothing occurred beyond a final flare up below the gate, which (I afterwards learnt) drew forth from someone in the boat, now far

down the river, the remark: "There goes poor Parker!" This was an excellent opportunity for Chang-êrh to come and moralise in solitude. A tea-table was set in front of the Consulate, and he stood behind me with my official hat. "We are used to this, are we not?"

I was "thinking hard," and by no means inclined to chatter, so I replied: "Yes. Who is there left besides you?"

"The big *t'ing-ch'ai*."

The old priest then turned up, and offered to hide away in his own room one of the helpless Chinese women who had been left behind in a fever. At last there was a confused noise as of an approaching multitude. By the now bright moonlight a raft was seen making fast to the bank near the offices, which lay a little distance down stream from the consular residence. A number of men came rushing up, headed by a barefooted man in "pyjamas"—or the Chinese equivalent therefor. Thinking this was the ringleader, I rose and bowed.

"It is the Brigadier-General," said the *t'ing-ch'ai*.

"Why, they told me you had all gone off in a boat, and I have just sent a war-junk to say there is no cause for alarm. I got out of bed as you see me. I have also sent troops by the river banks to protect the people in the boat if they land."

"It is quite true; they have all gone; but I am here, as you see. The best way would be to send an express messenger with a note from me to bring them all back."

PAGODA (TO RIGHT) FROM WHICH A-NÖ FELL (SEE PAGE 22).
("Facfur's" temple to left; old consulate in centre; offices behind flagstaff.)

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"But the people are coming. I have another junk here to take you off."

"But, as you are here with your men, why not protect the Consulate?"

"I have no authority to use force without the command of the *taotai*."

"But what is the use of a general and an army unless he maintains order?"

Just then the *hien* arrived, in full uniform and in perfect good humour. He said Dr. Macgowan and all the missionaries were safe, except the Italian, who had utterly disappeared. We thereupon all sat down over tea and cigars to discuss the situation.

I said: "The general tells me he has no authority to use force. I say: 'Fire at the first batch who attempt to land here.' You are the 'host official' of this city; surely in case of emergency you have the power to use force?"

He replied: "I have; at my discretion and peril."

I rejoined: "Then do it. I will guarantee to hold you both harmless, and I accept the responsibility." (The *hien*, I may add, is, in nominal rank, infinitely below a general.)

The *hien* then turned to the general and said: "All right."

"But," said the general, "I have not the requisite force."

"How many men are here now?" I asked.

I think he said, "Fifty."

"How many have loaded rifles?"

"Twelve."

"Then march the twelve down to the office now, and let the *hien* shout out to yonder raft there, that if it approaches nearer the general has given orders to fire."

The moon had gone behind the clouds, and I could only hear, without seeing, what took place; but apparently the raft at once dropped down stream. At all events, nothing more took place. It was now past two, and after moodily looking at the fires going down for about an hour, we all began to yawn. It was decided to leave the soldiers in the big temple; and the two officials then left, promising to call again at daylight.

All was now perfectly silent, both on the island and in the city; so I went to bed; and the soldiers settled down to sleep in the temple court. Just before lying down on the bed dressed, I mechanically looked for my keys (then always attached to my watch): both they and the small clock had disappeared.

"Boy!"

"*Dja!*"

"Where is my watch?"

The boy took my keys, the watch, and the clock from his sleeve with the remark: "I thought I might as well take care of these if the place was burnt down."

What happened the next day is "another story.'

A NICE LITTLE FAMILY PARTY

NEXT morning, at about 5 a.m., the *taotai*, prefect, general, *hien*, etc., all presented themselves to apologise. If I had not remained, they might have concocted any plausible story they had fancied; but my position was now quite unassailable. They simply grinned, and said: "What are you going to do? We submit to judgment."

"Well," I said, "you have five Powers to deal with, and Sir Robert Hart to boot. The first thing is to apologise, and get the gentry to join you. Next, you must either produce, or name the whereabouts of all those missionaries. I strongly suspect you know where the Italian really is. Also, I must know what has become of the boat."

They all went away much relieved; but the *hien* said that the people were too excited to permit of the missionaries going out into the streets just yet.

At about 11 that same morning the boat returned, and those of its occupants who had not houses of their own on the island were quartered in the Consulate, and "washed." We were all perfectly comfortable and safe on the island; the only thing was that the ill-equipped soldiers were a noisy nuisance, until I gave them money to buy cooking-pans and many other "shortages."

On the same day (at 4 p.m.) Dr. Macgowan and the English missionaries were sent back in a native boat.

Each had a roll of dollars and a red blanket presented to him by the *hien*: they looked for all the world like the Red Indians one sees perched on the buffers of trains in the Far West. Still the Italian was not forthcoming, and I told the *hien* he ought to go himself to search for him, as no settlement was possible if any one were killed. At last he was found in a house next door to his own, and was sent to me at 3 p.m. on the 6th. In his own words: "When I heard the cries of the mob round my house, I rushed to consume the sacred elements, jumped up on to the roof, dropped into the court beyond, flung myself on my knees to an old pagan woman who was there, and induced her to hide me in a cord of wood." Here he remained in concealment until discovered by the *hien*.

By this time the steamer had arrived, and two of the male missionaries went to Shanghai, in very scratch attire, to obtain a refit; luckily, the two lady missionaries had gone by a previous steamer. The Italian priest presented himself before the French bishop at Ningpo clad in an old plaid dressing-gown lined with sheepskin (the one I wore in Sz Ch'wan after the robbery of my black astrachan) and a red smoking-cap. One Scotch missionary was a gigantic man with one leg (which in the old times *avait valu pour l'Angleterre* the reputation of being a "one-legged" country), and it was difficult to arrange any pair of trousers to hit off all the minuses and pluses

harmoniously. He took with him his native school-girls for safety; and the old Chinese priest's grateful *protégée* went too.

Before the Europeans left, however, they were each and all of them requested to state in writing what sum they would *take* in compensation for their losses: no details, no inventory, no afterthoughts; simply state a generous sum once for all. The total was thirty-five thousand dollars, and this sum the Chinese undertook on the 10th instant to pay, provided I gave my word it should be final. It was stipulated that no proclamations should be issued, no war-junks or troops now on guard moved without my approval. There was a difficulty about the property of customs officers, for their rules do not allow them to seek consular aid: this difficulty was overcome by the Chinese "voluntarily offering" them compensation. A "treaty" was signed and sealed on the 12th by all the Chinese officials, and by the missionaries left behind;—in fact, by all the "free" foreigners,—and the case was thus at an end.

If Sir Harry Parkes had been one of General Gordon's ideal diplomats, he might possibly have discovered some dark, personal motive in my thus cobbling up a silly indiscretion; but luckily he was also a lion-hearted, straightforward, patriotic man, who was capable of distinguishing plain dealing from humbug; so he at once telegraphed (*viâ* Ningpo) that he and Sir Robert Hart left the whole settlement absolutely

to me. The German, American, and Italian ministers were also pleased to see a summary end made to the matter; and their three home Governments, many months afterwards, approved the settlement. France being practically at war with China, the French claims were settled in the names of the bishop at Ningpo, the Italian minister, and Sir Robert Hart, without there being any necessity to trouble the French authorities at all.

But the Wênchow people had always affected to disapprove of gunboats approaching their sacred city; still more had they vowed that no foreign seamen should ever land there; and that their temple in the heart of the city should never be desecrated by sailors. Fortunately, in Captain Hope and Captain Carey-Brenton we had two naval commanders who combined the necessary tact and firmness to "drive home" with striking completeness. Captain Hope anchored his gunboat (23rd) between the city gate and the Consulate, and practised with his Gardner guns at a target under the eyes of the whole city. Admiral Dowell came up to inspect on the 29th. Captain Brenton invited a large party of the Chinese "army" to dinner on board, and a day or two later a goodly company of Chinese soldiers waited respectfully at the city gate to "receive" the jolly jack-tars, who marched arm-in-arm with the soldiers up the crowded main street, and dined with them in the great temple itself. An assault-at-arms was held at the Consulate in the presence of the

mandarins: the Chinese soldiers went through their pirouettings, and the seamen through their cutlass and sword-stick drill. Finally, the crew more than once played cricket in a field outside the walls, surrounded by an admiring crowd of gaping natives.

The Chinese authorities rebuilt their own customs offices and residences without Sir Robert Hart having to move at all, and the missionaries got their money for brand-new houses all round. At the last moment both the missionaries and myself discovered certain omissions; more especially had I omitted to charge for the iron pans, allowances to soldiers, keep of missionaries, etc. The ever-alert *hien* easily arranged this, notwithstanding my solemn promise by deed. A tiny chapel had been destroyed in the country on October 6; the iron pans and all other miscellanies were therefore merged one by one into this chapel, until its value reached the extra sum of two thousand dollars. Thus thirty-seven thousand dollars were actually paid in all (November 9), and all were happy. Only one "criminal" was arrested; but as his mother showing signs of howling outside my door night and day for the rest of her natural life, I did not press for his severe punishment.

The moral of this story is that Chinese nerves are so constructed that every mandarin seems to have in him the makings of a "murderer" or a saviour, accordingly as the "tide in the affairs of men" is taken at the flood or on the ebb; that "rows" are

seldom so dangerous or so serious as their noise and appearance is appalling; and that a readiness to make allowances for foolish human nature is commonly appreciated at its full value on the Chinese side.

The same missionaries had to take refuge on the island once more during the "Boxer" riots of 1900; but I see that my sensible and accomplished successor has been able to extract ample compensation in the same friendly spirit as that evinced sixteen years ago. I see no reason why the whole "Chinese Question" should not be treated on analogous lines.

A CHINESE "REVOLUTION"

IN the early days of Corea there was much jealousy between the Japanese and the Chinese. "Demonstrations" of all kinds were frequently taking place, and it had just been agreed officially between them that neither Power should land any more troops or marines without the other's written consent. Meanwhile, at the particular moment I describe, a considerable Chinese fleet lay in the harbour of Chemulpho, including several ironclads; and, much closer in to shore, not a stone's throw from the British vice-consulate, was anchored a tiny English gunboat, with a crew of perhaps eighty sailors and marines all told.

It so happened that the very capable Japanese physician Dr. Tanaka was in my sitting-room, prescribing a remedy for lumbago, and I just glanced out of

the window to see if the threatening snow had blown off sufficiently to permit of his departure. What was my astonishment to see about eighty Chinese "coolies" drawn up in military array opposite the Chinese Consulate on the Chinese "concession," as though preparing to attack some one. At the same instant the English Commissioner of Customs came breathlessly up to announce that the custom-house (just beneath the consular hill) had been violently seized by the Chinese; one of his English assistants had already been severely hurt; himself and all the others driven out. It was simply, according to him, a cunningly arranged *coup d'état*, conceived in order to make Chinese influence predominant.

The Chinese and Japanese "concessions" extended for half a mile along the shore; the Japanese at their end of the town knew nothing of what was occurring; the British hill at the other extreme was clear of both "concessions"; and the Corean custom-house stood at the foot of the hill on the brink of the central or Chinese settlement, and had already, a few months back, been burnt down once by some malcontents. There was no *primâ facie* ground for British interference in this intrigue, except the possibility of a second fire reaching the Consulate buildings; moreover, the Admiralty's instructions upon the subject of landing parties were very rigid. But there was no time to lose: five more minutes, and a *fait accompli* would have given the diplomats at Peking perhaps

years of harassing work; not to mention bad blood and eventual hostility. Under these circumstances, I gave about four square inches of paper to the Commissioner with the following words hastily jotted upon it in pencil, addressed to no particular individual: "Will the gunboat please send ten marines fully armed and equipped for the immediate defence of the Consulate?" In less than five minutes the Commissioner had run down the hill, got a boat, delivered his message, and ten marines with blankets and rifles were marching up the circuitous path to the Consulate, where they were stowed away during the night. The movement was executed with marvellous rapidity and calmness by the lieutenant in charge of the party. The effect was instantaneous; the Chinese dispersed, and their consul sent to protest against the use of what he called "force."

Thus the whole "revolution" took about ten minutes; and six months later I received through my superiors Lord Granville's formal approval, though I had never even reported the matter officially to any one. But, thus short though my active participation was, the *sequelæ* were multiform. Telegrams from everybody everywhere; protests from the Chinese consul and Captain Têng of the fleet; messages by "special envoy" to me from the King of Corea to deprecate hostilities; questions at the Admiralty; arguments, discussions, and what not. Fortunately for me, Mr. (now Sir Nicholas) O'Conor, who was then in charge at Peking,

THE KING (NOW "EMPEROR") OF COREA.

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took a considerate view of the semi-ridiculous situation as represented to him by my immediate superior at Söul ; but if he had seen fit to charge me with usurping powers belonging of right to others ; or with disobeying instructions ; or with having acted with some unworthy motive, I should have been quite helpless to defend myself except under open enquiry.

CHAPTER VI

PIRACIES AND MURDERS

THE PIRACY OF THE *SPARK*

ONE broiling hot day at Canton, a colleague came rushing in: "The *Spark* has been taken by pirates. Brady's been killed." The *Spark* was a small river steamer plying between Macao and Canton. As with all river steamers, the greater part of the ship was devoted to Chinese passengers, and the few Europeans occupied only the forward part of the upper deck. As the steamer was getting out into the open sea near the *Fumun* (*Humên*, or Bocca Tigris), a couple of dozen out of about twelve dozen Chinese passengers "rushed" the ship; at once killed Captain Brady; and either chased overboard or severely wounded the other two officers; besides killing or pitching into the river several Chinese passengers who resisted. The single European passenger, an inoffensive young tea-taster named Mundy, who was, moreover, almost helpless from fever and gout, was jabbed with spears as he was trying to rise

from a long cane chair: he was left on the deck for dead. The Chinese engineers managed to hide themselves away, until certain junks concerned in the plot came out of a creek in which they had been lurking, and took the pirates off. After a time, the artificers on board recovered enough presence of mind to work their way across the bay into Macao.

Rewards were at once offered by the Viceroy Jweilin, the steamer company, and the Portuguese Governor Januario. Every effort was made to unearth the pirates from amongst the river haunts. I have a faint recollection of two or three being ultimately arrested and punished, but I cannot be certain. I remember a story of two being surrounded in a house by soldiers, at or near a place called Fati, above Canton. However, from that day to this the native passengers have always been confined below the hurricane decks of all river steamers, a man armed with sword and revolver standing over the only exit. They are no longer allowed to parade the promenade deck and converse with the European passengers; and, besides this, a stack of rifles and pistols is always kept, both in the captain's cabin and at the head of the saloon stairs. Even with ocean-going steamers analogous precautions are taken.

Mr. Mundy's youthful career in China was thus cut short within a few months of its inception; but, strange to say, the gout was driven out of him for

good, through the various safety-valves for peccant humours afforded by twenty or thirty spear thrusts. He had to go home. I believe he wrote a book on the subject later on, but I have never seen it; and, however interesting it may be as a general *History of China*, it cannot add much to the above narrative, for the whole affair only took five minutes, during four minutes and fifty-nine seconds of which Mr. Mundy lay weltering in his blood, quite unconscious. In the end, I believe, he suffered no more serious permanent damage than a slight stiffness about the neck and shoulders.

Steamers of the largest size—three thousand or four thousand tons—have once or twice been threatened between Hongkong and Singapore, and I was myself on a large rice steamer one day at an island off Bangkok (Koh-si Chang) when the Chinese loading coolies took possession; but this was a mere "row" or strike, and the English captain, like a wise man, sat quietly smoking his pipe with me on the bridge, not even giving an order: he could not have done anything against fifty or sixty irate Chinamen armed with poles. Soon the Siamese police came on board to see what the hullabaloo was all about. The offending stevedore or contractor was dismissed and arrested, and things *solvebantur ambulando*, at the small total cost of a few broken heads and a miserable squeezing purveyor's dignity.

A PIRATICAL ATTACK

AFTER a couple of days' sail down the Wênchow River, which is navigable up to and down from Lungts'üan, near the borders of Fuh Kien, we anchored for the night at a lonely spot some distance above the city of Ts'ingt'ien. The boat was about twenty feet long, but so constructed that every one had to lie down when the central mat-cover was on. The boatmen stood up in the prow or at the stern, poling from a sort of ledge running round the gunwales; in fact, the craft was exactly similar to the Burmese boats of the Nantabet River on the Yünnan-Kachyn frontier, as I discovered eight years later.

Being so near home, I had left the mandarin and escort behind, to follow at leisure in his own boat; and consequently, beyond the crew of three, there was no one in mine but the hands and the big *t'ing-ch'ai*. By preference, I always anchored in the open reaches, so as to avoid crowds, though the boatmen much preferred a busy town, where rice shops and gossip were handy.

The lights were out, and we were all shaking down to a well-earned sleep, when I fancied I heard soft whispers outside. It was very dark; but, as I lifted aside the mat and put my head out, I distinctly saw the shadow of a man crouching away in another boat alongside, which then put silently off.

I shouted out: "If any boat comes alongside again, I will fire!" I had no arms but an old French pistol, which made scarcely any noise when it went off, and whose powers of penetration were more than problematical. In a short time I again peered out, and once more distinctly saw the same boat hovering near. Then I did fire—of course without any murderous intention or effect—and the moderate explosion and noise thus made sufficed to rouse up the sleepy boatmen and servant. The order was: "Put off at once, and drift down the centre of the river till daylight."

Every one seemed terribly alarmed, nor were we more at our ease when we perceived the piratical craft steadily following us at about twenty yards' distance. I then stood up, pistol in hand, covering the pursuers, and shouted: "The first person who shows himself near this boat is a dead man!" I heard a voice say, not in the local but in the mandarin dialect: "Go on! He is only one man. He is breaking the law. What have we to fear?" I then really did fire, and possibly hit some part of the boat, but certainly wounded no one, or the hullaballoo would have been fearful, however innocuous the wound inflicted by my feeble weapon might have been.

On this the piratical craft definitely moved off, and we got safely to Wênchow that afternoon, with our feathers much ruffled. I at once complained in

strong language to the officials, who seemed to be really astonished and pained at the occurrence; more especially so was the imperial *likin* superintendent, who, amongst his other duties, connived at the illicit salt trade along the river, and appeared genuinely concerned at the sad mishap.

As I had suffered no damage whatever to person or property, I made no further fuss; but on the arrival, a day or two afterwards, of my escort and the belated mandarin in charge of it, the latter made some incidental remarks of a cynical nature which caused me to reconsider my mental attitude, and forced me to seek possible reasons for his discontent. In fact, the more I thought it over, the clearer became the following hypothesis: The boatmen had taken advantage of my prestige to smuggle, and the *likin* police were naturally indignant at their barefaced persistency in resisting search, and nightly seeking secluded moorings. When, in pursuance of their duty they were shadowing the boat, they came across a hirsute and violent barbarian trying to pass himself off as a consul. The question was: What to do?

There is reason to believe that my "successful smuggling" spoilt a similar little game worked by my belated escort.

A REAL MURDER

IN the early days of Corea there was very little house accommodation except in Chinese and Japanese inns,

and I myself had to live some time in "Harry's" hotel, a mere wooden shanty, like a booth upon the Epsom downs. Consequently Chinese, Japanese, and Corean body-servants herded together in any little odd corners; and as Japanese women often did the washing and sewing, and sometimes even the interpreting, this absence of privacy led to various incidents with the Chinese "boys": my own servant had to be severely reprimanded for unwelcome "gallantry." One European (not a British subject) had a gigantic boy even bigger than mine, and this menial, who rather fancied himself, grew very sulky because the Japanese ayah employed by his master would not listen to his attentions.

One morning the Chinese consul was astonished to receive a visit from an excited European brandishing a long, bloody carving-knife. Although my affairs lay beyond the ken of the various nationalities concerned, I promptly received visits from all three, each asking me what was to be done. It turned out that in a fit of rage and jealousy the Chinese boy had "gone for" the unfortunate girl, and had run the knife deep into her bowels. Of course she fell dead on the spot, and the master, armed with reeking evidence, went to ask for the villain's arrest.

As the rules about applying to consuls and housing servants were very strict in the customs service, the unfortunate master was at his wits' end what to do, and asked my advice. This was to write at once direct to Sir Robert Hart, and tell the plain truth, without offering

any apologies, before distorted rumours should reach his ears. This was done, and no more was said about the matter, as the master was in no way to blame, and had done nothing contrary to local custom. As to the Chinese consul, he had no power to deal with murder cases, and so he sent the "boy" up under strong escort to Yüan Shï-k'ai, the Resident at Söul. I happened to go to Söul that day too, and passed the procession on the road. At that time Japanese influence was infinitely below that of China, and it was quite certain that no Chinese life would be sacrificed for the sake of a Japanese; least of all a man's life for that of a woman; nor were the Japanese politically strong enough to insist upon it. The result was that a more or less genuine trial was held, and the "boy" was deported to China, "to be severely dealt with" there,—probably to be at once set at liberty. As things now stand, it is scarcely likely that the Japanese would accede so readily to such one-sided justice; but just then several lives were owed to the Chinese, so the poor woman was hastily buried and forgotten, as a mere counter in the game.

THE GREAT MURDER CASE

RETURNING from my usual hard walk over the mountains one afternoon at Pagoda Anchorage (February 1890), I was approached by the *t'ing-ch'ai* with a petition written upon red paper in the usual

legal form. I noticed the words "human life" and "arrest the offenders"; but, notwithstanding this terrible state of affairs, I had my bath as usual, and came cool to the affray. Then it appeared that A-lu, the rich storekeeper, "and others," had charged three seamen belonging to a British steamer with premeditated murder. The victim was in a critical state, and the steamer was about to start. After some shuffling, the gentry agreed to bring the "body" for inspection, protesting meanwhile that I was assuming a great risk, as complete rest was the only chance of the man's surviving. Up marched the bearers of the bier in solemn procession, and A-lu, who was rather a bully, delivered a menacing speech, calling upon me, in the name of justice and British honour, to prevent the "escape" of the steamer.

What humbug was at the bottom of all this of course I could not guess, but I felt sure the whole thing was a swindle. However, in China it is dangerous to trifle with "human life," and either the victim might commit suicide, or the victim's friends murder him out of sheer spite;—nothing more common in China. So I sent for Dr. Underwood, physician to the gaol, and we held a grave "inquest" in front of my house door. At first A-lu would not allow the shroud to be moved off; then he would not permit the body to be touched. No directions were given to the doctor: he was simply requested *coram populo* to state what was the matter. The feet were not yet cold—that was one comfort; the heart was distinctly beating;

PAGODA ISLAND, FOOCHOW RIVER.

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no external wounds were visible beyond a few black and blue marks, which might be dirt; but A-lu said the internal injuries were so grave that the "murdered" man could not be induced to swallow even a cup of tea. Remembering the sad death of A-nŏ's brother I felt rather skeery about internal injuries. The result was the doctor gave it up. "I can't say what is the matter, because I can see nothing, and his circulation is going on in a normal way." Under these circumstances there was nothing for it but to "lay him gently down" in a native building, and the English constable was directed to watch the house all night, or make the consular boatmen take turns with him. But first of all a message was sent to the captain, whose steamer lay several miles away, and the three "murderers" were given up informally by him on my personal guarantee.

The next day A-lu and his friends applied to the constable for permission to speak to the prisoners, which was refused. From the prisoners' own account it appeared that the injured man had attempted to steal a dollar, and in his haste to escape arrest by the victimised sailors, had jumped rather heavily into his own boat and made off. Either he or his master A-lu had trumped up a story in order to escape a charge themselves, or to extort money from the steamer. Of course the local mandarin was obliged to back up A-lu's petition; but on the third day he seems to have suspected a mare's nest, for the

"injured man" could not well die under observation, and I took care that no one should inflict wounds upon him. The mandarin then came to see me, in order to ascertain something about the proposed "trial": he at once saw that "the cat was out" when I proposed a settlement as follows: Full wages for the seamen unjustly accused, during the round voyage of the steamer to Hongkong and back; the injured man to be flogged in the presence of my constable; apology by the gentry, with crackers and a pork feast all round; fifty dollars fine for A-lu.—The case was thus settled over a bottle of champagne.

THE GREAT SPANISH MURDER CASE

A FEARFUL "murder" was reported to have been committed by an Englishman one night at Pagoda Anchorage. Somehow or other, every one in trouble seems to obtain British nationality in one way or another. At all events, it is always the British consul who has to square matters. The usual official petition came in, and "life for life" was demanded in due course. A little preliminary enquiry elicited the information that the murderee was not yet dead, and that the murderous Englishman was a Manilaman of Spanish nationality employed on an Australian barque. There had been a row in a grog-shop; the Spaniards had been pursued; and Pedro de los Santos, as the prisoner was called, had jostled one Chinaman

overboard, and prodded him, as he "drownded," with a boat-hook.

My "jurisdiction" in a matter of assault would have been clear if the affair had taken place on or even round the barque; but the scrimmage was an amphibious one, as much on shore as off it, especially as the body floated safe home. In such cases the French, and some other nations, not only do not claim, but they refuse jurisdiction. Moreover, the Spaniards are very touchy about their sovereign rights and their dignity, and (being a lawyer of the "utter" bar myself) I naturally at once discerned a "conflict of legal and diplomatic opinion" in the makings of it.

The Chief Justice, to whom I applied for advice, was, of course, "quite clear"; but he still managed to leave me in doubt whether I should "take" or "offer" jurisdiction. I decided, simply for a novelty, to "offer" it to His Most Catholic Majesty's Consul-General at Amoy, who accordingly despatched his "vice," Señor Perera, with all proper ceremony, to try the case. Señor Perera made a nice little holiday of it, and brought his wife too. It was also a great day for Pagoda Anchorage; and a small "tiffin" was given at my house, in honour of the distinguished visitors, during an adjournment of the court:—"Butchered to make a British holiday."

The case was conducted in Spanish, Tagal, and various Chinese dialects, sagacious *obiter dicta* being

thrown out by the retiring host in sturdy English. I occupied a seat on the bench, from time to time murmuring sage counsel into the ears of my learned Spanish brother; but in what capacity I never even reflected. The credibility of witnesses seemed to depend entirely on whether they claimed to be *católicos* or not. The "papers" and notes were voluminous, and I suppose they are now the property, by conquest, of the United States; for both they and the prisoner were sent off to the High Court at Manila, the case being altogether too grave for "the court below."

Enough of the "murdered" man was left to admit of our inspecting his features at the trial; and, as quite three weeks had elapsed, there was, in the judgment of the court, good hope of his surviving. But the women of the family did not quite see where they came in, if the whole business was to leave "the jurisdiction" and go to Manila. The *choc d'opinions* was such that, in order to relieve myself from the pressure of female petitions and howlings, I endeavoured to impress upon the Spanish authorities that the dignity of Spain would be best consulted by their making a small compensation allowance to the mother; but the intransigeant Spaniards would only give five dollars, and said, in effect: "No! They have demanded Spanish law, and they have got it. If they had offered to hush the matter up at first, we might have given something more; but, as it is, the cost of a return journey between Amoy and Pagoda,

and of shipping the prisoner to Manila will amount to several hundred dollars at least." So back went the disconsolate Chinese family to its usual routine.

Soon—almost the very next week, in fact—I had occasion to pay an official visit in the full splendour of uniform to a Chinese man-of-war. As I stepped majestically on to the quarter-deck, the quartermaster saluted fiercely; but I thought I recognised his face, and even detected the ghost of a wink in his eye. Sure enough, it was the murdered man, who, seeing there was nothing to be got by shamming, had gone quietly back to his work. I spoke to the commander about it, and I think it turned out that he had got sick leave (to attend the trial). The captain did not view the matter at all seriously—neither did I—and thought him a very smart man: in fact, I think he had originally obtained his billet on account of his warlike courage in defeating, during a scrimmage, a boatful of Spaniards, as he swam unarmed in the water.

THE PIRACY OF THE *NAMOA*.

ONE evening I received a request from one of our most charming residents to "step over for a moment." She said: "What do you say to this?"

The telegram ran: "*Namoa* attacked by pirates. I am safe and unhurt.—JACK."

I replied: "I should be inclined to say 'Bar sells!' But, in any case, I would go comfortably to sleep and

think nothing more about him. If it is a practical joke, he will thus get no 'rise' out of you; and if it is true, why, he says he is safe."

Such was the *responsum prudentis*, and it was also the sensible view Mrs. Saunders decided to take. (Should this ever meet the gallant captain's eye, I beg to inform him that there was no particular excitement about him.)

But next day precise news came from Hongkong of a horrible tragedy at sea. When the brave Captain Pocock and his passengers were sitting down to dinner in the saloon, a pistol was fired at them through the skylight, and from the alarms and excursions, the yelling and miscellaneous potting which ensued, it was evident that some of the Chinese "passengers" had risen, —quite an old game in the Far East. Record speed was shown in getting into the closed cabins, from the door-chinks of which full many an eye took cautious stock of events. The pirates, not knowing how many firearms were below (there were none), offered to parley, and said that if the captain went up the stairs alone they would not harm any one. Captain Pocock did so, and was at once shot dead.

To cut a long story short, the pirates plundered all the Chinese passengers first; took away the ship's treasure, or whatever miscellaneous property they could carry off; and gradually worked the helpless officers and European passengers one by one into a chart-room or cabin on deck. All the white men on board were run into this tiny room, the thermometer standing at about

140° in the sun, door locked, all windows closed, Captain Saunders—hero of many scrimmages—amongst them; instant death to follow the slightest resistance; and a general feeling that they might ultimately be burnt alive in this Black Hole.

By and by, a pirate came to relieve the party of their jewels and portable property: this was done with comparative politeness. Now, it so happened that Captain Saunders, like Shakespeare's justice, was a man (and a worthy man),

> In fair round belly, with good capon lined;

and the gracefully curved outline of his middle person was such that if his gold watch could be thrust into his breeches pocket, and forced down (no easy matter) into the loose abyss below, it became invisible to the naked or untutored eye, and at once merged, so to speak, into his natural anatomy. Accordingly, "Jack" (for it was he), having achieved this conjuring feat in secret, boldly presented his portly form to the pirate, emptied his waistcoat fobs and other visible pockets of a few trifles, took off his rings, and fiercely slapped his apparently voided trousers pockets, in order to show how empty they were. Like that of his equally celebrated namesake in the play, "valiant Jack's" face always convinced you at once: a mere look, therefore, was enough for the pirate.

I learnt all this from Captain Saunders himself, whose blood-curdling narrative, moreover, was delivered

before me at Pagoda Anchorage (during refreshments) in the presence of his most amiable wife ; so that there is no mistake about it. How the pirates left with their booty ; how the steamer got to Hongkong ; how the villains were caught and decapitated ;—these are mere newspaper details, which any one can read : my sole point is the gold watch. Captain Jack was too many, even for the Chinese pirate who had him "cabined, cribbed, confined."

MURDER WILL OUT

ON my arrival in Bhamo in 1892, almost the first piece of news I received through my writer from across the China frontiers was that a soldier had murdered one of his officers and escaped to Burma. The British executive at Rangoon was accordingly notified that it was almost certain his extradition would be applied for. Meanwhile the writer was returning to China by sea on a year's leave, and I engaged as substitute a man who had been employed in that capacity by the Shan chief of Matin—a contested piece of frontier territory. It so happened that this new writer had once met the murderer, and was acquainted with his features.

I heard nothing more of the matter for over six months, when I was "on tour" in Tennasserim. A bundle of Chinese despatches from China was there delivered to me, one of which was from the Viceroy Wang Wên-shao, asking for the surrender of the

THE BHAMO "CHINA STREET" AND BARBER'S SHOP (SEE ALSO PAGE 246). [*To face p.* 140.

assassin. Under these circumstances I telegraphed instructions to the writer to place himself at the disposal of the deputy-commissioner. When, a month later, I returned to Bhamo, I learnt that my *t'ing-ch'ai* (official messenger) had been impounded by mistake for the writer, and had gone to the Ruby Mines, where the murderer was reported to be lurking. In a few days the *t'ing-ch'ai* returned, attired in a new suit of clothes, with the following story:

"On receiving my instructions he had at once offered his services, and at the suggestion of the British authorities he had proceeded down the Irrawaddy to Malé, and there fitted himself out with some mules laden with cotton with which to proceed to Mogôk, disguised as a merchant. On the second day he was attacked by some dacoits, plundered of his small caravan, and stripped of everything he possessed but his jacket and trousers. In this plight he tramped the rest of the way, arriving in about a week, footsore and hungry, at his destination. At a small inn he met a Chinaman, who, learning that he had come from Bhamo, and mistaking him for a fellow-refugee, at once expressed his satisfaction. He said: 'You are the very man I want. The fact is, I murdered my officer last spring, and I have every reason to believe that application is being made for my extradition.' He then proceeded to relate the whole circumstances in minute detail. The *t'ing-ch'ai*, without showing any emotion, took the first opportunity to visit the

deputy-commissioner, who, on hearing this unexpected story, at once had the man arrested."

The *t'ing-ch'ai*, it seems, first gave his evidence, and then returned to Bhamo to put in a claim for his pecuniary losses, which were not liquidated without some little difficulty and criticism.

A few weeks later I was taking my morning tea on the verandah, when I saw a couple of Burmese soldiers marching towards the frontier at Nampaung, strongly armed:

> And Eugene Aram walked between,
> With gyves upon his wrist.

He was executed at Momein.

CHAPTER VII

FOR WAYS THAT ARE DARK

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE PICKPOCKET

DURING part of 1871 McLeavy Brown and myself were jointly engaged in the work of the Chinese secretariat, and to assist us in our duties there were "Old T'ien," whom we used to call "the Joss," (as his services were only required for particularly involuted phraseology,) and "Old Lew," who did the solid writing, assisted by a couple of spotty-faced, giggling young scribes whose work did not come under our individual notice. One morning Old Lew came in, flushed with indignant excitement, to say that he had been robbed of his spectacles by a fob-snipper (=pickpocket, but the Chinese hang their various purses, pouches, and cases to the belt), and wished the Foreign Office to be informed at once. This seemed rather a large order, but we sent him in to interview Sir Thomas (then Mr.) Wade himself, feeling on our own part much like a couple of schoolboys who despatch a greenhorn into a fierce grocer, in order to enquire the price of pigeon's milk or strap-

oil. To our surprise he succeeded in his mission, having explained to the Minister's satisfaction that it was customary with all "genuine" thieves to take their plunder to the Captain-General's *yamên* for three days, so that, in case any person of influence should complain, it might be rescued from the hotch-pot, in which the police shared. Accordingly, a note was sent in to His Imperial Highness, Prince Kung "and others," couched much as follows:

"H.M. Minister has received a petition from his writer Lew to the effect that at nine o'clock this morning, as he was passing the Palace Gate near Coal Hill to come to his work, a fob-snipper snatched hold of his crystal spectacles and made off. H.M. Minister opines that violent robberies of this sort under the very 'wheels of the chariot' cannot possibly meet with the toleration of H.E. the Captain-General; moreover, Mr. Lew cannot do his work without those spectacles; and he therefore begs that the Prince and Ministers will kindly bring the matter to the notice of the high functionary named. He takes this opportunity to renew the assurances of his highest consideration."

McLeavy Brown and I lost no opportunity during the day in "chaffing" Old Lew, who, however, adopted a "he-laughs-best-who-laughs-last" attitude, and nodded or snorted defiantly, as much as to say: "A time will come." Sure enough that very evening, or the next morning, a note arrived from the Tsung-li *Yamên* running somewhat in this fashion:

"They who respectfully open out in reply, beg to state that they have received etc., etc. That in broad daylight a fob-snipper should extend his gall to such dimensions as to snatch the spectacles of H.M. Minister's writer is indeed a practice which cannot be allowed to grow. Exclusively of having sent on the petition to H.E. the Captain-General of the Nine Gates, requesting him to instruct the division, to command the etc., etc., one and all to *ch'a* (enquire) and to *ts'wei* (hurry) [everybody everywhere]—— Just as these lines were being written, lo and behold! a note is received from the Captain-General, stating that one of his gendarmes had found a pair of spectacles on the ground, and had honestly brought them to the office, etc., etc."

In concocting their little stories, the Chinese nearly always manage to leave something out: in this case, I think it was, they omitted to say why the Captain-General had spontaneously sent to the Foreign Office. I forget exactly how it was put, but the principle is there in any case, and the letter is on record too (unless the "Boxers" burnt it); so that it is immaterial what particular form of make-believe was employed. Old Lew got his spectacles, whilst Brown and I accepted a second place in knowledge of mankind.

THE DISHONEST POSTMAN

IN the old Canton days the post-office was in the Consulate (as perhaps it is now), and I was for some

time "postman." There was a very steady Hakka Chinese employed as stamper and carrier, and no complaint whatever had at any time been made against him. The Hakkas (= guest-families, or immigrants) may be compared to Celts living amongst Saxons in Lancashire; and they are, moreover, distinguished amongst Chinese for their clannishness and bodily cleanliness.

One hot summer day I happened to take by the top handle the box in which I locked my current stamps, and to my surprise the glue had so softened with the heat that I found no difficulty in tearing the upper slab off the remaining framework of the lid. Of course it at once occurred to me: "It would be easy for any one knowing this to steal my stamps," and I resolved not to keep many there in future. Just then, in walked the carrier: "Mr. X., the French watchmaker, asks you to stamp this local letter, and give him change out of a thirty-cent stamp."

I had often obliged people in this way before, and under ordinary circumstances would have done so again, without further parley. However, in this instance, it occurred to me to write to the Frenchman, who at once replied that he had given his own man the requisite postage in silver. Here, then, was a probable case of theft; but how bring it home?

Luckily, it was near the beginning of the month, and I had "balanced" the safe. I had no idea how many stamps I had removed from the safe to the box;

but, by cudgelling my brains, I could recall nearly all I had sold during four or five days. This operation left a discrepancy of three thirty-cent and twelve eight-cent stamps short, for certain: there were others: total, $4·65. I sent for the stamper, and said simply: "Mr. X. says he never gave you a thirty-cent stamp. Look at this lid: I miss $4·65. Give me these missing stamps back at once, or leave in five minutes."

The man gave me one agonised look, walked to his bundle, took out from his purse the stamps (less the one thirty-cent label), and handed them to me.

I then said: "Write as I dictate: 'I, A-kêm, have been post-clerk for many years at H.M. Consulate, and the officer in charge has always treated me kindly. Unhappily I have yielded to temptation, and stolen $4·65. Instead of sending me in to the Namhoi magistrate, Mr. Parker has graciously made me write this in my own handwriting.'"

This was, of course, written in Chinese. Nothing further was said, and he went about his work faultlessly as usual. When New Year's time came, the *employés* were sent for to receive their official "Christmas boxes" from me as cashier. A-kêm's present was the paper he had signed, and I never had further occasion to suspect him. But, on my return to Canton two years later, I heard that he had once more been either found guilty or suspected of dishonesty, and had been dismissed;—I hope on proper evidence.

THE THIEF ON THE ROOF

DESPITE the well-known hospitality of the British merchant princes, during the second stay I lived most of my time at Canton in the old *yamên* within the walls; but even when I did not live inside the city, I still varied the charms of European society with an occasional night of purely Chinese life. One day I was staying at a small half-Chinese house near the old "Thirteen Hong" site, and just as I was dozing off to sleep I heard a rustling noise near, and then distinguished the shrill cry of A-shêm (= aunty), the charwoman, calling to some one. The conversation, translated into corresponding English style, was much as follows: "Get along out o' that, you blackguard!" (Whispers, apparently on the roof.) "The master is here too, so you'd better clear out."

Many readers will imagine that my embarrassment resembled that of Mr. Pickwick when, on hearing a noise in his bedroom, he put his head out of the curtains and discovered an elderly maiden doing up her back hair. A-shêm's place was clearly in the scullery, where she had a shakedown, and not in the attic. However, I was not particularly embarrassed, and shouted out: "A-shêm, ah!"

"Yes, sir."

"Who's that you're talking to?"

"It's only Tim, the thief, sir. It's all right; he won't come again to-night."

A-shêm did not seem inclined to be communicative as I passed through the "Chinese quarter" below on my way out of the house the next morning; but when I got home to my "teacher," who always turned up at 5 a.m. for conversation, I asked him: "I was staying with A-ngên at the Thirteen Hongs last night, and A-shêm said Tim the thief was there. Does he belong to the Consulate?"

"Tim?" (thoughtfully). "I don't know Tim. What else did she say?"

"She said: 'All right; he won't come again to-night.'"

"Oh! that's nothing. That's only a common thief,—one of the local thieves."

"But how is it A-shêm seems to be on friendly terms with him?"

"Ha! ha! You don't understand, old sire [= your honour]. The municipal discipline of Canton is very strict. If a thief comes one night, and finds the people on the alert, it is quite an understood thing that he is not to try again that night; and so A-shêm, anticipating a visit, just went up to the attic when she heard a noise to show him that you were all awake and about. So long as you do not raise a cry when you detect a thief, he will be reasonable with you. If you had given him in charge, another night Tim's friends might have done a little burglary with violence instead of mere thieving."

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY

A-CHAK, usually Anglicised as "Jack," was a Protestant Christian employed as copyist in the Canton Consulate: he wrote a clear English hand, and had been trained in British ways in Guiana, to which place about that time a good many Chinese coolies from Canton had been sent, to work on the sugar estates there. (I made some enquiry into their condition some years later at Barbados, in 1894, when I met several officials from Guiana.) In fact, under the able superintendency of Mr. Theophilus Sampson, the highly respected tutor of Manchu youth in Canton, the "export" to Guiana, under fair conditions, of coolies was just closing when I first reached Canton in 1874; and Judge Smale of Hongkong was then assisting Sir Brooke Robertson to put a stop to the Macao "slave" trade. In 1879 Judge Smale cited from the judicial bench certain statements, accepted as correct by some of the representative local Chinese, touching the real social status of slaves, as explained in a modest pamphlet of mine on *Comparative Family Law*. I have no personal experience of slaves, but I take this opportunity of casually alluding to the subject in order to complete the scope of my book.—Well, A-chak was also the consular shipping-clerk, and in this capacity he had the temporary charge of certain fees, often amounting in one month to several hundred dollars. He had always been a quiet, well-behaved

man, but there was a deep, "vested rights," and calculating look in his eye which caused me to view him with less sympathy than I instinctively extended to my "pagan" chair-bearers, coolies, and other hangers-on.

The late Père Gaillard, S.J., in his recent valuable work on the Opening of China (*Nankin Port ouvert*), finds fault with Mr. Archibald Little (the husband of the self-sacrificing lady who is now engaged in "letting out" squeezed female feet) for suspecting Chinese Christians: "*M. Little conseille aux étrangers de ne point engager comme* boys *ou domestiques des Chinois convertis*"; but I must say I share the view, though not on the same grounds: it is perhaps for the same reason that causes Frenchmen to look askance at the deputy of the *Chambre* who masquerades as a Mussulman in Paris. I have the support of Dr. Johnson, who, when Boswell asked: "Then, sir, a poor Turk must be a Mahometan, just as a poor Englishman must be a Christian?" replied, "Why, yes, sir." However that may be, whilst I trusted my pagans, I felt no inclination to trust A-chak an inch further than I trusted them.

One day it was suddenly announced to the consul that A-chak had been robbed at his own quarters of $338·00. I forget exactly how it was stated to have happened, but I think it was that he kept the fees in a small safe of his own; and he had a house of his own, with wife and family, across the consular

creek which divides Shamien from the city, as well as apartments in the Consulate on the Shamien island. There had recently been a change of consul, and I had been requested to quit the old *yamên* in order to make way for him, and had transferred myself to the said island; so that there was a general shaking up and reshuffling of servants going on.

The only piece of real evidence given at the preliminary enquiry was that some one (a pagan) had met A-chak carrying a heavy parcel from his consular lodging away to his own house, or at least out of the consular back gate. The pagan had said: "How now? What's that?" Jack admitted that he had replied with a smile: "A disciple of Robin Hood!" (of course the Chinese Robin Hood). As Sergeant Buzfuz would have remarked to a jury: "Gracious Heavens, gentlemen, what does this mean? What *can* this mean?"

However, we tried the case, which derived an additional element of suspicion from the fact that Jack applied, during the adjournment, for leave "to see his uncle at Fatshan" city ("uncles" in Chinese are *not* pawnbrokers). Mr. Sit, the assistant Namhoi magistrate or "sinister hall," was deputed by the high authorities and by his senior the "straight hall," whilst I was deputed by the consul. Every effort was made in joint investigation to arrive at the truth; but A-chak (if guilty) was altogether too clever for us: owing to his knowledge of foreign morality and notions of truth, law of evidence, etc., he wriggled like an eel out

of every corner. In justice to him, I must, however, admit the possibility of his innocence: in a Chinese court the thumb-screw would have assisted his memory. I forget how the money loss was ultimately made up. It was not the British Government that lost; I think (but am not certain) that A-chak and his "uncle" made good the greater portion; and I am not sure but what the consul paid part himself.

ANOTHER DISHONEST POSTMAN

IN the old days of Canton we had quite a large postal business with coolies in Guiana, San Francisco, Australia, and other places under British or quasi-British rule: money was often sent from the rustic home to enable distressed labourers to return, or for other reasons; and it was also forwarded by successful coolies to their families.

Now, as I afterwards learnt at Chungking, where I perforce made use of native post-offices exclusively, the security of letters containing money is maintained in China by writing outside the envelope (like our "Haste! haste! these presents" of bygone days) such words as "Most important; contains gold!" (I may take this opportunity to mention that the Chinese post-office I used had ramifications in all great towns of the Empire, made no trouble about half-ounces and overweight, and to a certain extent acted as insurer as well as carrier: it was in every way excellent,

alike as to speed, honesty, and promptness.) Well, this being the inherited view of safety *en route*, it was not to be wondered at that the Chinamen of Canton, hearing of the wonderful punctuality of the English post-office, should beseech the consul (in whose offices the post-office was) to be careful: "Highest import! contains twenty dollars! The consul great man will lovingly beware!" The Postmaster-General at Hongkong took every possible step to caution the unsophisticated people about this dangerous practice, and exhorted them to register their letters. Still, complaints came from Australia that money had been sent thence or should have been received there, but had never turned up. At last the delinquency was, by process of exhaustion, gradually traced to Canton.

The successor of the post-boy A-kêm, (whose delinquencies have been recorded under another head), was a young fellow of nice manners and good countenance; his character was apparently beyond suspicion. And yet we all began to see that "he smiled, and murdered while he smiled";—but only so soon as we found he really *did* murder (*i.e.* thieve). For weeks he was watched; but nothing whatever was sure, except that certain letters containing money, known to have gone into his box, had never come out of that box, although he nominally possessed no key.

At last the Postmaster-General, the officer in charge of the Canton agency, and myself as handy man in general, concocted a little scheme. Some one in

Hongkong, whose name was unknown and whose writing was unrecognisable, was made by the Postmaster-General to direct a good fat letter-cover in something after this style: "Reverently submitted to the Great English Consul. Run! run! take this most hasty letter to A-lŏng, son of A-chak the grocer, South Street, Adelaide, New Golden Mountains [= Australia]. Beware! beware! twenty dollars are within. Alas! caution!" The practice was for the post-office to scribble, where possible, a simple English direction for practical use on Chinese letters addressed in this curious fashion. A man was made to hand this particular letter in at Canton, and to get it "signed for" in a "chit-book." Then the post-boy demurely submitted it to be directed in English; stamped it with the other letters, (the postmaster himself meanwhile seeing that it was really locked in the box, by watching proceedings through the corner of his eye); and off the carrier went with his charge to the steamer.

It was at least half a mile to the wharf, and the post-boy had first to emerge from the consular "compound"; then traverse a broad, shady road with tall grass growing on each side; next cross a bridge, work through a crowd, and finally elbow his way across the crowded wharf to the steamer. One or two trusty men were posted at intervals, and we ourselves dogged the man's steps some distance behind.

Nothing seemed to occur; but at a point decided upon he was detained and examined. The box was

still locked; but this particular cover had gone: he was searched, and the grass was searched; the torn letter-cover was picked up from the grass, but no trace whatever of a key or of the bogus contents could be found.

Still, it was manifestly impossible to employ him again as post-boy, or to overlook the incident in itself. At the direction of the consul a joint enquiry, or trial, was held by a Chinese sub-magistrate who understood European ways, and by myself. So far as I remember, there was no evidence whatever upon which to convict under English forms of law. The man's defence was simple and effective: "You *say* you put it there; but who supports you? Who has lost the money, if there was money?!" However, Chinese law is not English law, and the man was sentenced to the punishment of wearing the wooden collar.

A few years later I ventured to post an unregistered a letter from Pagoda Island to Hongkong with four dollar notes inside it. They never reached their destination; and the only consolation I got from the Postmaster-General was: "It serves you right: some Chinaman has the money, and you have the experience."

THE HEAD THIEF

I ARRIVED at Chungking on Christmas Day, 1880, after a month's experiences of a *k'wa-tsz* (= passenger-boat), and long daily walks on the beautiful banks.

I was now in the heart of Sz Ch'wan, and it was depressing to find myself pent up within the narrow walls of a rock town, from which there was no possible exit except through one or two narrow gates. Well I remember my Christmas cheer of eggs and bacon, with heavy bread of "scratch" manufacture, eaten from the end of a barrel which served me as table. The light was dismal; the room dark and full of rats; in the attempt to destroy which I poisoned my dog and only companion almost the very first day. The writer and official servants came to assure me of their loyalty; but it seemed to me, in my imaginative solitude, that covetousness and self-interest were stamped on all their unfamiliar faces. The local people are mild, but very snaky in their ways.

The writer was a Christian and a Roman Catholic a circumstance which certainly rendered him a more efficient instrument for political purposes, but which in no way inspired me with extra confidence in his honesty of mind. It was not many hours before I had an opportunity to test his "local" ways of thinking. A smart visiting-card was handed to me after my frugal repast; but, as I did not feel at all like "receiving," I sent word to "call again," or to "stay the chariot" (= not at home). The "boy" came in holding the card once more, with the surprising statement that the "head thief" wished to see me. The writer, by origin an importation from Yün Nan, was at once sent for, and he promptly explained to me what

a respectable man the head thief was. For the consideration of one dollar a month's subscription, my predecessor had always been exempt from robbery, and on the whole the writer thought I had better close with the man at once. Of course there was no threat; it was only ancient local custom, as with the "King of the Beggars": probably I should never be robbed in any case; certainly not in such a well-built house (the writer's building speculation) as the one to which he hoped I would soon remove, and where perhaps the subscription would be unnecessary.

"Does the man wish to see me?"

"He has come in his coat and hat of ceremony; but, if the old sire likes, I will arrange with him."

And so it was. For one Mexican dollar a month I was guaranteed immunity, and, as I intended to travel about for months at a time, I was not sorry to obtain this security for my property.

The writer in question was the same man who accompanied the brilliant Mr. E. C. Baber on his extensive travels in the Tibetan and Lolo Highlands, and he was certainly a very faithful *employé*; moreover, his new house was so constructed that, in case of riot, refuge might be taken in a sort of fortress behind, in which he and his wife lived. I had one occasion actually to use it, as already related; and therefore I may say in a measure that he once assisted in saving my life, for which I am properly grateful. But I never quite trusted him, for I could not help feeling, as a

non-Catholic, that his conscience was too much in the power of the French priests; who, again, were always exceedingly good to me; but whose views on the subject of human nature and of "evil" it was and is quite impossible for me to share.

I may mention that the "King of the Beggars" above-mentioned is always prepared in most large Chinese towns to guarantee (according to subscription paid) either that no "asker" will come at all, or that one copper cash *per diem* only need be given for each full ten minutes every beggar is kept howling. If no arrangement at all be made, the mendicant bangs gridirons and howls incessantly until he is bought off personally and individually: this often leads to altercations, "rows," and false charges, for the beggar will die on your door-step "as soon as look at you," even leaving written "evidence" behind.

WHO STEALS MY PURSE STEALS TRASH

I CAN only remember having once been robbed in China, and that was under singular conditions. I had arrived at a filthy inn in a bleak, isolated spot, and was shown into a wretched mud "division" of the usual type, with ill-fitting door, dilapidated lath-and-plaster walls, rickety ceiling, suggestive of snakes and spiders, and the hotel bucket in close proximity. This last utensil is a purely Chinese economical institution, and I will only say of it (guardedly and indirectly)

what a respected Cheshire relative of mine once said in my hearing of certain defective farm arrangements: "'Tain't like good sound moock, Jim; I call that a downright stink." To crown all, eyes were peering at me through various holes.

"Boy!"

"*Dja!*" ("Yes, sir").

"Bring out two tea-tables, and put them together in the open."

The "open" is the "common" part of the one huge room of which such rustic inns consist, around which the tiny divisions for sleeping, storing, etc., are ranged; it is the sitting-, smoking-, and eating-room, "lavatory," etc., of all guests and hosts; including pigs, fowls, and dogs. Every one having gone to bed, or to kennel, I kicked a few porkers aside, ranged the tables, made my air-bed on them, and utilised my small valise (containing lumps of silver, papers, etc.) as a pillow, slipping my fur-lined dressing-gown round it in such a way that I both lay on it and had my head on it; the heavy baggage trunk formed a "wall" for the feet. No doubt many curious eyes watched this proceeding through the dim light of the filthy rush-pot. I then blew out the rush, put my big stick outside the blankets, and was fast asleep at once.

After some time I woke, dead tired, and thought I heard some one creeping near me; with a lunge of my stick I hit some one (it might have been a pig), and thought I heard a faint "*Ai-ya!*" Apparently

I dropped off again instantly; but after an hour or so I again awoke uneasily with cold feet and a sensation of swaying about. Feeling instinctively for the valise, I was puzzled *not* to feel the astrachan dressing-gown. It was pitch dark. "Boy!" I shouted. A smothered reply came from one of the bins. "Light the lamps at once: call the landlord. I've had my black fur stolen." Nothing frightens Chinamen more than the angry objurgations of a foreigner in his own language.

The landlord and the "boy" soon came up, half awake, shuffling on their sheepskins; and lit the rush lamps. Some one had got under one table, shifted me, and carried off the fur coat. I suppose they must have drugged me, as they are experts at that art; (they use a sort of powder scattered over the victim's face). "Are you the landlord? Then bring me paper, inkstand, and brush."

The chairman and coolies were all roused up (3 a.m.), and ordered to prepare their tea and start at once. The landlord was given the option of handing over the garment or about fifty-three taels in five minutes; third alternative not stated. Meanwhile, I was writing the following letter to the governor (*chou*) of the nearest city; but, as I spent no time in arguing, the "alternative" was silently braved by the obdurate and calmly calculating landlord. The bill (about one shilling for the fourteen of us) was paid, and off we went, silently tramping for two hours in the raw morning

darkness. My *t'ing-ch'ai* went a few miles round to carry the missive. The letter simply stated the above facts, and wound up: "According to Chinese law, the landlord is responsible for the value of things robbed from guests in his house. In any case, I was under the escort of two of your police, who slept, or should have slept, in the inn. I shall be in Chungking in three days, and unless I find the dressing-gown or fifty-three taels there on my arrival, you must be prepared to take the further consequences."

Discussion was lively amongst my men along the road as to whether the landlord was privy to the theft or not; whether, in any case, he was a guilty receiver or not; whether the *chou*'s police would make him disgorge and pay if he had it, or pay without disgorging if he hadn't it; and whether the *chou* himself would not like to keep such a splendid astrachan for himself. To me this was a purely academical discussion, for I felt sure the *chou* would pay in money, whether he got the coat or not.

I found the money on my arrival at Chungking; but Chang-êrh shook his head and said: "After all, you are a few taels to the bad, for you omitted to consider the cost of bringing a heavy coat up the rapids all the way from Shanghai."

CHAPTER VIII

VICEROYS AND GOVERNORS

LI HUNG-CHANG

MY first business interview with this celebrated statesman was in April, 1872, when, with the consent of Sir Thomas (then Mr.) Wade, I unofficially accompanied the late Mr. Ney Elias to the vice-regal *yamên* at Tientsin, in order to propose to Li Hung-chang the surveying of the old Yellow River bed, with a view to reconducting it to the sea by way of the Hwai valley; or preferably, as an alternative, to deepening the scour of the present channel, and altering the slope of the "free-sides," so as to form natural reservoirs.

The impression left upon both of us by Li Hung-chang was not so favourable as his even then great reputation had led us to expect it would be. He seemed quite familiar with the Yellow River country in an empirical sense, but it was not very easy to rivet his attention upon the charts offered for his inspection, or to nail him down to any definite set of ideas. He manifestly considered

Chinese engineering good enough, but did not mind foreigners trying a hand at their own expense and risk. He seemed to think that Mr. Elias, (who was an enthusiast of the most disinterested kind, and bent solely upon making a distinguished name for himself in the world by doing something permanently useful,) was a mere adventurer or money-grubber, trying to lead China into a morass of unlimited expenditure, in order to make a large profit for himself. He was much more inclined to "talk politics" than to stick to the subject of the day, and in doing so he often displayed a childish impatience and petulance. His manner was much too familiar.

He said, amongst other things: "You English are always boasting that India belongs to you; but the French have settlements here and here" (pointing), "and the Portuguese there. Why don't you turn them out?"

I replied: "The Manchu dynasty is rightly considered to be in possession of the Eighteen Provinces; but the British have a settlement in Hongkong. Why don't you turn us out?"

This reply was duly reported officially to the British Minister, who, whilst approving in general terms of the interview officially, wrote to me privately somewhat as follows: "We should be careful as young men, especially with such a man as Li, not to say anything likely to appear in the light of flippancy to high Chinese officers." No doubt the snub was deserved.

Some months previously to this Sir Thomas Wade had sent me unofficially, with Mr. Thomson, the correspondent of *The Illustrated London News*, in order, if possible, to take Li's photograph, one (the smaller) of which was reproduced by *The Strand Magazine* when he visited England in 1896. On this occasion also the Viceroy displayed indelicate manners, which contrasted unfavourably even with those of some of the high Peking officials, and notably with those of all viceroys and governors subsequently met in the provinces: his own half-brother, Li Han-chang, though reported to be a heavy "squeeze," was most courteous in his deportment. Sir Thomas Wade later on sent as a present to Li Hung-chang a handsome album containing all the important photographs taken by Mr. Thomson up to date. Li now rapidly turned the leaves pettishly over, and remarked: "The book is not full; how is it I do not get more? Are you cheating me?"

When I was there with Mr. Thomson he suddenly asked us "what rewards we expected?"—a question which at once made me flare up. I said: "I would not accept any reward for myself, nor would the Minister allow me to think of it. He sent Mr. Thomson to you to exhibit a novel art, hoping that, having seen what foreign photographs were like, you would consent to have yours taken, and present him with one; and he sent me to explain matters."

Li then began to consult me as to what he should

give Mr. Thomson, and made me ask him what he wanted. Mr. Thomson had not the same reasons that I had for "purity," but he also declined to accept money; and finally it was arranged that the two pieces of silk offered should be given to him alone. I felt rather disgusted with and ashamed of the whole business, in which Li appeared to me to be sordid and *mesquin*. On that occasion, I remember, he stated his age at exactly the same figure as Sir Thomas Wade's; that, I think, would make him eighty-one now. As a matter of fact, he was born in 1823, which, according to Chinese computation, would mean only seventy-nine.

THE GOVERNOR HÜ YING-HUNG

WITHIN the past thirty years I cannot remember more than a single instance of a Cantonese being a viceroy, and that was the case of a certain Ho King, for many years at Foochow, (native of a trading place in the delta below Canton, called Siao-lan,) nor can I recollect more than one Cantonese governor besides the one now under notice. I suppose the explanation is the same as in the case of Sz Ch'wan: the energy and fulness of the provincial life provides better outlets than the "mandarin trade." Governor Hü (of Chêh Kiang and Kiang Su) was only a *taotai* when I knew him; that is, the lowest in grade of what may be called the political or diplomatic class, ranking by treaty with consuls and

commissioners of customs, who, in China, are both of them much more considerable personages than their colleagues of Europe or India. He was customs *taotai* of Kewkiang, and inclined to be remarkably friendly with strangers.

Chinese mandarins have to be very chary how they hobnob with their own countrymen of the non-official classes; there is no objection to their giving "jambarees," or "drunks," in their own *yamêns*, where no one outside is any the wiser; but it comes very near being an official offence to accept invitations from rich money-lenders or merchants. However, old Hü was a most genial character, and the Cantonese traders of Kewkiang, who were rather proud of him, once induced him to take the chair at a "foreign" dinner given by themselves, to which I and the Commissioner of Customs, Mr. Kopsch, were invited; when foreigners take part in such entertainments, it can always be pleaded that "it was for purposes of international diplomacy," or "in order to conciliate the barbarian," and "compel him to conform to our principles." Sobriety is so universal in China that it is not only not considered a vice to get drunk at a dinner, but it is positively held to be a compliment to the host to be, or at least pretend to be, a little tipsy. This, to our ideas, somewhat uncleanly way of looking at things is on a par with "complimentary eructation." Well-bred Chinamen are certainly not so coarse as actually to revel in this luxury, but it is a

graceful way of acknowledging exuberant hospitality to indulge in it a little. These little social eccentricities must not be judged too severely by countries where beastly intoxication in the public streets is a daily spectacle.

Some time after this my successor gave a grand complimentary dinner, to which good old Hü was invited: on this occasion he got downright drunk, and fell head foremost into one of those huge-necked American objects—almost unknown in Europe—called *cuspidores—i.e.* tall spittoons with a broad mouth, something like a tea-taster's or dentist's furniture. He had to be bodily carried to his sedan-chair by his attendants, quite unconscious. He was an easy-going man, of no great governing capacity, and never "made his mark"; but the portrait which he gave me affords an excellent idea of a rather refined mandarin in full visiting costume. His is positively the only instance I ever came across, during my quarter of a century of residence among them, of a Chinaman being dead drunk.

At Wênchow, where all the officials were remarkably friendly, mixed dinners were quite an ordinary occurrence. The usual foreign guests were myself and the commissioner (who has now resumed in Turkey his proper title, Comte de Limoges). To these reunions the consular and customs writers were invited, and "tipsiness" was supposed to come on at the *hwa-k'üan* stage,—corresponding to our "pass round the port." This word means "fist-cracking" or "fist-

shouting," and is simply the Italian *mora* (known also in ancient Egypt), adapted during its antediluvian growth to Chinese ways.

THE VICEROY JWEILIN

AMONGST the reactionary officials who incurred the displeasure of the Emperor, and after that unhappy monarch's deposition attached himself to the "Boxer" element, was Hwaitapu, formerly President of the Board of Rites, by decree of October 4, 1900, appointed successor to Prince Twan. He followed the Empress to Si-an Fu, and there once more for a short time held his old title; but he seems to have died or committed suicide early in the year 1901. Few persons in China are aware that he was the eldest son of Jweilin, for the Manchu and Mongol custom of disguising personal names under fanciful Chinese forms leaves no family clue to the outsider. When his father died in 1874, it was he who, as eldest son, sent out invitation cards ("weeping blood") to personal friends, of whom the late Sir Brooke Robertson was one. That excellent old consul had long been on terms of touching confidence with Jweilin, who was a fine, courteous old gentleman of the best bannerman type; and Hwaitapu received him and his interpreter (now a retired consul, Mr. C. Gardner, C.M.G.) at the coffin head. It was at first a question whether they should "set up a wail" in Chinese style; but a compromise was effected, and they simply bowed silently to the coffin.

Jweilin's career is interesting on account of his supposed complicity in Captain Brabazon's murder: in the French Yellow Book Baron Gros distinctly charges him, on the authority of another high Chinese official, with that cowardly crime. It seems not unlikely that the charge is true, for on the seventh day of the seventh moon (middle of August, 1860) he was ordered with five thousand troops "again to take up" a position at T'ungchow, and he shared in the defeat of Palik'iao (= Three-mile Bridge), which place gave the Comte de Palikao his title. Such a murder would be quite within the Chinese ideas of war, which are not chivalrous.

Jweilin's official career began in 1848, after which year he held various positions in the Peking Boards. In 1858 he detained sixty tons of foreign copper coming from Ningpo for the Mint, in order to make cannon for the troops under his command around T'ungchow, and he also busied himself with reorganising the "navy" and the remount service. For a short time he seems to have held the acting post of Chih Li Viceroy; but between 1858 and 1860 he was employed on other miscellaneous work, such as repairing river courses, sacrificing to Confucius, etc. His failures, first against the Allies, and later against the Shan Tung rebels, led to his degradation; but on the death of the Emperor Hien Fêng he became Military Governor of Jèhol; two years afterwards Tartar General, and at last Viceroy at Canton, where

he died on September 20, 1874, as above related. His reputation amongst the Cantonese for purity was not very high; but his rule was competent, and he kept his provinces tranquil. He never would consent to introduce transit-passes, and in this policy he was firmly supported by his steadfast friend Sir Brooke Robertson, with whom his relations were always of the most sympathetic and mutually respecting kind. He belonged, like the veteran Wênsiang, to the courteous old school, and we shall probably never see his like again in China.

THE VICEROY YINGHAN

WHEN an officer comes from audience with the Emperor, no matter what his rank, all the high officials have to go in state to meet him; and until this ceremony is over he is, like our "ambassadors," part of his "august master." At Canton, where every one *must* arrive by boat or steamer, the receiving-place is the *tsíp-kún-t'eng* (*chie-kwan-t'ing*)—a dowdy old river wharf, something in the old Blackfriars or Adelphi style. The new arrival steps out of his boat in full dress, with that haughty swagger which comes so natural to all Chinese officials, and sees the Tartar General, Viceroy, Governor, Hoppo, Treasurer, Judge, etc., etc., all on their knees before him, "craving to know the health." The ambassador (for such he is, and is called, by

courtesy, for the moment) says: "*T'ê-ch'i: chên-an.*" The first pair of syllables is supposed to be imitation Manchu for "Arise!" The second means in Chinese "*Nos valemus.*" After a cup of tea in the mat-shed, and pipes all round, the officials "resume their rank."

Yinghan was a fine, jolly Manchu, whose face I seem to remember, though I never spoke to him. He had acquitted himself passably (which in China for a Manchu means "well") as Governor of Ho Nan; and, on Jweilin's death, was appointed Viceroy at Canton. Sir Thomas Wade, always anxious for "progress," tried to get the Chinese Foreign Office to make him call on the Governor of Hongkong; but the wary old rogues replied: "We have no information as to what route His Excellency Ying will take on his way to Canton." (I am not supposed to know what went on, during my absence, in Peking; but I did, and do.) Yinghan, of course, ignored the English Governor, and came down with a great flourish of trumpets to Canton. His chief luggage was about fifty hogsheads of good *samshu*, for he evidently looked forward to many a glorious "booze" in this *Manzi* land. He even had (as my old French schoolmaster used to say) "the chick" to issue a proclamation, jointly with the Tartar General, saying how the Emperor had sent him to "overawe this *man-tsz* land."

The day after his arrival he learnt, to his horror, that Sir Brooke Robertson lived within a stone's throw of him, in the "first-floor back" of the

Tartar General's *yamên*; and that "olo custom" at Canton put viceroys on equality of visiting terms with consuls: this of course dated from the time when the Viceroy Yeh was "collared" by the pigtail in his own *yamên*, and shipped off to Calcutta. He therefore had a "try on" in good old Chinese style. He sent a verbal message to say "he had heard excellent opinions of Sir Brooke, but he could not open the centre door when the consul called, and thought it best to say so in advance." Sir Brooke replied, also verbally: "Then tell him I won't visit him at all. No side doors for me." The matter was soon arranged, and all went on pleasantly. They even got to like each other.

Now it so happened that, after Jweilin's death, the celebrated *waising* lottery had been abolished, even at the risk of allowing the Portuguese at Macao, who had no scruples about "ruining Chinese morality," to run it themselves, (as they did, to my "boy's" delight,) and to make the money. This was a real instance of China trying to reform her wicked ways. But when Yinghan got fairly settled down to his liquor, and found the gambling bribes he had always expected to clutch at Canton quite newly abolished, he waxed wroth within him, and presumed on his Manchu status to reopen the lottery on his own responsibility. Now occurred one of those rare but dramatic events which show that even in China two good men may save Sodom and Gomorrah from destruction. The

Tartar General Ch'angshan and the Chinese Governor Chang Chao-tung (not to be confused with the more illustrious Chang Chï-tung) joined in "impeaching" Yinghan, who was at once removed, and spent the rest of his career in obscure posts on the Russian frontier. This was a good inauguration for Kwang-sü's reign.

I was away in England when this tragedy occurred; but my ears were in Canton all the same. Sir Brooke, in reporting the matter to his superiors, related feelingly how nobly Yinghan took his degradation. In such cases Chinese "form" is admirable, so different from our own ungracious way, where one Minister or *Chargé* often steals away in advance, as though ashamed to face his successor. A disgraced or unsuccessful official in China always keeps his "face"; every one goes to see him off, including his enemies. And thus did poor Yinghan disappear from the "high-class" stage, amid the blare of trumpets and the tears of friends.

THE VICEROY LIU K'UN-YIH

THIS frank and loyal-minded official first made his mark during the Taiping rebellion, when he served with distinction in Hu Nan (his native province) and Kwang Si. In 1865 he was rewarded with the high civil post of Governor for Kiang Si; and in this capacity I had one or two tussles with him on the *likin* question at Kewkiang in 1872. It was not until

HIS EXCELLENCY THE VICEROY LIU K'UN-YIH.

[*To face p.* 174.

1878 that I made his personal acquaintance in his new post of Viceroy at Canton.

Being a man of unpretentious demeanour, he was always pleased to pay visits to the consuls in person, and he had a particular veneration for my esteemed colleague and senior the late Consul Hance, the distinguished botanist. Liu K'un-yih himself had some shrewd notions on the subject of flowers; and in one of his letters he described to us how in his leisure moments at home in Hu Nan he had cultivated this hobby. His dialect was excruciatingly difficult to comprehend, and Dr. Hance did not understand a word of Chinese. Under these circumstances it fell more than usually often to my lot to have to interpret orally between these two high-minded men; and I was always pleased to improve the opportunity, for the dialect spoken by the Viceroy had never then been closely studied by any European.

What particularly impressed me about Liu K'un-yih was his absolute frankness and loyalty. He never would connive at, or at least begin, any trickery or intrigue; and on one occasion, when a foreign official in another jurisdiction unhandsomely attempted to get behind Dr. Hance's back, contrary to official rule, he not only dissuaded the intriguer, but wrote to Dr. Hance to explain why he had done so. On another occasion he acted for a few months for the Hoppo, or Manchu customs official, who had to retire during the regulation period in order to mourn for a

parent. The Viceroy's share of the profits amounted to about thirty thousand pounds, which sum he declined to receive, but offered to charitable objects: for this he was rather snubbed than thanked by the Peking Government.

During his first Nanking viceroyalty in 1881 he fell into disgrace on account of his opium-smoking proclivities, contracted during the exposure of the wars; but he never made any secret of the vice, which he himself keenly regretted: there is no record of his ever having told a lie or acted basely for his own private purposes or interest.

In 1891 it was found that his virtues were more important than his vices were dangerous; and so, on the death of the late Marquess Tsêng's uncle, the Earl Tsêng Kwoh-ts'üan, he was once more appointed to Nanking, where, with the exception of a short Fabian campaign during the Japanese war of 1894-5, he has been ever since. He is now seventy years of age, and no word has ever been breathed against his incorruptibility by even his bitterest enemies, of whom he has many.

Until attention was directed to this excellent mandarin during the "Boxer" revolt, none of the foreign officials in China knew much of him, probably on account of his "Doric" accent and humble ways; but he is a man of whom any Western nation might be proud, and I would as soon trust his honour as that of any Minister trained in European courts.

YÜAN SHÏ-K'AI

I NEVER met any other Chinaman at all resembling this man. He is bright, fearless, and reasonable, but at the same time a trifle rash, and very unscrupulous; not for the interest of his own pocket, but for that of his master or patron. All the stories about his treachery to the Emperor must be taken *cum grano*, for the Emperor was, according to Chinese ethics, himself treacherous to his legal mother, and therefore Yüan was quite right, from the "divine" point of view, to betray the Emperor to the Dowager (if he really did so). He had just atoned for a gross act of treachery when I first made his acquaintance in 1885: he had arranged (1882) with Admiral Ting to kidnap the King of Corea's father, when that prince was the gallant mariner's own guest.

When the "Dying 'Coon" (Tai-wön Kun) was brought back to Corea, I had an audience of "his royal highness" at Chemulpho in the presence of Yüan, who spoke quite frankly of his own future policy; and the Tai-wön Kun, too, was perfectly unconstrained in his manner. At that time China was "on top," and Japan occupied rather a back seat in Corean affairs. The Russians were suspicious of Yüan, and Yüan of the Russians; but a little frankness all round was all that was necessary to dispel these germs of ill-feeling. "Diplomacy" often does as much harm as good in these mixed-interest affairs, and it is much better for all to play cards down as far as possible, so as to encourage

persons who like keeping a card or two up the sleeve to appreciate the superior advantages of an honest game. As barbers say: "You may strop an edge off as well as one on." Too much *finesse* defeats itself. Of course it is not necessary to wear the heart on the sleeve for daws to peck at, but it is possible to play a shrewd rubber at all times without revoking or cheating. I should like to have seen General Gordon's face and heard his remarks if he had but seen and heard what the Sir Pompey Bedells of those days were bungling at in their ignorance of genuine facts: he did once give me his views on diplomatists; at Canton in 1880.

On another occasion I saw Yüan at one of his own receptions. He was then preening himself as a "suzerain," very much like our Indian Viceroy does when holding durbar; but of course on a very small scale. The Corean ministers and generals were all sitting deferentially round, and Yüan (whose manners were of the plebeian and free-and-easy description of his patron Li Hung-chang) pointed like a child with his finger straight into the faces of each one as he explained to me who they were.

It is necessary to read Chinese history to gain an insight into Yüan's Machiavellian character. He is the sort of man who would run his enemy into the boiling pot without compunction, and at the same time allow himself to be boiled (the cauldron was always kept hot and handy in the good old times) rather than give away a friend. With all that, he is very progressive,

THE LATE TAI-WÖN-KUN, FATHER OF THE KING OF COREA.

[*To face p.* 178.

and not at all anti-missionary; he is also just; does not, or did not then smoke opium; and is not in the least jealous of talent in other Chinese.

On still another occasion I had some ground to believe he was playing or had joined in playing an unworthy trick upon a harmless individual, a colleague of his. I took him by surprise, and asked him: "Do you remember what you said to Li Hung-chang on a certain date?"

He said: "Yes, I do."

"Are you prepared to write down now with your own hand what you did say, and deny what you admit you didn't say?"

He said: "Certainly." And he did so there and then, before a Chinese witness.

Some weeks later I wrote to him: "I tell you frankly why I want it [which I did]; I want, if you can see your way, a full account of the exact circumstances of that matter," etc.

He replied by letter: "It seems to me now that if I gave you full particulars in writing, I might be doing injury to a man who was once my friend. I won't do it."

And there the matter dropped; for it appeared to me also that his attitude was, after all, the only generous one, especially as the real difficulty at issue could easily be settled in another way, by a little self-sacrifice on my part. I have always thought the better of Yüan for his refusal. I wish I could say the same of all the other diplomats concerned.

CHAPTER IX

RELIGION AND MISSIONARIES

A CHINESE CONVERT

AT Tientsin in 1871-2 I sought for and obtained the services of an orator—that is, a David who was guaranteed to go on "yarning" indefinitely, in order that Saul might study graceful forms of speech, and the music of "tones." This was a certain Mr. Han, introduced as a Protestant convert. As a speaker he was perfect. He always spoke respectfully of Mr. Jonathan Lees, the missionary who appears to have originally taken him up; but he lost no time in asking me how it was that some Protestants were not allowed to preach in Church of England places, and that no Protestants at all believed the teaching of the Roman Catholics. Warming up to his subject day by day, he argued that, as it was permissible amongst ourselves for Protestants to disbelieve Catholic doctrine, and *vice versâ*; and for Jews (of whom there were many at Tientsin) to disbelieve both; it stood to reason, on our own European basis

of right, that Chinamen were also at liberty to choose one; and therefore if necessary to reject all three. The whole subject, he said, seemed to him *miao-miao wu-p'ing* (*obscurum per obscurius*). And, if it were true that the Gospel was really open to all the world on equal terms, why should the Chinese, having heard the evidence on which Europeans profess to believe, not be themselves qualified to decide upon the truth of it? There was nothing substantial to get hold of; it was purely a matter of imagination and opinion: hence Chinamen were justified in imagining and opining too. The Pope, together with other Western leaders of Churches, was born ignorant, like every other man; he and they received their instruction from fallible men: at what stage of their existence, then, did they first know more than the persons who had taught them? Why should one country be more competent for infallibility than the other? Why should Italy monopolise the hierarchy, even amongst the few Catholic countries; and why should Europe monopolise all forms of Christian teaching against the judgment of Asia? Besides, Chinese ideas of dignity would represent the conventional Deity, who must be clothed in some form, attired after the fashion of native emperors or sages; and if this appear ridiculous to Europeans, how can Europeans expect the Chinese, who ridicule their Western appearance, to respect the Western ideal Deity, as clothed in their imaginations; more especially as neither European nor Chinese garments ever figure

in the representations, which exhibit Arab attire, whilst the figure and features take Jewish form? How can it possibly be a crime, punishable with torture for ever, not to believe what one cannot possibly understand? And how does it improve matters to confess, from obliging motives, to believing what the mind cannot grasp,—to admitting what the would-be teachers cannot explain by any known process of evidence; and what they must themselves have been ignorant of and unable to understand until some one convinced them? And the reward for believing: is there anything noble in aiming at exclusive safety and happiness? Is it not more noble to be indifferent to one's own future triumph over other men?

Mr. Han cordially approved of and accepted the teachings of Jesus Christ; but he failed to see on what grounds other persons, not professing to be holy men or prophets themselves, should add embellishments of their own invention to Christ's simple words, and construct thereon an edifice of mystery which was contrary to the experience of men's senses.—I was unable to answer these questions properly; but until they are answered by some one to Chinese satisfaction, China will never be Christian (I think).

I afterwards knew Han in Corea.—It will be found that Dr. Johnson, in occasional small doses, made much the same observations to Boswell, though, as we all know, that learned man was "orthodox."

MUSSULMANS IN CHINA

I HAVE not had any experience of the Dungans, or mixed Mussulman Chinese of Kan Suh, who are historically known to have a dash of Arab blood in their veins; but none of the Chinese Mussulmans I have met appeared to be in the least infected with the militant spirit of early Islam. Around Peking and the region of the Great Wall, many, if not most, of the innkeepers are Mussulmans; which is singular, seeing that every Chinaman who enters the inn must eat pork. (I omitted to find out how this difficulty was got over:—I think the visitors have to cook their own food.) I noticed a marked undercurrent of sympathy with our travelling parties, as though the Mussulman felt that he and the Christian stood on common ground of some undefined kind. I had a long conversation on religion with the jovial landlord at Ch'atao, in the Wall. So far as I remember, he told me that circumcision was practised; also the shaving by men, and the general denudation of superfluous hair by both sexes; that abstinence from pork was enjoined; and that no formal intermarriage with pagan women was permitted. There is a sort of *kosher* effect about everything Mussulman; they are not exactly clean, but they seem to be more cleanly-minded and scrupulous than ordinary Chinese; and the mere fact of their accepting some sort of discipline appears to add to their self-respect.

Old Kin Cho-an (intended to represent Johan[nes]) of Chungking was a very different kind of man from the northerners. I cannot say what his attitude towards Christians would have been if it had not been for his bitter but smothered hatred of Lo Pao-chĭ, the chief Christian, a feeling which appears to have developed out of a former trade rivalry. The old man was well groomed, and very gentlemanly in appearance. He brought the *akhûnd*, a man named Hia, to see me shortly after my arrival, and frequently came to sit with me himself, for whole hours at a time. Chungking is, or then was, a dangerous place to "talk" in. His two themes were, first, the villainies, not of the Catholics or the Frenchmen, nor even of the native converts, but of Lo Pao-chĭ; and, second, the possibility of England taking the Mussulmans of Yün Nan and Kwei Chou under her protection. He insisted on it that sooner or later England must "take" those provinces; and politically he disliked France.

Apart from the fact that Lo Pao-chĭ was my friend too, I did not care to express any opinion, or to encourage confidences in the personal matter, except on the basis of both men "having it all out," face to face, in my presence. And as to the "alliance," that was exceedingly dangerous ground to tread upon, apart from the fact that I well knew we had already rejected the official advances of the Panthays. I half suspected he was employed to "fish,"—whether by the Chinese authorities or by the *akhûnds* I could not

guess,—and any false step I might have made would have cost me dear. However, John Kin never succeeded in extracting from me, nor did I possess, any clue. He never evinced any hostility towards, or any friendship for, either Catholics or Protestants; but he seemed to have some sympathy with me. On the whole, I could not fathom him to my satisfaction. I remember one remark of his as he glanced through my albums. He first looked at Bismarck and Moltke: then at other photographs of public men and private friends. He said: "Why, there is intelligence in all these faces! We Chinamen seem to be expressionless as compared with you foreigners. Our officials are no good at all. Each man of you seems to wear an air of vigour and resolve, whilst Chinamen are like so many moulded images. Look at this" (pointing to the *taotai* P'êng), "and compare it with that" (pointing to Charles Dickens).

Perhaps a portrait of the good old P'êng may not come amiss; so I give it here. He was a kind-hearted old man, of the gelatinous type, who fed himself up carefully on swallows' nests, sea-slugs, and other aphrodisiacs: he desired nothing beyond "enjoying happiness," and dying with decency and credit.

SAUL! SAUL! WHY PERSECUTEST THOU ME?

THERE never was a more loyal and noble-hearted man than Dr. Hance; but, owing to his incurable incapacity for Chinese, he did not "get on." However, Sir

Thomas Wade was a generous-minded man too, and therefore, on Sir Brooke Robertson's death, "Old Hance" got his opportunity, though never his commission as consul to the very last. His friendship with Liu K'un-yih in 1879-80 was as striking as Sir Brooke's had been with Jweilin. Here ignorance actually stood in good stead, for most consuls "murder" their Chinese so much that they lose in dignity by using it. Hance's words of wisdom, uttered in the barbarous accents of "Europe," accordingly often fell to my department to translate; and his "great thoughts," even as imperfectly rendered by me, impressed the Viceroy very much—not to speak of his world-wide reputation as a man of science.

Once Liu K'un-yih paid Hance a visit to complain of the violent demeanour of the French consul, and also to protest against the Chinese being forced to believe what he called the nonsense (*wu-ki*, or "without book") preached by English and other missionaries. Liu K'un-yih had been a great "persecutor of the Israelites" in Kiang Si, and when Governor of that province had once been visited by the intrepid Baber. I had been in charge at Kewkiang shortly after Baber, and was therefore able to "rub it into" Liu K'un-yih's very marrow bones by *argumenta ad hominem*, when Dr. Hance addressed him somewhat as follows:

"We cannot possibly interfere with the French, who have their own way of doing things; but no British missionary will be allowed to meddle in native affairs.

At the same time, I and my second are both personal friends of most of the missionaries, Catholic as well as Protestant, French as well as English and American; and we know perfectly well that they are doing the best they can, according to their own lights. In England we have had our days of persecution too, when the Lord of Heaven [Catholic] and Jesus [Protestant] sects burnt each other alive in turn, and kept the country in a state of perpetual ferment. But we have now got rid of Papal dictation, and have found it possible to extend equal toleration to all religions, the Roman Catholic included. In India we do not allow our own people to set foot in a Jaïn temple, nor do we allow Mussulmans and Hindoos to bully each other. Frenchmen are free to convert the natives to Catholicism there. Parsees are at liberty to bury themselves publicly in vultures' bellies, and cremations take place all day long in the high streets of Benares. People never quarrel so much as on subjects they know nothing about; and your own Emperor Taokwang once issued a well-known edict to this effect. Neither the Pope, nor the Czar, nor the Emperor of China knows anything whatever about a future life; nor did Confucius; *à fortiori* the missionaries do not. Thus there is unlimited scope for belief, and the more you violently contest things incapable of demonstration, the more you excite the antagonism of the would-be demonstrator. Do what we do. Let the missionaries preach away,—any religion they like. No bones are broken, and no one is forced to believe.

If you persecute, you create an *imperium in imperio* of disaffection, and give the missionaries a factitious importance: you 'nourish a tiger to your future sorrow.'"

Liu K'un-yih listened very attentively to these exhortations, and frequently recurred to them at future interviews, announcing his conviction that there was "something in it" ("*pu-wu k'o-ts'ai*"="not without the selectable"). On Dr. Hance's return to Whampoa, Liu wrote him a most affectionate letter, and asked him to dinner in private. Ever since then his policy has been steadily on the side of order and protection. He has no respect whatever for "beliefs," but he sees that the medical and school work of the missionaries is good. He despises native Christians, simply because he does not believe in the purity of their motives; but he does not persecute them. Since 1880 there have been numerous instances where he has maintained order; and, so far as I am aware, there is not a single instance where he has been charged with instigating or conniving at breach of order;—I mean in missionary affairs.

A NARROW ESCAPE

EVEN so recently as sixteen years ago it was a capital offence to import Christian literature into Corea, and the history of the *Missions Etrangères* in that country is replete with stories of fidelity and martyrdom.

After the bloodthirsty persecutions instituted by

the present King's father in 1866-8, Fathers Blanc and Deguette managed to creep unobserved into the country once more, in 1876; and two young French priests travelled with me to Chemulpho, in order to join them, in April, 1885. They mysteriously disappeared from the harbour during the night, having been spirited away in the usual disguise by some faithful converts.

In Corea widowers always travel with a white veil or gag over their mouth and nose, like the Turkish women of Constantinople; and they may not under any circumstances be spoken to. This curious custom lends itself with facility to silent disguises, and up to 1886 the French missionaries always availed themselves of it; of course carrying their lives in their hands; or in their nerves.

Towards the end of 1885, M. Paulus von Moellendorff, a foreign official holding high office in Corea, wrote to inform me that a convert, either Corean or Chinese, I forget which, had been arrested by the Prefect of Insan with a trunk of New Testaments in his possession. The peculiar circumstances of his temporary position rendered it almost impossible for the foreign official in question (himself in serious trouble) to interfere; but, as decapitation was almost certain, he invited me, in the interests of humanity as well as of Christianity, and at the urgent request of Bishop Blanc, whose own position was still secret and doubtful, to obtain the man's release *officieusement*. Luckily for the indiscreet

importer of books, the prefect, whose city lay about four miles down the coast, was a personal friend of mine, and had eaten several savoury dinners (getting gloriously drunk on one occasion) at my house. It was not very easy to justify my unofficial interference, for of the three or four nationalities concerned not one was British; and there was at the time neither a British merchant nor a British missionary anywhere in Corea.

I shall never forget the prefect's visit: he came in state from Insan, and was "supported" under the elbows by his followers as he waddled into my presence (no mandarin may walk unsupported); wearing his horse-hair hat, exactly like that of an old Welshwoman; his robes, cope, and stole; and (strangest of all strange customs) carrying his copper *yo-kang** (always deposited by Corean magnates outside the door) in his hand. As a sequel to the interview, the incriminated man was shortly afterwards released.

A few days later, I was surprised to receive a visit from a foreigner who looked like a beach-comber; it was one of the French missionaries, who had been sent down by the bishop to acknowledge the service. He had got out of his widower's disguise, and had purchased a cheap "slop suit" for the occasion at a Chinese store, the fit of which suit was something to remember. He seemed to have lost fluency in his own language. From

* *See Glossary.*

enquiries I have recently made in Paris, I find this "beach-comber" was the late Provicat Père Coste.

THE SEED OF THE CHURCH

LO PAO-CHÏ was in the zenith of his power and pride when I first visited him early in the year 1881: six years later "his head and his body occupied different places,"—as the Chinese proclamations say when they threaten the "silly people" with dire penalties. He was the recognised head of the Chung-king Christians in this sense; that he was a rich, influential trader; had the courage to publicly admit that he and his family were Catholics; resisted the efforts of pagan, Mussulman, and other gentry to force his hand in the usual thorny matters of public subscriptions for "pagan" purposes; and acted as a sort of go-between, or *amicus curiae*, betwixt the bishopric and the mandarins.

When the French political influence at Peking was not only very low,—between the dates of the unavenged Tientsin massacre and the seizure by France of Tonquin,—but was unwillingly exerted in favour of the missionaries' "advanced policy," the two Sz Ch'wan bishoprics had to draw in their horns for a time: the energy of the last incumbent was disavowed and deprecated; the claim of the bishops to visit the mandarins in official chairs and call themselves *ta-jên* (= great man) was not admitted; and, so far as Eastern Sz Ch'wan was concerned, the charge

was left by the Holy See for some years in the hands of a vicar-general of neutral or conciliatory character Monsgr. Blettery. Neither he nor any of the French priests at that time ever appeared in the public streets; whenever they had to go out at all, it was in closed native sedans of the ordinary road-traveller type. Outside Chungking and other large cities there was less necessity for concealment; but of course they all wore Chinese clothes, as nearly all Roman Catholic priests in China are in the habit of doing.

At a dinner courteously given to me by Lo Pao-chï in a pretty little temple garden (I think Christian property) within the walls, the genial Mgr. Blettery and one or two other hospitable Frenchmen were present. Of course these gentlemen were more competent than I to form an opinion as to their then leading convert's value; at least as a Christian; and perhaps also as a man: in the latter capacity, however, he did not impress me as a person I should care to trust very far, though I must, in justice to him, say that, during my year's stay, he proved exceedingly well-disposed towards me personally; not so much on my own account as because my presence was indirectly strengthening to the mission. It was generally understood that he maintained in his household a number of paid bravos, whose function it was to shadow him in the streets, and, if necessary, protect him by force from the intrigues of his enemies, of whom he had many; and when the second riot occurred in 1886,

it seems that the violence or excessive zeal of these mercenaries really indirectly cost him his own life. It was also made pretty clear to me in 1881 that the man was hated, both by the mandarins, who utilised his services rather out of fear than from any feeling of respect; and by some of the leading Mussulmans, who were jealous alike of his general commercial influence, and of the Christian predominancy over Islam.

However that may be, the riot of 1886-7 took effect exactly where that of 1881 failed to come to a serious head, and savage attacks were made upon the Roman Catholic mission, which was destroyed, as well as upon the local Christians. Under these alarming circumstances Lo Pao-chï organised a determined defence of his own property, and the services of his bullies were utilised to beat off the rioters from his house: this, of course, could easily be maliciously construed into a "rebellious taking of the law into his own hands." In the scrimmage which ensued, a man was killed, and such an occurrence served as a welcome pretext for bringing a charge of murder against the too enterprising owner of the house. Satisfaction was duly made to the missionaries, but the "face" of the mandarins *vis-à-vis* of their own people was saved by making a scapegoat of Lo Pao-chï, who, despite the most desperate efforts to save him made by the French Minister at Peking, suffered the extreme penalty of the law, and was ignominiously decapitated,—as already narrated under another head.

FATHER CADOUX

KACHYNS are not Chinamen, but they live on the borders of China, look like Chinese, and talk in tones and monosyllables like Chinese; in fact, although, like their kinsmen the Burmese (who have become affected by admixture of Hindoo and Peguan blood), of Tibetan stock, they are as much Chinese as the Hungarians are "Austrian." Father Cadoux ignored the Shans, Burmese, and Chinese, confining his ministrations solely to the Kachyns,—or Singpho, as they call themselves.

In 1888 I hunted him up at a humble residence in the jungle outside Bhamo, my object being to arrive at certain conclusions connected with the language. His house was a kind of reed hut, total value perhaps five pounds; he had planks laid across trestles for a bed, and the only furniture consisted of a couple of rough chairs and a table. He entertained me with a "swarry," consisting of a scraggy chicken and red rice. The bread was a "caution" to weak digestions; luckily mine was strong. He had no wine; not even altar wine.

In 1892-3 I found he had been home to recuperate, having nearly lost his life through repeated attacks of fever in the jungle. He now looked fitter than ever, and he had moved out about eight miles into the true virgin jungle, far away from any Europeans. He used to walk in barefoot, carrying his soutane

and sombrero strapped to his back, his white breeches hitched up to the thighs, and a thick stick in his hand.

There was now a mission house at Bhamo, and he liked to stroll in occasionally for a good feed with his colleagues. On two occasions I tramped out with him, in order to inspect his arrangements,—also barefoot; for the jungle is so muddy that the simplest way is to discard as many garments as possible. We were in a regular Kachyn village; not one of the indigenous type with enormous houses like those of Fiji, but in a Burmo-Kachyn squatters' settlement. To get into the dwelling we had to clamber up a ladder and tumble into a sort of mat hut, supported on poles to keep out snakes, etc. The roof, walls, and floor were all of coarse matting; and there we both dined and slept (I providing the dinner, which we carried with us).

Father Cadoux was always in debt; he had long ago exceeded the slender allowance made by his superiors, and the British administration (once at my suggestion) had at different times stretched various points in his favour. He had sold all his valuables,—that is, all the presents his friends had given him when at home,—and he had now nothing left but his two guns. Shooting was his only solace; but he was running short of ammunition, and had to make his own cartridges with native powder. He had no books beyond his "exercises"; no meat, no wine, no drugs. He had a tiny chapel arranged in an adjoining hut,

and he had spent and intended to spend the whole of his strength in endeavouring to convert the Kachyns; get them to abandon their wasteful habit of burning down the forests for cultivable land; and turn them into peaceful, settled communities. The Kachyns seemed very fond of him, and the local government appreciated his efforts: but it was really like pouring water into a sieve: his capacity to receive and spend was inexhaustible, but not one penny did he spend unnecessarily on himself.

In appearance he reminded me very much of the murderer Dumollard of thirty-five years ago. He had an enormous, thick, black beard; a square-made, sturdy, hairy body; and a fearless, almost fierce aspect. He was a pure enthusiast; but he did not mind being "chaffed," and he got plenty of chaff from me, who did not take the least interest in the spiritual welfare of the Kachyns. He was excellent company, enjoyed a good *déjeûner à la fourchette*, and could drink and smoke with any man. At last he was reduced to selling his best gun, the one his old mother had given him as a parting gift. All he wanted was that it should be in friendly hands. I bought it for forty rupees, and I had intended to send it back so soon as he should have got his mission "straightened out" financially. But when I got to Hongkong on my way home in 1894, I was not allowed to land, on account of the plague, and had to go straight from gunboat to steamer: the instant I got on board the

steamer, I learnt from a French missionary that poor Father Cadoux was no more: fever and starvation had done their work.

ROMAN CATHOLIC EDUCATION

IT may be supposed, from the casual quips in which I indulge in these papers, that I am no admirer of missionaries, not to say of Roman Catholics and Jesuits; but this is quite a mistake, for I myself have many ties among, and am even a consistent supporter of, the Jesuits' work in China; besides having taken the trouble to translate from the Latin, and to publish, the esoteric official history of their rivals there, the *Missions Etrangères.* I make this reservation: though a genuine Christian myself, I decline to recognise anything superhuman in their religious dogma, which I regard merely as a useful human discipline; just as the teetotallers and the Salvation Army, with all their one-idea'dness and their eccentricity, seem to me to be on a better tack than the loafers, drinkers, and debauched wastrels who grace our European towns; not excluding my own native city.

During the winter of 1884-5 I visited the late Bishop Garnier and most of the following Jesuit establishments: (1) the central residence at Siccawei, Chinese college, Chinese news agency, etc; (2) the Chinese orphanage and printing-press close by at Tusewei; and the Chinese girls' school, female doctors' school, women's asylum, etc., of Sengmuyu: also the Chinese hospital

at Tungkadu, south-east of Shanghai; the enormous "Eurasian" girls' schools at Shanghai; the Chinese boys' schools at Hongkew (American Shanghai); and the Chinese hospitals, etc., within the native city walls: in addition, a little earlier, their establishments at Wuhu up the river, where for a short time I was consul: but of this last mentioned An Hwei group I saw comparatively little. The work done is enormous, and when I say that there are nearly nine hundred Jesuit stations in Kiang Nan (*i.e.* Kiang Su and An Hwei), each with a chapel; over three hundred Chinese boys' schools and four hundred Chinese girls' schools; and that pagans as well as Christians are educated, I lay stress in my own mind not so much on the ghostly as on the mundane benefits conferred.

Under Bishop Garnier the Jesuits of Kiang Nan seemed to hold more aloof than now from French political ambition; and I hope they will not, since M. Gérard (the able French Minister who suddenly appeared, as told in another story, at my bedside in Hoihow) thought fit to give a strong fillip to French propagandism, endanger the legitimate moral success of their splendid cause by mixing themselves up too much with national rivalries. The late P. Gaillard, for instance, has published a polemical work altogether too full of the political anglophobia, though he himself once had to fly to Jersey for British hospitality and protection.

The *Missions Etrangères* are seen at their best under English protection at Penang; and indeed it is

ONE OF THE SHANGHAI JESUITS' ORPHANAGES. [*To face p.* 198.

in Burma and such places, where absolute freedom and liberality is enjoyed under the British flag, that French missionaries display their noblest qualities, free from the temptation to join their vivacious lay compatriots in the congenial task of "pulling the English leg." It is under their own not very tolerant flag,—as, for instance, in Annam and Tonquin,—that they appear at their second best: no Protestant missionary dares to show his nose in Tonquin. Only in this year (1901) some Protestants endeavoured through me to get their Testaments translated into Annamese—or, rather, to have their translations checked; but, as the French have the monopoly of that language, I find it is well-nigh impossible. I have myself had to contrast the cold, bare courtesy of the Hanoi bishop, who mistook me for a *ministre avec son bible*, with the warm geniality of that noble old man, the late scholarly and distinguished Bishop Bigandet of Rangoon. I paid three visits to the Chinese college at Penang, where the Very Reverend Father E. Wallays most courteously showed me all there was to be seen. In general principle it is conducted on the same lines as the Jesuit establishment at Siccawei. At first Père Wallays did not half like my publishing the "confidential" history of his mission—in fact, it was, I believe, generally resented as a "liberty" for a layman to take; but he subsequently aided me to issue a second edition, corrected by himself; so that he must have seen that I had, after all, been tolerably fair.

I saw a great deal of the *Missions Etrangères* in Corea, Sz Ch'wan, Kwei Chou, Canton, Siam, Burma, etc., etc., and have had many warm friends amongst their members, whose courage is unquestionable; but their methods are sometimes a little too aggressive and militant to meet our views of what charity and religion ought to be; nor are their average men so thoroughly grounded in scientific theology, or so admirably disciplined, as the Jesuits; who compel veneration and respect in China by the sheer force of their erudition and self-denial. They have the good sense to discern that the Chinese intellect demands their very best men.

Lest it be supposed that I have a bias against my own countrymen and their "average" religion, I may just casually add that the China Inland Mission, which, like the above two, works in Chinese clothes, has always impressed me as doing excellent medical and lay work, and as coming the nearest among the Protestants to St. Paul's standard. Personally, and for the sake of political peace, I should like to see the China Inland Mission and the Jesuits absorb all other rivals, and to have them left in charge of all Chinese Christians, as friendly rivals.

PAGAN CHRISTIANS

THE good Father Baptista had become quite a fashionable member of society since he took to riding his "pon" into Hoihow and cracking a joke with his flock

(the Patrick Fitzpatrick O'Tooles). (I may mention to those unacquainted with the Portuguese that there is a colloquial tendency in that language to drop final *e*; and thus the English word poney becomes "pon.") He was now, two years later, "bearded like the pard," and the head of the Portuguese mission at Singapore. At Hoihow he was unable (unless he drew upon his slender store of altar wine) to offer other hospitality than skinny chickens, rice, and tea; and lived in humble Chinese style. In his capacious residence at Singapore he did me well at table, and took me for a *gharry* drive. We passed a church on the way back, and he told me it was very popular with the Chinese. I was rather surprised to hear this, and presumed he was referring to "old Christians" of St. Francis Xavier's time, three centuries ago. But, to my still greater surprise, he added that the well-disposed Chinese in question were pagans, and that they came annually to make a sort of pilgrimage and sacrifice to the Holy Mother—a term which occurs in their own Pantheon. The details of the story have escaped my memory, but it was somewhat as follows:—

A Chinese had, many years ago, been in great peril or distress, and somehow or other a vow had been made that, if relief were obtained, rewards would be conferred upon the aiding spirit. Relief came, and news of it spread like wild-fire; hence the Chinese—*i.e.* those hailing from the same home villages as the

persons immediately concerned—enthusiastically took the matter up. Every year a sort of wake was held: the church was thrown open; offerings were made to the Virgin Mary's image; and there was a general jollification. So far as I understood Father Baptista, no obtrusive attempt was made by him to divert this rill of "faith" into the main stream of orthodoxy; and I think wisely so.

I just mention this circumstance to illustrate the position that the Chinese as a nation are naturally disposed to gratitude and piety; and (though Father Baptista was not a Jesuit) that the original Jesuit plan of following the line of least resistance, and availing themselves of the latent energy contained in existing materials, is the true way to Christianise the Chinese. For policy's sake, of course, the Jesuits must accept the Pope's *dicta*; but some thinking men regard the Jesuits as an organisation not inferior to the Vatican in the way of sound judgment.

Buddhist prayers were offered up by some of my retainers for my safety whenever I left China. I approved; that is, I was totally indifferent to the outward form of the prayers, so long as the person praying was in earnest. The Taoist charm granted to me by the Taoist "Pope" was believed to have saved me at Chungking. What does it matter whether the Chinese thought so or not? The Chinese do not possess the persecuting spirit, and are disposed to grant "free trade and open door" to all beliefs, so

long as public order is maintained in the approved ways. As for myself, I have always selected the Roman Catholic religion for my own juvenile educational purposes on account of its superior discipline; but I do not for that reason feel bound to accept its dogmas; nor do I see necessity to recognise the capacity of the Pope or any one else, Roman Catholic or Protestant, to evolve positive judgments as to a future, touching which we are all profoundly ignorant. I simply support him as the head of an educational department, and I hope he and his successors will march along with the reforms of the time. The Christian spirit of Christ is, in my humble opinion, as much present in Buddhism and Taoism as it is in our Churches; and even in Islam there is much that resembles the Christian spirit,—which, indeed, Islam itself recognises with respect. The Government of India, a splendid example of tolerance, protects all systems, "idolatry" included.

In short, it appears to me that there is only one religion, as there is only one truth. Benjamin Disraeli is said to have observed: "All wise men have the same religion, but no wise man says what it is." Even the orthodox Johnson asserts: "All denominations of Christians have really little difference in point of doctrine, though they may differ widely in external forms. . . . With contests concerning moral truth, human passions are generally mixed." There is no indispensable truth in any belief which rests on the

imagination; and religion is not indispensable in truth, which is independent of moral contest. Truth is what the straightforward, honest mind deduces or tries to deduce from concrete facts apparent to the senses; and moral conviction is what the mind, which is simply the sense of imagination, imagines as to guiding principles. If a person imagines a thing to be true, what he imagines must be the "faith" which commends itself to his mind; he can listen to the exhortations of others if he likes; but he himself is final judge—that is, if he possesses any mind which he feels equal to the task of judging. On this rational basis, I believe, the Chinese as a nation are willing to listen, which is the first step towards believing; and therefore, (as some say) towards salvation.

CHAPTER X

HUMANITAS

CHINESE TEACHERS

CHANG the Giant and his Cantonese friend Ling A-luk were the first to inoculate me with the Celestial virus. This was in 1867, and the Giant informed me that he came from a village near Hankow. I once more met him, "on show," at a wax-work exhibition in 1883, and rather startled him by addressing a few peremptory words to him in the local Hankow brogue. He was then preening himself on a daïs before a bevy of admiring women, for all the world like an emperor: his business was to write inscriptions on fans for a small fee; but he rose respectfully the instant he heard "language of authority," and somewhat sadly said he was growing tired of show life, had been cheated out of his savings, and would be glad to go back, even as "boy," to his own land.

I daresay "city men" will recollect a typical Chinaman of cunning appearance, dressed as a Celestial bourgeois, who used to put on a semi-daft air and parade the London streets at about that time. He was

a Cantonese, and he also gave me a few lessons. In 1897 I saw him shuffling about Highbury in what looked like the same old clothes he wore in 1867. He had on felt slippers lined with straw, and appeared gouty or rheumatic: he was then an old man. I forget his name; but he was a humbug and a beggar: no fool.

There was also a Shanghai man of ruddy countenance, dressed (as I afterwards discovered) in the style of a boat coolie, who wore a brown pork-pie hat (as still worn in China), and sold packets of scent about Lombard Street, Cheapside, and Cornhill. His name was Chêu K'ing-fung, and he then said he had been a Shanghai *sampan* man; he possessed an English wife. For two months he gave me instruction, and it was a great puzzle to me to reconcile his pronunciation with that of the two Cantonese and the Hankow man above described.

Then there was a man named Liu (Lao in some dialects), who had taken to European clothes, and had transformed himself into "Mr. Law." He was from Ningpo, and had been a cook on board some ship. Apparently the missionaries had worked upon his feelings, and had obtained for him a post as door-keeper to one of the Sailors' Homes on the Thames bank. He was a most regular attendant at my lodgings from March 18 to November 1, 1868, and his knowledge of the written character was sufficient to admit of considerable progress being made.

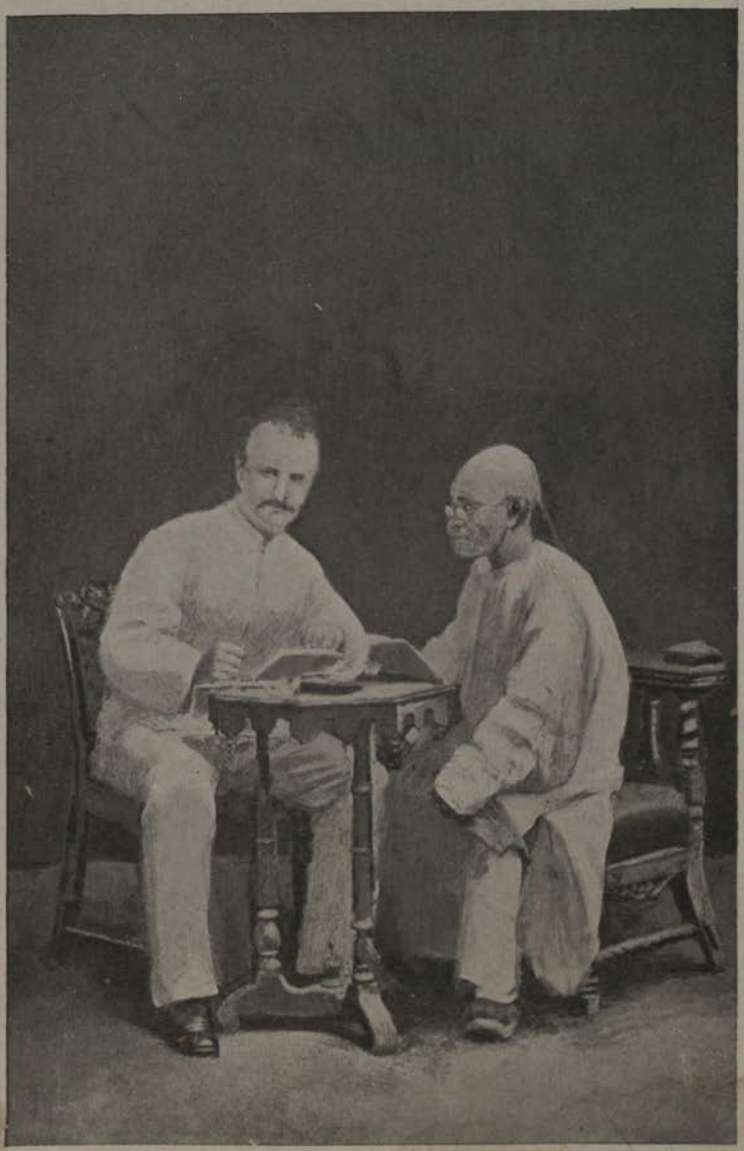
During all this time the Rev. Dr. James Summers of George Yard, Lombard Street, had been giving lessons in "mandarin" to myself and two British missionary students named Sadler and Bryson (the latter I saw again at Hankow in July, 1872, hard at his work). Dr. Summers was absolutely the only European I ever met or heard of who could use the pencil-brush quite as well as a Chinese; he was even able to do the Japanese flourishes, which are an infinitely more difficult form of calligraphy; and there was a Japanese of rank named Takeda who came occasionally to chat with him and to give him lessons in fancy writing. But Dr. Summers' "mandarin" did not in the least correspond with the dialects of Ling, Chang (properly Chan), Chêu, or Law.

Finally, the last part of Mr. (Sir T.) Wade's *Tzŭ-êrh-chi* came out, and I at once set to work to clear up the mystery of conflicting pronunciations; the work was subsequently reviewed at length in *The Times*. But the plot only thickened, and his "tones" were hopelessly "wrong." It was not until I actually reached Peking in 1869 that I found I must "unlearn" considerably. The true explanation is that, given what we might call an ancient, or algebraical, or imaginary average sound *pit*, this becomes *pi*, *pik*, *p'il*, *pitsu*, *hitsz*, and all manner of things, according to locality; and its "tone," "series," "aspiration," etc., likewise vary, just do its initial and final. So with every word in the inese language. But there is no mystery.

OLD OW

DURING temporary sickness in 1874, my Cantonese teacher, himself a man of brilliant intelligence, provided me with a substitute, who bore the ancient double surname of Ou-yang (local Ao-yöng), shortened, after Chinese custom, into Ao. He was a little, thin man with a tremendous nose and deep, raucous voice, through which instruments he emitted with clarion precision the then still but half-understood Cantonese syllables; and above all the tones—eighteen of them: it was almost like the braying of a jackass. This was a revelation to me; and the result of it was the introduction of a number of new tones into scientific Cantonese, the very existence of which tones was at first denied by local scholars.

On my return to Canton in 1878, I bethought me of "Old Ow," and kept him on my premises *en disponabilité*. He had once been employed as a *shï-ye* (local *sz-ye*), or secretary, in Hu Nan; but apparently his rigid and Diogenes-like virtue had failed to advance his material interests. He was, in one sense, a sort of Chinese Carlyle, always denouncing humbugs and pretenders; extolling the ancient sages, and full of ceremony, funerals, reverence for "bones," and all manner of Confucian characteristics such as the "superior man" ought to delight in. One thing he could not do, and that was speak mandarin properly: it was therefore [illegible] without jealousy that he heard my illiterate "b[illegible]



"OLD OW" AND HON. J. STEWART-LOCKHART.

[*To face p.* 208.

converse with me in a dialect he would have given his right hand to speak. It was a great come-down for the old man to have to teach a barbarian as a solace and support for the sere and yellow leaf of life. He used to compare me with Shih Lêh (local Shek Lăk) and other monarchs of Turkish race who, fifteen hundred years ago, sat at the feet of Hindoo and Chinese Gamaliels, such as Buddôchinga and the bonze Hwei-sing.

One of my consuls was exceptionally endowed with official dignity, and I was once asked to arrange for him an interview with "Old Ow," whose nostrils positively distended with indignation at the thought that "his Excellency" treated teachers as servants, and would even exact respect from *him*. Before he would consent to be interviewed, I had to arrange *officieusement* that both of them should stand on meeting: for myself, I never ventured to talk to "Old Ow" until he was seated, and always rose as he entered the room; in well-bred China even a viceroy rises to a teacher.

In spite of his sterling honesty and Cato-like severity, "Old Ow" was mean and sordid to the extreme in his private life: he used to intrigue round his arch-enemy the "boy" in order to get a meal gratis; furtively swallow opium pills to conceal the fact that he had once been an opium *roué*; grow purple in the face when bargaining with boatmen about a few copper cash; and catch rats for his dinner in order to make the coy hair grow. He was never tired of impressing upon me the barbarism of my nature, though he admitted

towards the end that I was gradually becoming rather a "ripe" barbarian under his lash. "Yet did I bear it with a friendly shrug,"—though sufferance is decidedly *not* badge of all my tribe.

On the arrival in 1879 of a Hongkong cadet to study Chinese in Canton, I lent him "Old Ow," who took the youngster up country and taught him Cantonese very well. A year or two later the old man was carried off by his new patron to the barbarian stronghold of Hongkong, and given employment in the Registrar-General's department, where he served with great fidelity His shrewdness and hatred of roguery made him very useful in the matter of circumventing humbugs; but his loyal nature never permitted of his being utilised as a spy or informer. He used occasionally to teach the British military officers Chinese; but he did not admire their artificial style at all, and used to describe them contemptuously as *wu-niu* (local *mou-ngao*), or "military cattle."

It is no exaggeration to say that "Old Ow" is, in a way, at the bottom of modern Cantonese as now understood, for he translated Sir Thomas Wade's Colloquial Course half a dozen times into that dialect; he was also the first to make its "tonic" mysteries quite clear, and to define them by fixed *formulæ*. He died in harness about ten years ago, and his portrait in oils still adorns the public offices of Hongkong. I am not sure but that the British Government (local) did some honour to his uncompromising *manes*. At all events, the present

Colonial Secretary, the Hon. J. Stewart-Lockhart (soon, it is hoped, to be Governor), always cherished a noble veneration for his memory; and, indeed, he it was who, as a cadet, first introduced "Old Ow" to "outer" barbarian life.

"FULL OF STRANGE OATHS"

THE principle of *tabu* has always had a wide extension in China. Emperors' private names may not be uttered or printed; parents' ditto must be avoided; and, generally, the whole system is and has been developed into an occult art, according to the tastes of each dynasty. But, apart from this, there is also the popular *tabu*: mothers affect hideous names for their children, such as "cur," "dung," and so on; in order to throw the devils off the scent, should they wickedly desire to pick off attractive sons. In Canton the practice pervades the whole of social and family life; thus an almanac is called *t'ung-shing* ("generally victorious") instead of *t'ung-shü* ("general book"), because *shü* also means "defeat."

One day I was running through the ancient Odes of Confucius with "Old Ow," when I asked him: "What sort of a plant really is the *kot*, of which clothes are made here?"

He said: "It is popularly called the 'solid-hearted arrowroot' here in Canton, because the word *kot* is *tabu*."

I asked: "Why? I am not aware of any emperor's name having that sound."

"No; that is not it. The Supreme Court at Hongkong, is vulgarly known as the *Tái Kot* [Great *Kot*, or "Court"], and the criminal classes do not like to invoke the word, which they regard as a sort of Themis. And there is a still stronger reason. When foreigners first came, they were observed to utter a terrible imprecation whenever they were enraged. No one knows exactly what it means; but I am informed that *Kot t'am* is the name of an English deity, whose wrath is called down upon the heads of luckless Chinamen on the slightest provocation. Not only therefore, is the word *Kot* carefully avoided, but the mysterious combination *Kot t'am*, or *Kot t'am yu hai*, is especially dreaded. It has even been heard in the British Consulate, so no doubt you know what it means. Now, the second of the Odes runs: '*Kot chi t'am hai!*' ["How the Dolichos creeps!"], and this whole sentence has a tendency to be tabooed; more especially the two essential words *Kot* [Dolichos] and and *t'am* [creeps]."

The above explanation was given so gravely, and with such a punctilious sense of truth, that I did not enlighten the old man further as to barbarian ways.

The Chinese in their oaths have a decidedly Spanish tendency; the *carambas*, *carajos*, and *harto de ajos'*, which come so readily to the Spanish tongue, are not by any means as innocent as they look. In Peking objurgations usually take the form of insinuations about your younger sister, or about "turtles' eggs." In

Canton the mother, or, in an ascending scale, both the parents, or even ancestors to the eighteenth degree, have imaginary assaults delivered at their invisible anatomy. Hence it is decidedly low for Europeans to "swear in Chinese." The best thing is to "swear not at all," of course; but, if swear you must, by all means stick to the good old-fashioned English "creeping Dolichos."

A CHINESE BARRISTER

NO foreigner has ever yet succeeded in obtaining a Chinese degree, nor is it at all likely that any one has tried; but, as special arrangements are made for Miao-tsz and other tribes, it is not improbable that a European student would be admitted if he went through the usual curriculum. On the other hand, both Chinese and Japanese have shown that they possess the requisite mental capacity to obtain English degrees, and to pass the Inns of Court examinations for call to the bar. When it is considered that, in order to do this, the Oriental must have some knowledge of Roman as well as of English history, it becomes evident that, besides mastering Law, a Chinese who can pass for call must possess considerable intellectual power.

One of the students at the Middle Temple in 1876 was Ng Choy (the Cantonese way of pronouncing Wu Ts'ai). The Wu family of Canton, to which it

is almost certain Mr. Wu must be more or less distantly related, is no other than the "Howqua" of old Co-hong days; and I suppose "Howqua" may be a Portuguese attempt to render the syllables Ng-ka, or "Wu family." Archdeacon Gray several times took me with him to see the family mansion. Mr. Ng, after being called to the bar, returned to Hongkong, where he practised for a time before the Supreme Court there. Before long his services were requisitioned by Li Hung-chang at Tientsin, where he remained for many years as legal adviser, and thus obtained formal entrance into the Chinese public service. He is no other than Wu T'ing-fang, the present able Minister at Washington.

I often found myself at the same table with him in "hall," but I do not think the subject of common Chinese experiences was ever raised. At that time he had entirely cut off his "pigtail," presumably because he then looked forward to an English rather than to a Chinese career. At the same table there occasionally sat a very observant but by no means loquacious Japanese, the late Mr. Hoshi Torn. Once, in the absence of Ng Choy, some of the students raised the question what characters the Japanese used for writing purposes, and doubts were thrown upon my suggestion that all educated Japanese could write Chinese. A test was therefore resolved upon, and a piece of paper was inscribed with the following sentence—the first in Confucius' Analects: "Is it not a charming thing when a friend comes from afar?" The future states-

man read the paper without moving a muscle of his face, and, true to his taciturn character, wrote the Chinese monosyllable "*no*," which, curiously enough, in classical language means "yes."

When a Chinese becomes a "mandarin," he adopts an official "Christian" name, and T'ing-fang, or "hall fragrance," is accordingly the bureaucratic designation of Ng Choy: the idea is that of a statesman, the sweet-smelling savour of whose reputation "fills the court." As the Viceroy Chang Chï-tung said of Chunghou, when he betrayed China to Russia:

> If he cannot bequeath a fragrance for ten centuries,
> At least he can leave a stench for ten thousand years.

OLD LU

THIS fine specimen of a Cantonese bourgeois gentleman was pensioned off by the British Government about 1893, shortly after I last saw him; but from time to time he wrote me a letter or two full of sympathy, and reminding me of his existence, which, I trust, is not yet a thing of the past. During the *Arrow* lorcha war of 1858 he had performed some confidential services for Sir Harry Parkes, who, with that loyalty to humbler colleagues which so distinguished him beyond others of his rank who shall be nameless, took steps to secure the Chinese writer in question a permanent position. Sir Brooke Robertson was also staunch and loyal to the backbone, and would as soon

have slashed off his right hand as cut the ground from behind the back of a fellow Government servant: with him "Old Lu" was safe, and "enjoyed happiness" for many years.

The punctuality and zeal of the old man—for old he was when he became practically my vassal in 1879—were most touching. He footed it all the way from his house in the interior of the city—about three miles—and was never late; wet or fine, he trudged back at four o'clock: at least, *I* never kept him one minute after four. He had a large family, was as honest as the day, and could not afford the luxury of a two-bearer chair. Sharp at ten every morning he arrived with his umbrella, fan, and "mackintosh," puffing and blowing with anxiety and exertion. At Canton the native gentry are in the habit of purchasing official documents from the *yamêns*, but "Old Lu" was of so sterling a kidney that I rarely ventured even to show him such papers, though I knew he had observed (more in sorrow than in anger) that I had received such from the hands of a certain rascally "gentleman": it is the "custom of the country."

"Old Lu's" great anxiety in life was lest he should be superseded. He was quite competent to do his work in the ordinary humdrum way; but he was not much of a scholar, nor was he so rapid with his pen, or in taking down from dictation in the "mandarin" dialect, as was his more supple junior, who longed to supplant him, and

A STUDENT'S UP-COUNTRY RETREAT. [*To face p.* 216.

really did the best part of the work. Moreover, the senior man was a little afraid of "Old Ow," a "dark horse" he knew I kept in the background as a private teacher. When I wanted any letter to the Viceroy written in really fine form, I used to get "Old Ow" to do it for me in secret; learn it off by heart; and then dictate it to "Old Lu," who was lost in wonderment at my lore; but I thought it better to be a *poseur* for the nonce than to wound the old fellow's feelings. He did not mind my "teaching" him, for he seemed to think that "Parker" was only a confused diplomatic or muddled barbarian form of "Parkes," his old patron; but he did not like to play second fiddle to any Chinaman.

"Old Lu" had an objectionable feature in the eyes, or rather in the nostrils, of some consuls: he had rather a strong smell, and a very bad set of teeth, which made him sputter disagreeably when he spoke; to use the quaint and curious Chinese expression, his *wei-k'i* (= stomach-vapour) was *ta* (= great).

I parted with him in 1880 in order to go to Chungking, three thousand miles away: the old fellow shed tears. He used to write every new year to thank me for what he supposed was my "protection," though, as a matter of fact, it was impossible for me even to try to influence the incumbent for the time being. In 1891, after prolonged wanderings, I had the opportunity of looking in at Canton on my way to Hainan, and I was distressed to find that the inevitable had

taken place at last. "Old Lu," after thirty years of faithful service, was now No. 2, and his junior had been placed over his head; but, I think, without any material reduction of pay. I noticed that of the two seats at the writing-table, the younger man occupied the "superior" one; and I asked explanations. The old man turned his head aside, and could scarcely withhold a tear and a blush of shame as he told me all this; but he made no complaint, and said he knew he was a useless lump of flesh, and that he would have "got the sack" altogether had it not been for the "influence in Hades" of Sir Brooke Robertson and perhaps one or two others. About the end of 1895 he heard I had retired from the public service, and wrote to tell me that he also had got his pension all right from the British Government. If the British Government had always been as patiently served by its native-born as by its Chinese *employés*, its position in China would perhaps have been better than it now is.

DOCTOR WONG

WHAT would an English lady, sitting in the boudoir upon her satin sofa, think if a pigtailed Chinaman walked in, began to feel her pulse, put his ear or even his hand to her heart, and then calmly ordered her to loosen her dress or her chemise a little? Yet that was what Dr. Wong did every day. For many years he was the sole confidential medical adviser to at least a

dozen European ladies, whose youngsters, moreover, he brought into the world. To an outsider arriving in Canton he was in no way distinguishable from the ordinary native literate, except that he wore small gold spectacles instead of the round, native-made, tortoise-shell goggles. The reason for this state of affairs was that Dr. Wong was (or was supposed to be) a Christian, who had taken his medical degree in Edinburgh: there he had studied under the auspices of Dr. Legge, whose influence at last obtained for him the official support of the consuls at Canton: when I first went there, there was absolutely no other doctor. At first, I believe, he had worn European clothes; and, as he was a Pickwickian little man, with rubicund face, and honest, twinkling eyes, in this garb he might easily have passed for a European; he was the very image of the late M. Thiers, both in face and size. But tight European "togs" are uncomfortable in the muggy climate of Canton; so he soon began to "let his hair grow," and to slily coil the pigtail inside his hat. When his consulting practice was firmly assured; when old Sir Brooke Robertson, his friend and sponsor, and the ladies of the foreign community had been broken in to his morning pulse and tongue inspections, (they could themselves tolerate no clothing beyond a thin dressing-gown on a damp summer's day); he thought a nice, clean silk or grass-cloth (*kot*) robe would set off his figure just as well as clammy ducks or frowsy alpaca. The ice thus once broken, he went

on to "drop his pigtail," put on regular Chinese unmentionables, carry a fan instead of a cane, and wear orthodox thick paper shoes.

He was exceedingly respected by all Europeans; but he did not care much about "society"; which, in Canton, means eating and drinking too much, wasting time, sweating in uncomfortable clothes, and going to church; one and all of which Dr. Wong (like myself) found most dismal entertainments. But I often went over to Dr. Wong's "diggings" on the Honam side of the river, (which is locally called *hoi*, "the sea"), and discussed matters with him. He had a great respect for surgery, of which the Chinese are totally ignorant, and he kept up his reading very well; but he was no great believer in "medicine," except a few notorious specifics, such as quinine, mercury, opium, iodides, etc.; nor do I believe that, in his heart of hearts, he was a Christian;—that is, he did not care for, nor associate much with any of the missionaries; he did not go to either church or chapel (towards the end); nor did he accept any man's views as to what he ought to believe or disbelieve. Yet he was one of the most "Christian" men I ever met; and in kindness, truthfulness, and virtue he was as good as any average priest or parson: perhaps better.

He was never married, and lived with his sister; in purely Chinese style so far as his esoteric arrangements (*i.e.* all but the surgery) were concerned; destitute of wife or concubine: he never drank or smoked, not even

tobacco; he was a great believer in Chinese simples: so was I, and I always cured myself of fevers, sore eyes, chills, and such like things by taking "old women's" remedies. I have mentioned an old Hakka woman at the *yamên*, who used to cut the grass, feed the deer, and bury Sir Brooke's superannuated dogs and cats: she was a quite good enough "consulting physician" for me; and I several times accepted her prescriptions, which were approved by Dr. Wong. Even Abbé Huc bears witness to the excellence of Chinese *tisanes*.

Well, at last, poor Wong developed a fearful carbuncle on the back of his neck, and it carried him off. There was a rush from all sides for his practice; but as a young American happened to be on the spot, he got it; and so there was an end, probably for ever, of Chinese lady-doctors, or, rather, doctors for ladies.

In connection with this subject I may mention that the Japanese show the highest aptitude in physic; in Corea I never even consulted any but Japanese physicians, though there were plenty of Americans, naval and other. I once had quinsy, lumbago, and ureteritis, all at once; brought on by getting wet, in thin clothes, on a windy day; but the clever physicians Dr. Tanaka and Dr. Aoki pulled me admirably through all my ailments: their training was German. The Japanese are patient, and do not guess at ailments; they always try to get to the "bottom-rock" of everything.

THE CHINESE *LETTRÉ*

THERE were several teachers at Wênchow, besides the one whose portrait is given here, but none of them were sympathetic or characteristic enough to be worthy of description. The Yangchow man was the official writer, and manifestly an individual of refined and scholarly temperament; but it was equally plain that he entertained no admiration for the barbarian, nor would he ever enter into a confidential conversation, except on purely literary matters: his attitude was coldly correct. The native Wênchow teacher belonged to the half-starved, literary-hack class, who are too poor to think of anything beyond a daily fill of rice for themselves and their brood of chicks. He knew all the missionaries, and ridiculed in a good-humoured way the efforts of all but the Roman Catholic—an Italian, whom he and all other Chinese (except Catholic converts) feared and hated, chiefly because they did not understand the discipline and mystery of Catholic ways. The old Buddhist priest from the temple hard by was a mediæval production: like nearly all Chinamen, he was shrewd, and by no means ignorant of the vices of mankind; but he was thoroughly humble, honest, and kind-hearted; just (to excessive leniency), and willing to listen to reason: within the narrow limits of his mind and habits, I found him the best instructor of all: he was a sort of natural-born John Henry Newman, of coarse fibre.

The Ningpo man was specially employed in order to describe official rascalities, and to illustrate the etymological connection of dialects between the north and south halves of Chêh Kiang. His chief characteristic was subtlety, of the cynical and unrelenting kind only conceivable in a country where it is indispensable for a poor man to curry favour with and to avoid offending the great. We used to read novels together, and he was wont to explain with the most cold-blooded precision the various arts of the harem hinted at therein, the science of which proves that neither Turks nor Frenchmen are capable of teaching John Chinaman very much in that particular line; one of the most uncomfortable of his stories was how women occasionally got rid of men by running a bristle deftly into the navel of a sleeping lover.

Another European, or, rather, an American, employed this Ningpo teacher too; and on the occasion of a riot, when all the foreign houses were destroyed in one night by fire, the wily Chinaman obtained the great opportunity of his life to *faire fortune*. He sent in a claim for about twelve suits of silk clothes, a valuable library, and various watches and jewels. His American master assured me that he originally arrived from Ningpo with a bundle weighing about two pounds in all, and I myself had never seen him wear more than two greasy shifts: but his explanation was ingenious: he had kept clothes and heirlooms suitable to his rank carefully by, until such time as he could have saved

enough to wear them; the valuable books of reference were necessary in order to hunt up the profound posers with which I and his other employer were always plying him; and he was responsible to friends for their value; his savings (in Hongkong Bank notes) had perished in the flames.

A few days after his "list of claims" had been privately sent in to me through the American, I took the rogue by surprise, and asked him to write down what he had lost. He gave me a knowing look of deadly depth, and then proceeded to think. I said: "Surely you need not think so long about it; you must know how many pairs of trousers and coats you had." But he was too much for me: he managed to recollect infallibly all he had written before; and so, in the absence of proof that he was lying, I passed his claim, which was duly paid. My own boy had the impudence to put in a claim for one hundred and twenty dollars, for "the first week's refreshments supplied to the distressed missionaries"; but when I called him a scoundrel, and told him I was entertaining them at my own expense, he said: "There is no need to be angry; I withdraw it. Six dollars will cover the whole. Of course I thought you would send in a claim, and I wanted to make a little money out of it too, like the Ningpo man."

These little matters well instance the difficulty in which a missionary is often *bonâ fide* placed. If he declines to assist his convert, who *may* have suffered

THE NINGPO TEACHER AND LITTLE *T'ING-CH'AI*
(SEE PAGE 222).

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during an attack upon the mission, he knows perfectly well the mandarins will not do so: if he does assist, then he exposes himself to the risk of aiding a fraud, and to the reproach of allowing rascally Chinese to avail themselves of *his* troubles in order to obtain extortionate compensation for themselves.

CHINESE POETRY

IT is impossible to enter into the soul of an alien race without gaining some slight insight into its popular ballad literature and poetry. The following is a translation, as nearly as possible word for word, of the very first of the ancient "classical" odes of the *Shï King*, as collected and classified by Confucius. I translated and published it about twenty-two years ago in these words; (the original consists of four syllables to each line):—

As the osprays woo
On the river ait,
So the graceful lass
Hath her manly mate.

As the coy marsh-flowers
Here and there do peep,
So the graceful lass
In his wakeful sleep.

But he seeks in vain,
Brooding night and day.
Ah me! Ah me!
Tossing rest away!

As the coy marsh-flower
Chosen here and there,
So the graceful lass;
He's in tune with her.

As the coy marsh-flower
Gathered here and there,
So the graceful lass;
Bells now ring for her.

The remarkable part about it is that a poem sung and written down between two thousand and three thousand years ago should be quite intelligible, in all dialects, at the present day.—At the same time were published translations of about fifty other poems, not by any means all of which it was so easy to confine within the bounds of English rhyme as the above; but the following is a singularly tender and beautiful exception:—

Thou, (sweet and gentle lass!)
Wert behind this wall to stay;
Eager to see thy face,
Have I fretted time away.

Thou, (fair and gentle lass!)
Gav'st me this pretty pen;
Pretty it seemed to me,
For I thought of thee again.

—And this rustic weed she brought!—
Precious art thou, and fair!
Loveliness, true, not thine,
Yet lovely because of her!

But perhaps the most touching of all is an historical poem composed over two thousand years ago by a

Chinese girl of rank, who had been given in marriage, for political purposes, to a toothless old Tartar king in the region of modern Ili. I introduced it to the notice of the public about seven years ago, in the shape of a "text" to an Essay upon Chinese Philology (*Giles' Dictionary*); but it has been reserved to a sympathetic German fellow-student in the sinological field to render it into a language perhaps more apt even than the English to express sentimental feeling. With great ingenuity the skilful translator has given, not only a translation, almost word for word, but even (as nearly as possible) the same number and order of syllables for each verse as in the original :—

Mein Geschlecht hat mich
Ach! vermählt,
Mich geschickt, weit, weit!
In die Welt.

In dem fernen Land
Der *Wu-sun*,
Ach! des König's Weib
Bin ich nun.

Ach! in einem Zelt
Wohn' ich jetzt,
Und die Hauswand, Filz
Mir ersetzt.

Meine Speise ist
Fleisch allein,
Kumyss schenkt dazu
Man mir ein.

Ach! es brennt mein Herz
Seit ich hier!
Mir der Heimath denkt's
Für und für.

Gelber Kranich sein
Möcht ich gleich,
Flög' dann schnell zurück
In mein Reich.

The English might run :—

My folk have wedded me,
Here, toward
The ends of the world, to a
Tartar lord.

A tent is my mansion and
Felt its wall,
Milk to drink, flesh to eat;
This is all.

Ah! but 'tis sad to dwell
Here alone;
Would I were winged to fly
Back to home!

In the original Chinese there are only twelve lines, each line containing alternately five or three monosyllables. It will thus be seen that the English language is, after all, the one which can best imitate the terse composition of the forlorn maiden, which requires doubling in bulk for expression in intelligible German: but neither of the two can adequately express the simple vigour of the Chinese.

CHAPTER XI

ARMY AND NAVY

THE CHINESE ARMY

IN the winter of 1870 three of us were returning south in a sleet-storm one evening, after some weeks' travel on horseback in the region of the Great Wall; we were making for a town called Shih-hiah, one day's journey from the well-known Kupeh K'ou Pass, in the neighbourhood of the Eastern Tombs; drenched, sullen, and miserable. A jingle of bells advancing caused us to look up, and there was a comfortable-looking little barber, wearing a pork-pie hat and carrying his brass basin, jauntily urging on his sleek donkey at full speed. He shook his open hand in such a cheerful way as he shouted: "There's not a single place to be had," that one of my companions growled: "I'd like to screw the fellow's neck round."

When we reached the outskirts of the town, we were rather rudely accosted by some soldiers; as we advanced, they increased in numbers, grew threatening, and used insolent language. It seemed, from what the innkeepers told us, that five thousand men had arrived

that day in connection with some Russian scare far away towards the north, and in quartering themselves upon the town they had occupied every nook and corner of each available room in it.

Our plight was indeed a wretched and hopeless one, especially when, in approaching an enclosure bedecked with lamps and flags, we overheard the words "General Ch'ang," and perceived, from the haughty bearing of the guards, that we were now at the entrance to the *ya* (headquarters). Suddenly an inspiration came over me, and a desperate resolve seems to have formed itself without any conscious cerebration. I turned my horse's head straight into the gateway, shouting out: "Conduct me instantly to his Excellency Ch'ang: we have documents issued by Prince Kung in our possession, and the man who insults the Imperial seal had better look out for his head."

This "tall order" had at least the effect of temporarily dispersing the soldiers, who were now angrily pulling at the bridle to jostle me back; and soon a sub-officer came quietly but dubiously forward to parley. However, I protested the "case" was so serious that General Ch'ang in person must explain the insulting attitude of his men; so, after a wrangle outside the tent or shed (we could not see through the darkness very clearly) in which the commander was taking his ease, I was admitted individually, the other two remaining outside in the wet.

Ushered into a small anteroom, I there had a

second wrangle with the clerks or secretaries, and had to exhibit my papers—simply a huge passport issued by Prince Kung as head of the Foreign Office. This was taken in, and the three names we then used, Pa (Parker), Pu (Bullock), and Kia (Gardner), seem to have at once exercised some unexplained effect upon the old general; for, on my half forcing and half protesting my way into his *sanctum*, in feigned indignation at this discourtesy of his to officials of rank and position, he came towards me with a delighted air, taking both my hands in his. He styled me "General Pa," and said how charmed he was to meet me again.

Not in the least understanding this unexpected movement, I suggested to him that as Generals Pu and Kia were out in the rain and the cold, I could not well accept his hospitality until they should have been admitted too. They received from me as they entered a hasty hint to "follow the leader" in their conversation; and then we all sat down in a nice warm room over pipes and tea, to chat over our former joint military operations or frontier delimitations in the north. Everything went off without a hitch, and we all grew enthusiastic, and even jolly. We never succeeded in finding out what it all meant; but we wanted lodgings, and General Ch'ang soon got them for us. That was the main point. Apparently he mistook us for some Russian officers he had once met; and, as the circumstances were very urgent for us, we did not think it necessary to disabuse him.

A WARRIOR IN TROUBLE

AT the best of valuations Chinese military officers are always regarded by civilian mandarins with that mixture of awe and contempt which we accord to professional pugilists, and all the more so because the bravest of them are wont to have been dangerous rebels, who have turned "king's evidence," or have been bought over; for instance, Lao Vinh-phuc, the ex-Black Flag, now the military mainstay of Canton, is one of that ilk. Matters have become worse since 1860 by the sale of office, the dearth of substantive promotions, and the superfluity of officers stranded after the recent wars and rebellions. Hence it is not uncommon for a man in charge of a corporal's guard to have colonel's brevet rank, or for a gunboat captain to be a provincial-general in theory. My own servant was once offered a colonelcy, simply because he stood well up in his shoes; and my learned friend Dr. Hirth accidentally discovered that his "horse-boy" was a major. Hence the point of the following story will not be so completely lost as if I had not "opened up my thesis" (as the Chinese essay-writers say) in the above way.

One stifling autumn day a card was brought to me in my office, and I was informed that "the General of Yün Nan" had something important to say. A common-looking individual, more like a tailor than a warrior, was duly ushered in, and, of course, gradually

brought his subject round to "borrowing money,"—as nearly all Chinese seem to do when they call to pay compliments to a stranger. It is useless to argue with people who invent lies to meet every objection, so I simply said: "Will you kindly take a seat in the next room, and I will give you a letter to the *hien*?" (The *hien* pays piper for all seniors who "subscribe.") I then wrote in the consul's name: "I presume this man is a genuine general, as he shows his papers; but, if so, it is evident that the Chinese authorities of Canton should themselves get up a subscription for him; that is to say, if one of the Emperor's military officers is positively short of cash: the British Consulate has really nothing to do with such matters."

Nothing more was heard of the case for some weeks: it had been forgotten; when one day a petition was placed in my hands: it was from the gallant general, who was "doing time" in the *hien*'s prison, and entreated the consul "for his old mother's sake" to get him out. It was not difficult to do this, and we did it: but what puzzled me, and what was never explained, was how a mere father-and-mother mandarin of low rank could presume to imprison a man with a red button. Not only a *hien* is, but even his superiors are very careful not to make a literary man kneel, or to humiliate him in any way; at least until the formality of "removing his button" shall have been gone through by the viceroy or the governor.

The man was really a common soldier, or at the

most a corporal or sergeant; apparently brevet titles had been scattered broadcast during the Panthay wars, just as the receipts and bonds for supplies to the Yün Nan army were regarded at Canton as waste paper: one man, indeed, tried to get the British Consulate to "collect" such a bond. I was horrified when the skeleton of the unfortunate general came to thank me for my "kindness." I felt very sorry for having been the real cause of his misery, and as a penalty for my offence presented him with five dollars out of my own pocket, in order that he might hie himself back at least part of the way to Yün Nan; and to his "owloo" mother.

A GALLANT ADMIRAL

In these unpretending character pourtrayals I do not aim so much at sketching Chinese idiosyncracies upon general lines, as at giving definite facts as they occurred, before my own eyes, in connection with specific individuals; hence I sum up for the jury as rarely and as little as I can, leaving that useful body (public opinion) to form its own verdict, subject to the indispensable "directions" on points of law and practice which are rightly reserved to the ermine. But Admiral Ho Tsin-shên of Ichang was so exceptionally loyal, popular, efficient, and agreeable a mandarin that I really must "spread myself out" a little upon Hu Nan men in general, of whom he was one. As he himself said to me, when I enthusiastically

praised him straight to his jolly fat face: "*Hu Nan jên pu-p'a-sz,*" which runs best naturally, word for word, into "pidjin," as "Hu Nan man no fear die." It is true. There is an indescribable something in the Hu Nan character which differentiates it from all other Chinese local character. The majority of both civil and military officials throughout the Empire are Hu Nan men, and, speaking generally, no mean action ever comes from Hu Nan: *Hu-nani nihil a me alienum puto.* That may seem rather a sweeping statement for a province which has always (up to very recently) been implacably anti-Christian; but how pleasant to add that, since a few really patient and considerate missionaries, like Griffith John, have quietly proved their disinterestedness to the Hu Nan people, there is now no part of China where prospects are more hopeful!—that is, so long as religion is tolerant and human. I feel convinced Hu Nan will never be a successful Roman Catholic field. We must not confuse an essentially truthful and loyal mind which occasionally errs, with the contrary class of mind which preserves, or tries to preserve, an impeccable attitude. The Hu Nan mind is honest, and the body is honest too; the people are poor and durable, like their native homespun; the dialects are so rough that it is not easy to be intimate—possibly for that reason there is a certain Scotch clannishness: any way, as a rule Hu Nan bodies of men (soldiers, etc.) must be commanded by officers

of their own province; outsiders can never be "in" with them unless they learn the dialects. The province has never, I think, been conquered; has never furnished a dynasty, or set up in rebellion, or been the head of a separate empire: it is as virgin as the temperament of its inhabitants. Such fine men as Tsêng Kwoh-fan, P'êng Yüh-lin, Tso Tsung-t'ang, and Liu K'un-yih could only hail from Hu Nan.

Admiral Ho "sat" for many years as Brigadier-General of the Ichang division; but his chief service to the public at large was done in connection with the navigation of the gorges and the rapids; he also had under him a very efficient life-saving "navy," locally called "red boats." One of these accompanied me most of the way up river; and one is stationed at every dangerous spot, in order to render gratuitous assistance to any and every person. If (as daily happens) a cargo-junk breaks adrift, gets into a whirlpool, or snaps her rope above a rock, out flies a red boat like a spider from some concealed nook, and with a few sweeps of her powerful oars is on the spot within a few seconds to seize on (and save, not devour) the poor struggling flies.

I exchanged visits with Admiral Ho, and we had lunch and "drinks" together. He was not in the faintest degree blatant or boastful, but he told me of his work, and of the pleasure he felt in his usefulness. He was personally acquainted with "every inch" of the rapids, and had published an *Itinerary*, giving full

particulars touching every rock, eddy, race, whirlpool, and danger for two hundred miles. This I translated and published (in substance) twenty years ago: it forms the basis of all our earliest European notions about the "navigation of the rapids."

Admiral Ho's men were as loyal and hearty as himself, and made my journey upwards a keen pleasure throughout. A few years later he "went back" to his original family of Lo, his services being required in connection with the operation of what the Chinese call "borrowing a cock for eggs,"—*i.e.* adopting and readopting; or, if necessary, marrying two women and founding two separate families. As Chang-êrh put it: "One lamp lights two bedrooms."

A SOLDIER OF THE OLD SCHOOL

T'IEN TSAI-T'IEN ("Fields within fields") was a native of Shan Tung, and occupied the important post of Chungking Brigadier when I was there in 1880-1. The then Viceroy of Canton, Chang Shu-shêng, had been an old comrade-in-arms, and so soon as he heard I was going to Sz Ch'wan, he volunteered to give me a letter of introduction to T'ien, which civility secured me many succulent Chinese dinners and merry friends. Brigadier T'ien appeared to be a man of fifty-five years, but, being a heavy opium-smoker and emaciated, he might have seen fewer. In 1859 he had already been Brigadier of T'ai-yüan Fu in Shan Si,

whence he was ordered off to Yün Nan to assist in quelling the Mussulman revolt. He did not go, however, but served during the next two years against the northern branch of the Taiping rebels, known as the Nien Fei. One of his fellow-officers engaged on this duty was the Judge Wu T'ang, afterwards for many years Viceroy of Sz Ch'wan: in 1861 they both gained great credit through achieving the relief of Suh Chou in North An Hwei, a spot which from 200 B.C. to A.D. 1900 has always been a *point de repaire* for rebels of the "Boxer" type.

I used to go about once a month to little *tête-à-tête* dinners with T'ien Tsai-t'ien in his own *yamên*: his wife and daughters were allowed to giggle behind a screen, but he never accorded me a glance at their "coy and furtive graces"; nor did they. In the middle of dinner he always used to "ask leave" for about twenty minutes in order to fortify himself with a smoke, in which solace his wife heartily joined; besides that they smoked all night together, and rose in the afternoon. I used to employ these odd moments between courses by "coughing" and otherwise "carrying on" with the mysterious persons behind the screen; but of course in strict propriety, and following the laws of the game,—*i.e.* never rising from my seat in order to peep.

The military feebleness of the gallant brigadier was as striking as his civil behaviour. He made no secret of the fact that he was "enjoying happiness"

as a reward for past hardships. He peculated more than half the pay allowed for his legions, which existed to so very nebulous an extent that, on the memorable occasion when I was attacked by the populace, I did not even send word to him; but called upon the magistrate (a doughty Mongol) to come in person with his effective police. After the "row" was over, Brigadier T'ien, as the official of highest rank, was chairman at a consolatory banquet given to me by all the civil and military officials (at the Mongol *hien*'s expense). It was exceedingly hot; and so, after greetings had been exchanged between all the guests in full uniform, he and the *taotai* proposed that the company should sit barebacked, with nothing but our trousers on. (I may mention that even princes do this at Peking in the summer time.) I was unable to yield to these blandishments beyond the limit of the singlet; and so they, to accommodate my modesty, did not strip beyond their very grimy cotton shirts. On this occasion my "boy" was invited, two days before the feast, to cook a foreign dish; but he resisted so violently that I could not help suspecting some *chinoiserie* behind his indignation: it transpired that "if you happen to take something that disagrees with you, they will say I did it." I must confess the idea of poison l .d independently struck me too; but I felt confident (not in their virtue, but) that under the circumstances it would not pay my hosts to get rid of me in that way; moreover, I

had not been in any way "nasty," and Chinese officials will not injure you so long as you are genial. The Brigadier-General opened the feast by pledging me in a cup of "almond tea,"—enough to poison a Quakers' party: but I drained it off at one breath.

I chiefly remember T'ien Tsai-t'ien on account of some scientific information he gave me about Norfolk-Howards. I was relating how curious it was that my curtains were always covered with them in the inns, but that they never touched me. He said: "Don't you know the best way to deal with them? I always sleep barebacked, and they don't like being either on or under the coverlet; so, when I feel that two or three are gathering in a convenient part of my shoulder, by an ingenious twist I just get them on the corner of the pillow and crush them without having to get up, leaving them to dry there in a cake." The Chinese pillow is a hard affair, constructed out of bamboo or wood, covered with oil-silk; the neck of the sleeper (not the head) rests on the smooth shank, and the two ends spread out so that the pillow stands on the four hard points whichever way you turn it: hence T'ien's shrewd scheme.

THE CHINESE NAVY

ADMIRAL LANG was just succeeding nicely in his arduous and self-sacrificing task of instilling ideas of discipline into the new and costly Chinese navy, re-organised under the superintendence of the Emperor's

father (died 1891), when by a stupid insult from one of his captains on cruise, weakly countenanced by the vacillating Li Hung-chang, the connection was summarily cut short, and the gallant officer declined, in the absence of apology, to continue longer in Chinese employ than was absolutely necessary to bring the cruise to an end. Admiral Ting (a mere dummy) and Admiral Lang were joint "admiral in command," for the purposes of the Singapore cruise; but when Admiral Ting left Hongkong for a short run to Hoihow (taking the opportunity to run aground and damage his ship there), the next Chinese captain in command at Hongkong hauled down the Admiral's flag, and had the impudence to hoist his own as "senior officer remaining in the Admiral's absence"; thus ignoring the seniority of his own instructor, and the participation of the second flesh in the one and indivisible substance.

However, I knew nothing of these matters then: all I knew was that my friend Admiral Ting, whom I had last seen on July 4, 1885, at Chemulpho, had turned up at Pagoda Anchorage with half a dozen brave ironclads. Knowing also that Admiral Lang was engaged in working up the fleet into shape and discipline, and would therefore at once detect any flaws in my irregular "uniform," I decided to utilise a tall hat I had just brought out from England, and to go on board in "semi-state," or "Hyde Park costume."

Off the gig went in fine style, the boatmen in

their well-washed uniforms and fine, broad-brimmed straw hats, edged with blue, and each with a little Union Jack sewn on to it. The human apparition in the tall hat sat in the stern-sheets, and handled the ropes with that deftness born of long local practice; and so at last we came smartly alongside. Never, I believe, in the history of Pagoda Anchorage had a tall silk hat been seen before; never, certainly, had one been seen in a gig on official visits bent. As we neared the right ironclad (having first gone to the wrong one), I noticed the two deck-officers spying out with their telescopes the curious object sitting in the stern. When I stepped on to the quarter-deck and saluted, the lieutenant once more scanned the hat, closely examined the card, and asked, in reply to my query: "Is the Admiral on board?": "Which Admiral?"

I said: "Whichever is on board."

He said: "Well, neither is on board. May I ask who you are?"

I replied: "There is my flag."

"What is your rank? I wish to fire a salute."

"Oh! not at all. Our men-of-war seldom salute in port; besides, you see, I have not come in uniform."

He looked at the hat once more, and having hurriedly consulted what looked like either a flag-book or a hand-book, repeated: "Certainly, I must fire a salute."

As I shuffled down, somewhat doubtfully, if not abjectly, into the gig, a piping began: I heard

scamperings of feet, and noticed the quartermaster fumbling at his halyards. Under these circumstances, I thought I had better "easy oars," so as not to reach the wharf before the guns went off, if he was resolved to let them off; at the same time placing the gig out of the line of fire, lest the "dreadful engines" should be loaded by mistake with shot or shell. But for some unexplained reason the guns never did go off after all.

"What are they doing, Jack?" I asked (too proud to look back).

"No makey nuffin, massa," replied honest Jack.

"Then go ahead!" And dejectedly we betook us home.

The next day (Sunday) the gallant Captain Pocock (afterwards murdered) and myself were privately "tiffining" with Admiral Lang; in mufti, of course; and I told the above story by way of capping others of the same kind related by him. But Admiral Lang took the matter seriously, and announced his intention of teaching the deck-officers a lesson. Orders were given to get the saluting guns ready at once "for the British Consul." We had nothing to go off in but a dirty old Chinese *sampan*, without a flag of any kind; and we were both dressed in common tweed suits. However, as we stepped in, up went the signal: "Hoist the Union Jack." The *sampan* wabbled off, we two steadying ourselves, as we respectfully stood up, against the mat roofing of Captain

Pocock's hired craft; and thus I received the belated honour of seven guns on a Sunday afternoon.

It was probably this stupid treatment of Admiral Lang by the supercilious Chinese that subsequently delivered their fleet indirectly into Japanese hands.

AN INSTIGATOR OF REBELLION

ON one occasion subsequent to the British occupation of Bhamo, a sudden rush was stated to have been made on that place by the Chinese; but as I was not there at the time, I merely allude to the fact, or the tradition, as showing that such a risk was contemplated, and guarded against as being always possible.

One day my Chinese *t'ing-ch'ai* approached me very mysteriously, and said in a whisper that certain news had reached his ears to the effect that a Burmese fugitive pretender had commissioned a Chinese soldier to carry the princely seal over the frontier and levy troops in the vicinity of Bhamo, in order to stir up revolt. He was so very anxious that I, too, should speak in a whisper, that I naturally enquired what immediate danger there was to me. He then made the uncomfortable announcement that the soldier in question was actually in my own house at that moment, and that he had obtained nominal employment there as cook to my writer. The *t'ing-ch'ai*'s suspicions had first been aroused by the soldier's asking in a round-about but persistently "casual" way in which corner of

THE BRITISH CAMP AT BHAMO. [*To face p.* 244.

the room I slept, and whether I was always armed. By degrees the above information was wormed out of the man in a thoroughly Chinese way,—carefully described to me, but unnecessary and tedious to relate here at length. The writer was pronounced by my informant quite innocent of collusion, and the soldier's motive in ascertaining all about me was stated to be the desire to prevent me, as the only official person likely to detect the plot, from fixing responsibility upon the Chinese abettors. It was also suggested that he wanted revenge for the surrender of his comrade the murderer, (*vide* p. 142).

Several days elapsed before it was possible to effect the man's arrest in legal form, and meanwhile my head rested rather uneasily o' nights upon its pillow. Nothing of a compromising nature was found on the man's person; but it accidentally turned out that he had been shadowed on several occasions to a Chinese barber's shop; that, however, was not considered very important by the *t'ing-ch'ai*. But I thought differently. This barber was at once requested to come and cut my hair; and as he jauntily walked in, armed with his tonsorial implements, I suddenly clutched him by the collar, and asked: "Where's that seal?" Of course he pretended to be totally ignorant of what I was talking about; but when he saw the *t'ing-ch'ai* grimly eying him, and heard of the soldier's arrest; when he was, moreover, informed that his shop was going to be searched, he at last decided, after a long

series of attempts at denial, to admit the fact that the soldier had one day requested permission to bury some unknown object for safety in his (the barber's) shop, whilst he (the soldier) was engaged upon "other matters." To his own shop he was at once taken under escort, and there the seal was at last found, buried some depth beneath the floor. The barber's services were afterwards utilised as an informer in order to trace the ramifications of the alleged plot, and the soldier was brought up for trial, or, rather, for examination.

There was evidence that a certain number of Chinese desperadoes had really been in touch with the *mentha*, or Burmese "prince," and it seemed likely that some ill-defined intrigue had really been contemplated by the prisoner; moreover, the unfortunate soldier was quite unable to explain on any intelligible hypothesis his possession of a Burmese royal seal: the allegation that he used it for "stamping cakes with" was scarcely acceptable to the most charitably disposed mind. But there was no real evidence on which to convict in due English form of any serious offence; and so the man was simply dealt with under local ordinance as a vagabond without visible means of subsistence, and removed from Bhamo for a period of surveillance.

CAPTAIN CH'ÊN

THE Chinese mandarindom may (without disrespect to either of them) be compared with certain defective parts of the British army organisation before the Boer war.

Excellent principles, smart uniforms, little responsibility, so long as "form" was maintained; great dignity unmistakable "position," with now and then an agreeable outing; but above all, absence of thoroughness, preparation, and capacity to deal promptly and effectively with sudden situations. (I do not include the admirably Indian army in these remarks.) Hence it comes to pass that service "sticks" and service "hacks" are too often developed in both cases out of well-disposed and "correct," but unpractical men; whilst in times of danger or emergency unexpected outsiders come to the front, and by the sheer force of their ability elbow aside the more ornamental administrators, who dodge about between red tape and divided responsibility for their own official safety. I, for one, believe the Boer war will do our "leisured classes" a power of good, if only through showing common men like myself that dukes are as ready as cooks to be shot at when the old country's honour is in question.

Captain Ch'ên's one secret of success was that he possessed the rare faculty of seeing straight before his nose, instead of diplomatically envisaging objects round the corner, or juggling with facts in order to "round off" the situation (as the native literary men express it). I am not sure but what I myself had unwittingly something to do with his rise; at all events, he was first discovered by me in the act of superintending the construction of some new forts at Hoihow, destined to command the straits between the French port of

Haiphong and the English colony of Hongkong; and my able colleague Julius Neumann of the Maritime Customs spoke of him very highly. This military construction work had probably been ordered by the energetic Viceroy Chang Chĭ-tung, who had been succeeded at Canton by the rapacious but courtly Li Han-chang (elder half-brother of Li Hung-chang) shortly before I arrived on the spot. Captain Ch'ên personally supervised the works with great energy; he had his men under complete control; possessed European specifications and plans which enabled him to construct really serviceable forts; and made himself agreeable to all those foreign officials who came in his way,—and were reciprocally disposed towards him. At last, as a reward for this special service, he was unexpectedly promoted at one bound to the important acting post of military commandant, or "colonel," at Hoihow. This gave him a large *yamên* of his own, and considerable state; his supposed "influence" with the barbarian even led his civil superior the *taotai* (practically governor of the island) to occasionally entrust him with delicate "diplomatic" negotiations. And thus I left him; but I do not know if he is still in favour.

However, the point is this. Captain Ch'ên was such a "straight" man that you could extract definite information on esoteric matters from him; and I was thus able to confirm, under ocular illustration, certain floating notions I had possessed about Chinese *yamên* life. He had a wife—*passée*, of course—who

ruled the roast in that watchful and relentless way in which capable Frenchwomen *d'un certain âge* rule a busy *café*. Captain Ch'ên bought, sold, and exchanged concubines freely, this freedom evidently being the common basis upon which agreeable "terms" had been made between himself and his wife. "You have the pleasure; I have the power." Like a sensible man, he always showed formal respect to his wife; and, although he never took her to the various forts, camps, and war-junks in or on which he was from time to time employed for months at a stretch, he always consulted her; left the purse-strings in her charge; and gave her "feminine" command over all the concubines and "slaveys" not actually with him.

Captain Ch'ên was as honest as it is possible for a Chinaman to be under his average circumstances. Of course it cannot be supposed that he did not make money out of such a big contract as that of the enormous forts—half a million taels, I think; but he did not lay himself out to make money. He kept the garrisons entrusted to him in a solvent and efficient condition; and he maintained public order without fear or favour, endeavouring to secure justice for missionaries and merchants alike. He was in his conversation rather an ignorant man; but that does not matter much in China, where speech takes a back seat, viceroys talk rustic brogues, and "writing fellows" are provided for all officials, civil and military. It is like our Law: the point is not so much to know it, as

to know where to have it. I do not like to say much more about Captain Ch'ên, lest I should interfere with his future prospects; but I consign a paragraph to him here in order to instance how one occasionally comes across very fair-minded and reasonable mandarins in even the remotest parts of China.

ADMIRAL TING

THIS brave but incapable officer committed suicide on February 12, 1895; that is, on the occasion of the capitulation of Wei-hai Wei to the Japanese. Most of his officers behaved well, but the soldiers and sailors either mutinied or refused to fight, and four of the ironclads which I had so often visited were sunk. Admiral Ting's last letter to the Japanese commander was a remarkably touching and manly document.

I first made his acquaintance at Chemulpho in 1885, at the time when he was in full enjoyment of his yellow jacket, and of the other honours conferred upon him by the Emperor of China as a reward for the thoroughly Celestial service of having treacherously kidnapped the King of Corea's father, whom he had invited (August, 1882) to a jollification on board his flagship. At that time the Japanese envoy Hanabusa was threatening the feeble King, on account of his domineering father's anti-Christian and anti-Japanese zeal. Meanwhile, Yüan Shï-k'ai, with masterly rapidity, threw his whole army into Söul, and re-established Chinese influence by a sudden *coup d'état*. In the

winter of 1884 occurred a second struggle, in which the Japanese again came off second best, and the European envoys had to "make tracks" to their own houses. In October, 1885, Yüan Shï-k'ai brought the King's father back, and the next year the triumphant Chinese navy was thoroughly reorganised under the supreme management of the Emperor's father, the late Prince Ch'un, with Admiral Ting as commander-in-chief of the northern division. The fortunes of the dynasty had never looked so smiling as at that moment; at least, ever since the war of 1842.

After this, Captain Lang, R.N., was prevailed upon to come out to China once more, with a view to taking this promising "northern fleet" in hand; he and Lieutenant-Commander Ching, R.N., had already done good service to the Chinese in 1877, by bringing out for them the first squadron of "mosquito" gunboats. Captain Lang was in Shanghai hard at work organising things for the new fleet in February, 1888. After preliminaries had been knocked into shape a little, it was thought well to show China's flag in the south seas, where the ambitious Viceroy Chang Chï-tung of Canton felt anxious to re-establish the old Celestial influence. At that time he thought the Germans "mild folk," and was particularly anxious to clip the naughty British wings. Japan and Manila were first visited by the fleet, and then preparations were made for a cruise to Singapore, Batavia, Siam, Penang, and Burma.

It was whilst the ships were at Hongkong on this

cruise that occurred the above-described incident (*vide* p. 241) which may be said to have indirectly led, in part at least, to China's defeat by Japan. When Admiral Lang complained, Li Hung-chang foolishly sent an evasive answer, practically confirming this ungracious act. Admiral Lang, notwithstanding the gross insult, magnanimously allowed the matter to stand over until the southern cruise should have completed, so as to avoid "swapping horses in mid-stream"; he then firmly announced his intention to resign, and did so. Over and over again Li Hung-chang endeavoured, directly and indirectly, to induce the British Admiralty to lend him another man; but, in the absence of an official apology, nothing was ever done;—at least, nothing beyond getting out some minor instructors, in an underhand way.

It was on the two admirals' return from the southern cruise that Admiral Ting paid me his hilarious "state" visit at Pagoda Anchorage: he was very uproarious, and evidently well pleased with himself after his successful cruise.—After Admiral Lang's departure, the discipline of the fleet at once relaxed; and when real war came, the Japanese of course promptly made mincemeat of it. Admiral Ting was left without proper orders or supplies, and therefore took poison; dying like a gentleman and a man of honour,—according to his lights.

A COREAN ADMIRAL

ONE of the most agreeable experiences I ever underwent was my official visit to the Corean Admiral of Shui-ying (= water-camp), near Pusan, or Fusan. It is difficult to gain any idea of the historical interest of this post without some knowledge of the wars of Kublai Khan and Hideyoshi: how the haughty Mongol wished to conquer Japan, and spent years in "working up" the Corean navy; how he established stations all along the coasts of Corea and Quelpaert; how at last his whole force (chiefly Manchus and Coreans) was utterly annihilated in Spanish Armada fashion by a convenient storm. Then, as to Hideyoshi, the story of this man's doings is as celebrated in Far Eastern annals as the tale of Don John of Austria in Europe. The old town of Tōrai (Tung-lai), near Fusan, is historically as interesting as Cadiz or Dunkirk, and it remains now exactly as it was centuries ago. Hideyoshi was an adventurer with Napoleonic ideas; his aim was to create a diversion in home politics by sending his Christian generals, like so many Uriahs, to the front; and then, if possible, to make them conquer China for him through Corea. Corea fell like a pack of cards; but the decaying Ming dynasty made an unexpected spurt in defence of its vassal, and Hideyoshi's sudden death put an end to his grandiose ideas. All this took place three hundred years ago; and many were the fierce fights, under the flag of the Admiral of

Shui-ying, that raged in Fusan waters: artillery was freely employed.

During the short fortnight of my pseudo-Smerdis-like *régime* at that place, I made many excursions to Deer Island, Tōrai, and the environs, and of course hunted up the historical admiral, who lives in a sort of fortress-town of his own. There is a story of a Russian sentry still standing somewhere in St. Petersburg, in order to prevent any one from plucking the rose Catherine the Great ordered his predecessor to protect; but here was a genuine case of an admiral enjoying vast emoluments, without even a *sampan*, and fattening on the traditions of three hundred years ago. I may mention that the Corean *nyangpan*, or "gentleman," is, (though a ridiculously funny fellow in our eyes,) a remarkably refined specimen of humanity for so bucolic a country. So wide an abyss is that which separates a gentleman (*geborener*) from a mere man, that the word *nom* ("fellow") is used by the gentry, instead of the word "man," in order to indicate the low or "un"-born; he is addressed in the third person as *i-nom*, or "that fellow." It is as though a Frenchman should ask "*Où va cet individu?*" instead of "*Où allez-vous, Monsieur?*"

But the learned and gallant Admiral of Shui-ying fairly took my breath away. He was in figure and feature a typical English or Anglo-Indian retired colonel, of the slimmest and most dressy type. The expression of his face was one of the highest courtesy

and fine breeding. His hands were perfectly clean, and, what is more, dry; with pared nails fit for a Lord Chesterfield. Without the faintest constraint of manner, he talked in that rapid, authoritative, and yet gentle way which one might imagine in a Russian diplomatist of the most insinuating type; even to my "*nichtgeborenen*" Corean interpreter, who stood behind me, he spoke sweetly and with a courteous deference, ingeniously avoiding the *Er*, but never giving himself away by using a *Sie*; or, better still, he managed, like an educated Italian can do, to dodge or float between the *Lei* and the *Tu*, without actually uttering even the word *Voi* at all. The repast of cakes, tea, and wine was exquisite in its refinement; his teeth were in good order, and he did not shoot crumbs into your face whilst speaking (a hint which may hold good even for some persons of high rank at home): his written Chinese was perfect, and we soon gave up the coarse interpreter in favour of "pencil chat," telling each other what superior creatures we both were, and indulging in other philosophical disquisitions.

Nothing can excel the vivid brightness of the fine, gay silks the Corean mandarins wear over their white robes. This man's horse-hair hat, merely as a work of art, must have cost him ten pounds sterling: it was surmounted by a "button" representing a bird, most artistically carved out of a piece of jade. As every one now knows, the Corean hat is shaped exactly like the old Welshwomen's hats of North Wales. So

far as I could make out, his "forces" consisted of about ten soldiers. Perhaps he was only there by accident; for in Corea mandarins like to live at Söul, and to leave their provincial posts to be farmed by cunning stewards, in the good old Chinese style of the Ming dynasty, which they continue to imitate.

CAPTAIN TÊNG

As a general rule the Chinese, unlike the Coreans, have not a Christian mind,—that is, they have not the humble and respectful natural deference which renders them susceptible to *our* religious teaching. This must not be confused with "religious mind," for the Coreans are much more robustly atheistic and much less actively superstitious than the Chinese. It is difficult to define a Christian mind without Christianity in general terms; but it is perhaps possible to arrive indirectly at such a definition by describing specifically what sort of a man Captain Têng really was. I know nothing of his origin because he spoke English so well that it was never necessary to utter a Chinese word in his presence; but I believe he was a Cantonese. He had lived in Newcastle, to which place he had been sent in order to watch the construction of one of the Armstrong cruisers, and to bring her out. I made his acquaintance at Chemulpho, at which place he remained, off and on, for some months. I think his ship was then the *Yang-wei*, but that point is not essential to the story. He was most anxious to improve his English "style," and it will there-

fore be readily understood by all persons of taste and quality that he acted wisely and well in coming to me for light and grace. He used to write me a long letter every day; and I duly corrected and returned it, to be read, marked, learned, and digested. It is quite possible that he may have been a Christian; but, if so, the subject never came up between us. Anyway, I never saw a Chinaman who suggested to me so much of the old Puritan type of mind. Captain Têng was always grave, calm, thoughtful, considerate, and courteous. He never smoked, drank, or amused himself in any way; but at the same time he always offered the usual refreshments, and would even light a cigarette to keep his guests in countenance. His ship and his men were always kept in excellent condition; but he never fussed and fumed about, and was externally anything but severe. He left the impression of being very patriotic, and always seemed to be pondering over the prospects of his country. No one ever saw him put on foreign airs, as most Chinamen veneered (or smeared) with "civilisation" try to do; that is, he never sprawled in easy chairs; "got up" fancy conversation in order to show off; puffed a cigar in nonchalant style; asserted his "rights"; tried to snub; or burst into guffaws of laughter. It was not his practice to make squeezes on his "oil and paint" (a common thing in the Chinese navy), or to dock his men's pay.

In short, long before anything occurred to bring

his name before the public, Captain Têng impressed me as being a noble-minded man; and when the British marines were landed for a night at Chemulpho, I was exceedingly sorry to have to refuse his earnest request that I should send them back. His position was then very ridiculous: he was senior officer of a squadron of ironclads, all anchored in full view off the town, and there was one Japanese man-of-war there too; but, by agreement between the Chinese and Japanese Governments, not a man could be landed by either without mutual consent; and the Chinese Consul had been told that unless he maintained order, the British marines would hold his settlement for him. I, of course, offered to let Captain Têng do so instead, but "diplomacy" (which occasionally mars as well as makes a situation) stood remorselessly in his way. The tiny English craft lay in close, and might almost have been carried on the davits of the larger ironclads; yet "diplomacy" (of an inferior or consular kind) made her mightier than fleets for the nonce.

During the Japanese war of 1894, this brave officer's opportunity came, and he went down with his ship at the battle of the Yalu. In spite of his modesty and virtue, Captain Têng was decidedly ambitious, and he possessed in high degree (for a Chinaman) both the mathematical and the naval capacity; moreover, he possessed nerve, which is what usually fails soonest in fighting Chinamen. It is difficult to have sound nerve in the midst of cowardice, corruption, and

injustice; and I doubt if our own officers would always have it under similar depressing conditions. When a man finds his superiors are writing private letters behind his back in a way likely to damage his career, and are persistently bent on deceiving themselves under his very nose, it is not easy to hold on unshaken to a just conclusion, amid shifting circumstances which vary with each new shift or double employed, and with each fresh attempt to tinker at the truth. I do not quite know the relations which subsisted between Admiral Ting and Captain Têng, but I do know that the gallant admiral, though a brave man, was grossly incompetent; and I am satisfied Captain Têng spent many bitter hours in reflecting upon the hopelessness of his aspirations.

A MORE THAN ROYAL SALUTE

IT was a fine, brave sight to see the Chinese ironclads sail into Chemulpho harbour. They had already been there in force three months earlier, and I am now not *quite* sure on which occasion the 81-gun salute took place; but it did take place once. The King of Corea's birthday was on the 24th, and the U.S.S. *Ossipee* turned up on the 25th. As usual, ructions and revolutions were going on at Söul; the Russians were supposed to be assembling vast fleets on the east coast; marching gigantic armies across to the west coast; Japanese and American officials—ministers, advisers, consuls—were making hurried visits to Tientsin and

Tōkyō to "explain"; and there was a general feeling that diplomatic history was being made in some way, but in a way much too occult for the ordinary, plain, consular mind. As a matter of fact (as I afterwards found), "some one had blundered," and, not understanding a Chinese expression in a Corean newspaper, had mistaken a "three-masted surveying ship" for "three ships of war surveying;" with the ultimate result that this news had been telegraphed all over the world. But I knew nothing of this at the time; all I knew was that fleets were there, and that consuls had to call officially on fleets.

The Chinese fleet, or navy, had only just come into existence (in a Postal-Union sense) under the ægis of the poetical Prince Ch'un, father of the Emperor; and up to this time no notice had ever been taken of it in matters of flags, calls, salutes, and forms generally; its status was like that of the Turkish Post-Office,—"not much punkins." But in Corea the sun is never very oppressive; my mildewed uniform needed an airing; and I felt generally disposed to see strange men doing strange things; and to have a fling; so off I went with my flag in "somebody's" gig (I forget whose gig I borrowed).

Admiral Ting had already exchanged visits with me a year before, and I don't think he was in port on this occasion; however, the gallant Captain Têng (subsequently killed in the Japanese war) was there; also Captain Yeh, once a midshipman in our navy; Captain

Sah; and others of less note. I think Captain Têng was then too the senior officer; and so, being an old friend, he made no stint with his guns.

Previous to this the Chinese had always resolutely adhered to their own custom of firing three guns, irrespective of rank. I don't know much about our own guns, but I believe seven is the utmost any consular officer can pretend to. However, I got nine, and to the inspiriting music of these nine guns I moved off to Captain Yeh's ship. All was in excellent order. Captain Têng had been at Newcastle, but Captain Yeh had the polish of the best English school. I have always been under the impression that when the admiral or senior officer salutes a guest, no other can do so; and in any case no guest gets two salutes in one day from the same squadron. This merely *en passant*, for the subject never interested me more than the numerous other similar or analogous questions; such as, where the guest is received; who steps in or out of a boat first; who calls first, on whom; whether mufti or uniform should be worn; and so on: all I know is that I invariably created a "situation," or made a mess of some sort, in my endeavours to be smart. However, to my intense surprise, nine more guns blazed away as I quitted the courtly Captain Yeh's ship to hie me over to Captain Sah's. This last-named energetic officer thought fit to "ante up"; which made twenty-seven. At each place I had exhilarating refreshment, and the other captains, com-

mandants, and lieutenants seem to have one and all yielded to the gladsome inspiration created by noise, a bright sun, and the champagne. It was such fun that, although I had not originally intended to visit more than one or two ships, I decided to go through the whole number. Whether the senior officer had signalled orders; whether the art of signalling was yet known to the Chinese; or whether it was a plain, simple case of helpless blundering (a commoner explanation of mysterious official action than the public may think): whether they were anxious to show special respect to me; or to England; or to evince contempt for Russia,—all these things I know not; but this I do know,—that, by the time I arrived at the last (a "mosquito" boat), I had received seventy-two guns all told.

The mosquito boat was so dirty and uncomfortable that I merely stepped on board to assure the man in charge of my distinguished consideration; but even this gave sufficient time to enable him to hiss hurriedly into my ear: "We can't fire our big forty-ton gun, and have nothing else but machine guns." The rattle of Hotchkisses, Gatlings, and Gardners accordingly accompanied my triumphant departure for the shore. I half suspect that news of this *firing* was instantly telegraphed to Söul, and (as political "feelings" grew calmer up there immediately) that the quidnuncs represented it as a gigantic victory gained by England over the Russians.

CHAPTER XII

PSEUDO-CHINAMEN

THE MURDEROUS MONGOL

IN the streets of Peking we had often noticed the free and independent bearing of the Mongols, whose encampment or market was just behind the Legation: it is now probably a thing of the past for ever. On one or two occasions I and others had even tried a fall with them in the public streets; but they are good wrestlers, and very hard to get hold of when they have a sheepskin on, smooth side out. In travelling beyond the Great Wall we met thousands of them, both in their *bo* (tents), and conducting caravans of frozen sheep, skins, and other merchandise to Peking. It was the exception for them to speak Chinese, but they all had a good-natured *men-du* (their form of greeting);—even the women, who rode cross-legged like the men.

Between Kalgan and Süan-hwa Fu (the site of the oldest traditional capital of China) we met a *lama*, or Mongol ecclesiastic of rank, and I effected a "swap" of horses; giving mine, which had a sore

back and was lazy, in exchange for an older animal more willing to travel. The Mongols "work" the price of a horse with their fingers, buyer and purchaser covering right hands with the long cuff, and thus conducting a mysterious exchange of ideas. The Peking horsey men imitate this practice.

As my colleague Andrews and I were starting from Shibartai for a place on the way to Dolonor called Pashang-ku, we struck up a riding acquaintance with a Mongol horseman who knew a few words of Chinese. Andrews was both an obtuse "listener" and a peppery individual, and soon lost his temper in trying to extract definite answers. The uncouth Mongol simply said "Aw," and nodded his head with a grin in reply to anything he did not understand. The result of these strained relations was a crack over the head for the thick-skulled Mongol with the butt of Andrews' riding-whip. Andrews then rode moodily on, and I remained talking with the Mongol.

Suddenly the Mongol said to me in a whisper: "Is that your friend?"

I said: "Yes; a very good man."

"A good man! Why did he hit me?"

"Oh! that's nothing; that's merely the foreign way."

After a few minutes' profound thought, the Mongol said: "I want to kill him";—and I noticed he carried the usual long knife in his belt.

I went on talking, as though unconcerned, but managed to interlard a few sentences in English, the

Mongol being none the wiser. I said in jerks: "Go on, Andrews, as if nothing had occurred; don't under any circumstances look round or hasten your pace. You are a great ass for hitting this fellow, and he is threatening to kill you; just have your pistol ready."

Meanwhile, with a smiling face I showed the Mongol my pistol, and said I thought he had better not try to kill Andrews, because Andrews had one too. The wretched Andrews during all this time was making anxious enquiries with his face still straight ahead: "How are things going on?" etc.; but I did not spare his feelings at all, for I thought it would be a good lesson. Suddenly the Mongol—a wonderful horseman, as they all are—shot out like an arrow to the left.

"Look out, Andrews; he's off!"

Andrews was relieved to find he had taken a side direction. That night at Pashang-ku was a very uneasy one; for our attendants, and especially Chang-êrh, who understood Mongol ways, feared the irate man was going to raise the occupants of some *yourts* we could distinguish in the distance, and attack the inn;—for it was of that alone that Pashang-ku consisted. However, nothing more occurred.

THE MIAO-TSZ

THESE "savages" bear very much the same relation to the regulation Chinese that the gipsies do to us. They can easily pass for ordinary Celestial labourers,

provided they wear no ornaments of their own, and speak Chinese; but they are regarded by the Chinese as uncanny, being mysterious and exclusive in their own haunts. In some parts of Kwei Chou province they form the bulk of the population, and even have officials of their own; just as we used to allow, and perhaps still do allow, a sort of limited home rule to Maori or Canadian chiefs. Afterwards, when I saw the Kakhyens, or Kachyns, of Burma, (who in the same way can, in Burmese dress, easily pass for Burmese,) I felt sure that there must be some connection between them and the Miao-tsz of China. In each case I collected vocabularies; from which it clearly appeared that both groups of languages were monosyllabic and tonal, like the Chinese; but, of course, there are many dialects. These, however, are matters of ethnological and philological interest, into which I do not propose to enter here. My only object on this occasion is to call attention to a peculiar custom which is mentioned in Chinese history, not only with reference to the Miao-tsz, but also in connection with the ancient Turks—that is, the singing of refrains, warlike or amatory.

At Canton there is an analogous "gipsy" population called "Tanka," which is also often spoken of in old historical works, and which seems to be allied with the Miao-tsz; but in Canton they are confined by law to boats. I had often been kept awake there by the "catch" songs exchanged between lovers, and the same thing later attracted my attention amongst the Miao-tsz

in North Kwei Chou. The music is shrill and weird; not without melody, but from its very nature, of course, destitute of harmony; it is quite free from the squeakiness and discord of Chinese music.

In travelling through the north-western wilds of Hu Peh, where there are still a few "savages" left, I once put up for the night at a wretched solitary hut, where a party of rustics were shelling the cobs of maize. In order to work through the night and keep themselves awake, the labourers, who appeared to have a Miao-tsz tinge in their composition, set up in turn a peculiar melancholy dirge, which every now and again broke out into a loud howl, having the effect of ventriloquial sounds darting to and fro about the roof. Once or twice a female voice, apparently from some house in the far distance, responded to that of a sturdy young workman sitting near the door; and the effect upon a tired man, utterly worn out with the fatigues of the day, and struggling to get to sleep, was both ineffaceably touching and at the same time disturbing to the nerves. The twelve chair-coolies, the escort, and the servants were all similarly kept in a state of uneasy tension throughout the whole night. The effect was so sentimental that, in spite of discomfort, no one got angry, though every one lost a good night's rest. To this day the wild music occasionally seems to ring in my ears, suggesting mysterious passions in unseen worlds, and carrying the thoughts beyond the sordidness of this one.

THE COREAN *MAFU*

JUST as I was settling down to a new life in Fusan, the ancient Japanese trade settlement in South Corea, I received notice to pack up my traps once more and proceed to Söul, the capital;—sometimes humorously called Sheol, on account of the prominence given to that latter word by the New Testament revisers nearly twenty years ago. But I had already concluded a bargain for a spirited little horse, and there were no means of getting him away by steamer. The groom, or *mafu*, was a shock-headed Corean rustic, whose redeeming qualities were fondness for his animal and a certain knowledge of Japanese. No one knew his name, or anything about him; but on my enquiring of him if he would ride the beast to Söul (a fourteen days' journey), he consented to do so; and off he started, with no other baggage than his white coat and trousers. He turned up in due course, and for nearly two years served faithfully as ostler, gardener, and extra coolie. The cook was my old "boy"; the coolie proper was a Corean who spoke Chinese; and the waiter, or new "boy," was Ichimatsu, a Japanese, who, like most of his countrymen, had his wife with him.

Divide et impera was the motto in this Corean residence, each nationality having a separate dwelling, and preventing the other from monopolising the squeezes. But the Coreans are a fighting race, and set to in real punishing style on the slightest provocation.

Scarcely a week passed but what I had to go to the servants' quarters and bang the two men's heads together in order to separate them; whilst bloody noses and black eyes were as much the rule as the exception in a week's work. The only authority they seemed really to fear was the petty local mandarin, called the *pelchă*;—an excellent fellow, who used personally to direct the *corvée* labourers, sjambok in hand, and himself apply the lash without the slightest hesitation. Notwithstanding this rough justice, he was much respected by foreigners and natives alike.

One day the coolie, who was really the more quarrelsome of the two, came to lay a formal complaint against the *mafu* for some trifling offence against my interests and suggested that I should send him in to the *pelchă*. I said: "All right. I will give him a note for the mandarin, and you can go with him."

In this letter (all Corean officials can read Chinese) I simply said: "These two fellows have some squabble or other which you can best deal with; personally, I am disposed to think one is about as bad as the other."

In a short time both came back looking very crestfallen. The *pelchă*, on reading my letter, did not trouble himself much about evidence, but at once sent for his lictors, saying: "Your old sire says you are both a bad lot, so I am going to give the pair of you a sound flogging."

And he did. Ichimatsu and the Chinese cook were delighted at this judgment of Solomon, and after

that I had no more trouble.—The original offence charged was, I think, going out at night without a lamp and tally pass.

THE GRAVE OF EMPIRE

IN Europe we only hear in a vague sort of way (if we hear at all) of the "Black Flags" doing something, without any apparent motive, on the borders of Tonquin; and few persons are curious to know more; yet there is a continuity of history there, as interesting to the Yellow world as the struggles for possession of Decia were to the Roman world. Even when I was at Canton in 1878, there was a movement in favour of the extinct Li dynasty of Annam, in which the Black Flags took part. It is a curious thing that I should have seen, almost within the same month, (1888,) the "clearance" of the Mandalay citadel by the British and of the Hanoï citadel by the French; and on exactly the same lines;—that is, historical recollections and native buildings swept ruthlessly away in favour of "progress" and barracks.

Inside the citadel or walled town of Hanoï there is a very wonderful banyan tree, which I was in due course taken to see: its creepers have been encouraged, as they descend to the ground, to take root, generation after generation, so that now it is practically a tree with a hundred roots, capable of sheltering a whole regiment of soldiers; in principle it somewhat

recalls the great vine at Hampton Court. My attention was at once attracted by the following pencil notice pasted upon a tumbledown gate: "*Défense d'entrer ici sans l'autorisation de la baya*" (= old woman). As the chief of the Educational Department was personally showing me round, I proposed to visit the old woman, and, if possible, find out all about it. A cheerful little boy admitted us, and led us to a tiny, shrivelled-up, toothless old crone of ninety-one, weighing about forty pounds. She was a princess, "fifth in descent," of the Li dynasty of Tonquin, which expired in 1785 in favour of that of Nguyen: the latter originally grew into being under the first Napoleon's favour, and still rules under French protection at Hué.—This was the old woman's "record":

When peace and tranquillity were being restored (after the French soldiery had taken the citadel, and had destroyed or impounded for army purposes everything inside it), the old crone was daily noticed groping her solitary way about the jungle and swamps, and picking up fragments of images and other desecrated temple objects, which she dragged back laboriously to some corner of her shanty. This wreck was all that was left of a nunnery, and the great tree and the nunnery had once formed part of one of the imperial temples—in a way a mixture of Hampton Court and Windsor Chapel—in which in Annam, it seems, the widows of deceased sovereigns are pensioned off. (Later on I met an old concubine of the reigning

dynasty, similarly guarding the tomb and temple of the "Emperor" Ming-manh, and I see in the papers [July, 1901] that she has just died at the age of ninety-two).

The Annamese language is even more sing-song and "tonic" than the Chinese. The old woman sang out her story in my presence to the interpreter, mechanically swinging her skinny arm to and fro, as she did so, behind her back and across her chest, striking her parchment-like old carcass as though it were a drum, "to relieve the rheumatism." A "three-striped man" (a colonel) had just rescued her in the nick of time one day, at a moment when a brutal French soldier was about to knock her on the head; it was the gallant colonel, too, who had put up the notice on the door; and the enquiries instituted at his order had elicited the fact that all the villagers spoke of her as the "Li princess."

Little more could be found out. We both tried persuasive arts in order to obtain some hidden books or documents from her, so that we might follow the matter up at our leisure. She took me by the sleeve with her shrivelled hand, and led us through a maze of dark, ruined passages to an underground chamber, like that in the Great Pyramid, whence a mouldy, tomb-like blast issued the instant a door was opened. In it were two sitting corpses (as I first took them to be) facing each other, with a faint oil lamp, or saucer, between them. But they were, after all, not

INTERIOR OF THE TOMB (NEAR PEKING) OF THE CHINESE MING EMPEROR YUNG-LOH, 1402–24.
(Illustrates Annamese Tomb.)

[*To face p.* 272.

dressed corpses (such as one may still see in the underground vaults near Palermo); they were simply "josses";—probably effigies of two kings. The chamber, being subterranean, had never been discovered by the rough soldiers, and the old princess kept her fragmentary treasures here.

JOSEPH THE SINNER

THE evening before my last departure by river steamer from Rangoon, I did not reach the hotel till midnight; and, as we had to be up at four, I thought it well to rouse Joseph from the door-mat to make sure that the washing had come back, as had been strictly ordered. Mine had, but his had not; and therefore I determined to teach him a lesson. Joseph was a Kling, as black as coal, successor to Wawa ("the Baby"). "Come with me; show me where the washerman lives; and bring your things now."

It was half an hour's walk, and by the time we got there I felt inclined to knock Joseph's and the *dhobī*'s heads together; but I contented myself with grabbing angrily at a couple of diminutive white coats,—manifestly those I had just recently purchased in order to make Joseph look smart at table.

It was two o'clock before we reached home, so I allowed Joseph to coil himself up again, and employed the odd hours in packing up for myself. To my astonishment, I found that some common red bone studs had been put into the button-holes of one shirt

instead of the coral ones I always used. Joseph, when aroused, of course knew nothing about it: hence it plainly must be Jumbo, the big Kling waiter; or his wife, the maid; no one else ever came to that corner of the hotel. The matter was so grave that I at once roused up the English landlord, and demanded a strict search. No studs could be found; but the landlord, who swore by Jumbo, casually remarked that it must be Joseph himself, as the lad had been "drinking rather freely, and spending a good deal of money."

This disclosure was a great staggerer for me, as Joseph was not only a devout Christian and a mere child, but also a lad I had trusted with my loose cash every day. I proceeded somewhat reluctantly to search him; and as he handed me his purse with great nonchalance, I was on the point of magnanimously returning it to him unopened just as frankly as he had offered it. However, on searching it, sure enough there were the studs and sleeve-links wrapped up in a piece of cap-paper. Joseph did not lose his composure in the least, but said: "Some one must have put them there out of spite and jealousy." There was no time to lose; so, after apologising to Jumbo and the rest, off I went with Josephus.

As the steamer wound her way through the canals of the delta, I was recounting these suspicious events to the deservedly popular Captain Ballantine, when in marched the first officer, holding Joseph by the scruff of the neck: he was charged by the native steward

with the theft of two jackets, duly marked, one of which he had on. Naturally, after what I had just related, the captain was but little disposed to favour poor Joseph; indeed, when I explained that I myself had forcibly seized those identical jackets (Joseph acting as my guide) at 1 a.m. that very morning, he seemed to half think that Joseph and I were running hand-and-glove in the old clothes trade.

A French priest (the "owner" of Joseph) came on board a couple of days later, and to him I narrated both stories. We arranged that when Joseph should go to church at Mandalay on Sunday, the priest should question him, suddenly introducing the subject of coral studs: Joseph, being thus taken unawares, and imagining some spiritual revelation, at last confessed, and I forgave him; but, that very night, as I emptied my pockets and proceeded to my bath (Joseph handing me the towels), I found that six rupees, carefully placed on the mirror, had suddenly become five during my short toilet operations. Once more Joseph was searched, and he was found with more new property and small money than he could account for; but the rupee itself had either been swallowed or quickly hidden away. That night I sent Joseph home to the priest, and went back to the genuine Chinese article.

AN ANNAMESE NOBLE

"*On ne se presse pas ici*," remarked the solitary Frenchman I met on the "concession" at Hué on the morning

of my arrival in January, 1892. The "pressure" was, indeed, so slight, not to say invisible, that, for want of movement of any kind, I had to amuse myself as best I could for a few hours by walking among the country lanes beyond the French quarter. It appeared to me that I was in a region of timber-yards or elephant corrals, for nothing was visible from the paths beyond large enclosures hedged in all round by stockades of tall rushes. At last I came to one with an open gate, near which some prettily-dressed children were playing. They seemed pleased when I patted their cheeks, and they led me by the hand to a room in the house inside, where a man of distinguished bearing invited me to sit down on the *k'ang*—a sort of divan for two, with a small squat table between (see the illustration of a *yamên* interior). As he spoke no Chinese or French, and I no Annamese, it became necessary to make signs for writing materials. So soon as he learnt I was not a Frenchman, he betrayed some signs of uneasiness; on which I wrote: "I am a British consul, and I have come here to see the Emperor to-morrow. I should like to ask you a few questions." He then gave an order to one of the children, who brought him an ignited candle, which he set between us on the table. He wrote: "I am one of the court officials, and my name is X." Directly I had read this, he burnt the paper.

The well-educated Coreans, Annamese, and Japanese all write Chinese perfectly, except that they occasionally

THE INTERIOR OF THE TARTAR GENERAL'S *YAMÊN* AT CANTON.
(Illustrates Annamese Reception-room.)

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make use of bastard words, introduced to express local objects or ideas unknown to the Chinese, very much as we invent scientific or barbarous Greek words to express modern inventions. Alongside of this pure Chinese they also use for their own vernacular language a separate form of script, more or less inspired by Chinese calligraphy; and in all three cases the spoken language is largely reinforced by borrowed Chinese words. The expression *pih-t'an*, or "pencil-conversation," is employed for written interviews with persons who do not speak any common tongue, but who can use the Chinese character independently of any sound: there is no reason whatever why Europeans of different nationality should not use Chinese among themselves in the same dumb way,—if they know it.

This official was exceedingly glad to obtain political intelligence from the outside world, but he was most careful not to compromise his family by allowing a single word written by himself to escape the inexorable candle-flame. The result of this first interview was that he invited me to dinner for the evening after the audience with the Emperor, in which he had to take official part. I had only been there as a stranger and a spectator, amongst a group of Frenchmen, a number of whom at each New Year's time (Chinese calendar) like to swell the suite of the Resident, and at the same time to gratify their own curiosity. But I found my official friend's palace experience very useful in explaining certain points in the Imperial ceremonial which

were quite new to me. Of course he had not a word to say against the French protectorate; but it was evident from the general tenour of his silent conversation that he felt very keenly the humiliation into which his country had sunk; and he presented me with a printed copy of some very touching Chinese poems composed by his deceased father, the burden of which was the misfortune of his native land, and the negligence, corruption, and incapacity which had caused it to fall under foreign dominion.

Social life is much simpler and humbler with the Annamese than with the Chinese. The interiors, even of poor houses, are cleaner; but the apartments are less solidly built. Even men of rank wear no stockings, and often go barefoot, without even the shallow slipper, which can be kicked off at any moment. The cookery is good, and there is a certain simplicity and yet distinction about the dress. The impression left upon me by this solitary instance of high-class Annamese hospitality was decidedly agreeable, and it encouraged me to trust myself frequently in humbler Annamese hands.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA

THE history of the Chinese commercial colonies in the Malay Peninsula is very interesting, and goes back to a time when Arabs and Mussulmans were unheard of; but the state of Johore is not mentioned until about three hundred years ago, and Chinese

history distinctly states that the eunuch ambassadors found no such place when they passed through the Straits in 1405-20. Some account of the reigning Sultan Ibrahim was given, with a portrait, in one of the London illustrated newspapers for May, 1901; but, when I was first in those parts, this ruler had not yet been born. I do not know what the word Johore means, or in what language it means it; but from the first the Chinese traders and historians have consistently called it by a fancy name meaning "Soft Buddha," and pronounced Yuhuk, Yaofut, etc., in their various dialects.

In 1869 I visited the modern palace of the old Rajah, or Sultan, Abu Bakar, in Singapore itself, which island, until 1819, formed part of the Johore dominions. At first we followed the example of the ancient Chinese colonists, and made our Straits Settlements an appendage of those in Sumatra (which we had not yet resigned to the Dutch). It was not until 1888 that I actually visited Johore itself, which town is separated by a creek from the island, of which it is now, with all its territory, a mere appendage. I give a picture of the identical row of Chinese shops in one of which I took a breakfast of rice, prawns, and tea with a hospitable Chinese shopkeeper, who showed me over the place, including the Chinese temple, the gambier plantations, and so on. I have since then visited most of the Chinese colonies in East and West Siam; Upper, Lower, and Maritime Burma; the Malay

Peninsula; and Annam; and can safely say that the true secret of success with them is to let them alone. There are three million Chinese living contentedly in Siam, which appears to be the only country, besides England, and to a great extent America, which is free from the instinct of administrative "meddling," so characteristic of the Germans, French, and Spaniards. Russia "meddles" only when she is politically alarmed, and is, perhaps, after ourselves, the Power most congenial to the Chinese;—with this important difference, that the best Chinese are often political supporters of ourselves, which they never are of the Russians, except as a *pis-aller.*

Johore was once the most powerful state in these parts, with an influence extending far away into Pahang, Borneo, Sumatra, and Java. Previous to the arrival of the Portuguese and the Dutch, the Arabs, or Arab influences, had it all their own way. As the latter extinguished the Hindoo colonial powers, so have they in turn been gradually extinguished by the Europeans. But the Chinaman seems to have been always there, within historical times at least, and under much the same conditions as now. At present the little state may be compared with Honolulu, in so far as the declining native population is concerned, at least three-quarters being pure Chinese; the remainder, Malays or Javanese, are mostly listless and unprofitable beings. It may be said now of all the Malay kingdoms, whether nominally independent,

CREEK DIVIDING JOHORE FROM SINGAPORE.

(Shops mentioned on page 279 to right.)

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British-protected, nominally Siamese, or Siam-protected, that they are Chinese to the same extent that Peru and Brazil are Spanish or Portuguese; moreover, that they are Chinese within the British sphere, and subject to direct or indirect British influence. For this reason I have occasionally seized an opportunity of endeavouring to impress upon the British Government the importance of conciliating the Chinese race from a political and intellectual point of view. We may be at war with the Manchus, or we may be worsted in diplomacy; but, so long as we give the commercial and self-governing instincts of the Chinese, whether at home or as colonists, a free rein; and depart not from British traditions of reasonableness, we need have no real fear of German or French competition in the South Seas.

CHAPTER XIII

DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS

CHINESE PROCESSIONS

IT requires some local knowledge to be able to distinguish clearly between a Celestial funeral procession and a Celestial wedding. It is not quite so bad, however, in China as it is in Corea, where local custom requires the bearers of the coffin to counterfeit jollity and drunkenness, singing ribald songs, and swaying the coffin from side to side as they advance. In both countries it is the mourning costume (rather than any difference in the squeaky 'music distinguishable to the untrained ear) that forms the distinctive feature; but even the wailing concubines in their sedan-chairs crack pea-nuts and smoke pipes at intervals between their howls of simulated anguish.

Still more comic is the sight of a viceroy's tag-rag and bobtail when he goes to pay official visits. By law he is bound to have a certain number of retainers, title-carriers, police, lictors, changes of clothes, fan-bearers, gong-beaters, trumpeters, horsemen, and so on. Possibly in good

old times these men may have been well-paid and well-fed retainers; but now the practice is for the responsible usher to go out into the lanes and the by-ways in order to make a haul of "the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind"; the beggars and street Arabs; at a penny or twopence a head for the morning's outing, the whole forming a gang of "pitiful rascals" such as Sir John Falstaff used to muster for "hasty matters in the king's affairs." Over their rags they thrust a tawdry uniform (usually minus the trousers); on their dirty, unkempt pates they clap a tall, ill-fitting lictor's hat, about thrice the height of that of Mr. Tupman when he went to Mrs. Leo Hunter's garden party, and strongly resembling our "dunces' caps." The viceroy sees nothing of these disreputable scallywags, for immediately before and behind his chair are a dozen or so of smartly dressed, well-mounted cavaliers, secretaries, and footmen, such as are represented in the accompanying picture: he sits complacently in his chair, imagining that the whole official file is equally smart, and little dreaming that he is merely the central figure of a gang of buffoons.

On several occasions when I have been paying official visits in the consular sedan, my bearers, either by accident or out of malice prepense, have run me, in turning a corner, just into the middle of a funeral or marriage procession. Exit is totally impossible; progress is absurdly slow; and even the mourners

or feasters are pleased to have among them a genuine barbarian in a smart chair in order to swell their own importance. The situation is an excruciatingly foolish one for the "ocean man."

On the arrival of the distinguished American statesman Mr. Seward in Peking, an amusing incident occurred. Out of deference for his age and infirmities, it had been arranged to carry him in a mule-litter; but the rest of his suite, and also the other foreigners and Chinese accompanying the procession, rode, *more Pekinense*, on ponies, mules, or donkeys—chiefly donkeys: the general effect of uniformed United States officers riding on donkeys was as absurd as that of a native marriage procession. Suddenly, in approaching their Legation, and rounding a bend in the broad Peking street, the eager eyes of the visitors encountered a gorgeous and unwonted spectacle: smart flags and banners; shrill flutes and clanging cymbals; bearers of trousseaux, pots, pans, wardrobes; a gay, closed chair (containing the bride); and then more finery.

"Look!—look!" said some of the local *malins*, anxious that the newly arrived American guests should miss no opportunity of gaining a glimpse into genuine Peking life; "a mandarin marriage procession!"

The marriage people, on their part, were specially delighted with the negro attendant (on his donkey), who never left Mr. Seward's side; the wedding procession even stopped, all eyes gleaming with interest and pleasure, and gave the coloured man a hearty cheer.

THE VICEROY OF CANTON IN HIS SEDAN-CHAIR.
(Illustrates Processions.)

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The unsophisticated Americans somehow got the notion into their heads that this "mandarin procession" was a formal welcome to their distinguished statesman sent direct from the Government of China; hitherto so hold-offish, so determined to ignore European merit. So old Mr. Seward rose in his litter, bowing right and left appreciatively at this righteous, but at the same time unexpected recognition of the disinterested policy of the United States, which he seems to have mistaken for a State welcome into the capital, such as the Czars of Muscovy used to grant to foreign envoys.

SIR E. B. MALET AMONG THE *LIKIN* AND PHILOLOGY MEN

SIR EDWARD MALET has not alluded to it in his *Shifting Scenes*, but, as a matter of fact, on September 19, 1872, he was stretched not over luxuriously upon a cane bed, attired in an airy suit, removed as far as possible from the diplomatic, in a chamber twelve feet square in all, together with three others similarly accommodated and attired; and all this in the wilds of the Lü Shan, a splendid range of mountains some miles behind Kewkiang, from the summit of which (six thousand feet high) there is a splendid view of the Poyang Lake, and of the flat country for hundreds of miles round. It is the custom for climbers to leave a bottle at the top, containing the name of the last

arrival; for otherwise each man with a talent for anecdote is apt to *think* he was once there, unless he is nailed down to the written evidence of the bottle. I *did* go to the top, but Sir E. B. Malet never saw that bottle: he was somewhat indisposed and feverish, after a fatiguing trip to Hankow and back, and now had the opportunity at Kewkiang of acquainting himself with the mysteries of the *likin* "squeezes" upon British tea.

Anderson's famous tea *likin* case was under consideration, and it was in this wise. The Chinese authorities affected to charge the "grower's tax," as they called their increased *likin*, upon the foreigner's tea. To the consul's argument that they could tax the Chinese grower what they liked, so long as the foreigner only paid to that grower a definite price for his tea, and so long as the mandarins left the said foreigner *quitte pour payer* (as M. Zola is fond of saying) his export duties after purchase made;—to this argument the authorities had for long turned a deaf ear, even anterior to my arrival, not to say to Sir Edward Malet's; so that diplomacy could not advance matters within the few days available, and Sir Edward accordingly "reserved to himself the right to consider what further steps" he would take in the matter. The now famous Viceroy Liu K'un-yih was then Governor of Kiang Si, and a very tough one he was too. A year later the *Ringdove* was sent up to demonstrate before his capital (Nan-ch'ang Fu); but Liu K'un-yih

is not the man to be afraid of a gunboat; and so he simply grinned and bore it.

It is possible that the charming conversation of Sir E. B. Malet at the mountain bungalow, and also a few days later at my house, may have so drawn out the curiosity of his audience (Mr. R. Francis, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Fisher, and myself were on the hills) that the humorous idea of "Whiffles" suggested itself to him in later years from the recollection of one of his most persistent questioners. At all events, I have very distinct Brazilian and German recollections in that connection, and some of these are artistically recapitulated in *Shifting Scenes*. One point touched upon was "how astonished the world would be if it only knew the small capacities of those who manage its affairs." This remark certainly could never recoil like a boomerang upon Sir E. B. Malet, whose reappearance in China was always hoped for by merchant and consul alike.

But this outing of ours chiefly impressed itself on my memory from an interesting etymological discovery I made *en route*. One of the plants on the mountain road was described to me by a chair-coolie as *t'i*, and by another as *ch'iao-t'i*: the latter combination was a double puzzle, for the local dialect made no difference between the sounds *k'iao* and *ts'iao*. Under these embarrassing circumstances a Buddhist priest was invited from the neighbouring hermitage to come to the bungalow;—not to give us absolution,

but because priests are the only learned men in these wild parts. The priest totally denied all knowledge of such a name as *t'i*, and warmly said it was simply *camellia* (*ch'a*), or the "tea plant." I believe Sir Edward's general experience was then craved, in order, if possible, to solve the mystery on world-wide botanical principles. All the "boys" stoutly swore it was *ch'a*. The original coolie was next summoned; and he reasseverated, appealing to our common fairness, that it was *ch'iao-ch'iao-t'i*,—thereby adding a third syllable to his former puzzle. I forget who ultimately penetrated the enigma; but it transpired that the polite coolie was endeavouring to talk English for our benefit, and wanted to say it was tea (*t'i*) for us to *chow-chow*!—I may here state that *chow*, or *chow-chow*, is the "pidgin" for "eat," but I am not aware that it has ever been explained by the learned how the word "got there," for it is not Chinese in any dialect.

ARCHDEACON GRAY

THIS genial cleric was a remarkable instance of how completely the Chinese of all ranks are willing to surrender themselves frankly to any influence which impresses them as being just and pure. The power which Archdeacon Gray possessed in Canton, at least previous to his marriage, was something quite phenomenal, and I am not sure but what at one time it

somewhat piqued Sir Brooke Robertson, whose steady political influence was totally free from anything in the least approaching showiness. Over and over again have I accompanied Archdeacon Gray with a friend or two on Sandford-and-Merton-like excursions into the city mazes. To one who does not understand Cantonese, Canton is at first a dangerous labyrinth; in many respects it closely resembles the streets and bazaars of Tunis, but tenfold multiplied; and any foolish gaping at once attracts a mischievous crowd. Shopkeepers always rose to their feet the instant Archdeacon Gray entered the premises; beggars and lepers hailed him in the streets; rough coolies clapped him familiarly on the back; and genuine Chinese ladies of rank and station allowed him to "personally conduct" parties into their gardens, and even into their boudoirs. In fact, the only occasion, during the whole of my residence in China, on which I had a good look at a lady's interior apartments was when Archdeacon Gray led me, quite unchallenged, through the house or mansion of the celebrated Howqua family. It was most amusing. There sat the old lady, like Mrs. Wardle *mère*, crooning on a daïs, surrounded by her maids; they knitting, holding the mistress's pipe, and discoursing soft (?) music. We two youngsters stood at the door and listened to the explanations of our mentor or showman. "There, Mr. Parker, you will observe the small feet of Mrs. Howqua, junior, to the right; below sits the ingenuous handmaid,

whose feet, you will notice, are large, as it befits her exiguous rank," and so on.

The venerable guide was rather fond of sonorous language, and a good story is told of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to the intramural Consulate. The deer were called up to the park gate, and the Archdeacon (who really spoke very mediocre Chinese) asked the keeper why they did not come.

The man (as Chinese habitually do when they have not understood) grinned stupidly, and said: "Aw!" Being pressed by the Archdeacon, he added "*Mou!*" ("no got!").

"What does he say?" asked Prince Alfred eagerly.

"Your royal highness, the man says that, look whithersoever he will, he really cannot discern the whereabouts of the deer."

"A d—— expressive language, the Chinese!" muttered the amused prince to his friends.

But, notwithstanding these little peculiarities, which were immortalised in a book he wrote before his marriage—so strange in language that it had to be called in and re-edited—Archdeacon Gray was a kind and sterling man, and in many ways was the Winnington-Ingram of the "City of Rams": he was also a warm friend of mine, and even honoured me by dining with me occasionally. This was a very rare distinction in his bachelor days, when he used to work hard all day at a rural retreat. There he kept his papers, and only came home to sleep. Too

often he surrendered his own house to European inebriates, released or repentant criminals, and occasionally humbugs, who used to come up from Hongkong to abuse his simple credulousness and hospitality. He was an exceedingly handsome man, with a frank, kindly, generous face; he was never seen, even in the hottest sun or heaviest rain, except with a "pot hat" on, and in full clerical attire, fashioned out of black silk or alpaca: he was never known to be angry, and he never refused anything at all reasonable asked of him in the way of charity; above all, he never tried to forcibly "convert" us sinners, for which we were all deeply grateful. When he went away in 1875, he was accompanied to the steamer by a huge crowd, bearing flags, banners, and "popular" umbrellas; clanging gongs and letting off crackers; with more *éclat* than even the most popular of viceroys. After his marriage and return to Canton, his influence waned a little, for the Chinese do not approve of married priests; at all events, they revere celibacy more; and, besides, so tender-hearted a man as the Archdeacon naturally found new cares and interests, which severed many of his old Chinese ties.

His parting sermon in 1875 was the occasion of a remarkable bathos. Sir Brooke Robertson, living in the *yamên*, rarely came to church; but he did so on this occasion. Everyone was there, and the Archdeacon was just drawing the tears from all eyes by his mellifluous words of parting, when a Chinaman walked

in and whispered something to a missionary. The missionary silently walked out. Then some one else walked out. Then some one whispered to Sir Brooke, and he to the vice-consul: on this they and I walked out—I out of curiosity. This was the signal for a general stampede: a fire had occurred at Mr. Noyes' house, and in five minutes Sir Brooke was "directing salvage operations"; the congregation was scaling rafters and pitching furniture about; and—a cloud overspread the Archdeacon's features. But still he never showed anger; indeed, he had not done so even on a memorable occasion when once attacked in the country by a mob. To use his own words: "Would you believe it, Mr. Hardy? They laid hands upon me. They cast me down. They seized upon my clothes, and they rent them. Having placed me prostrate on the ground, they tore off my trousers, raised my shirt, and regarded my abdomen!"

SIR SAMUEL BAKER, PASHA

A MISSIONARY named Grundy once applied at Canton for a passport to travel in the interior, but as he had not sent his dollar fee, it was necessary to write to him at Hongkong and state that the sum in question was due. I forget exactly how the matter got entangled, but when the approaching daily steamer was announced by the usual steam-whistle, one of the *t'ing-ch'ai*s was sent down to meet it, so that Mr.

Grundy, if there, might not have the trouble of walking in the hot sun up to the Consulate; or so that, if not there, the mate might receive the passport in exchange for the dollar. An open letter, or "chit," was given to the Chinaman, who was told to ask for "Missi Grundy," or "Missi Grundy letter;" collect the dollar, and hand him or the mate the passport (but only if he got the dollar); stating to him that he would just have time to get into the city gate before sunset; or to start at once inland, if that were his intention. It was Saturday, and of course the Consulate was closed on Sunday.

By and by the messenger came back to me, in a flushed and excited state, with a pencil message: "I don't know what this fellow means by addressing me as 'Mrs. Grundy,' and I object to giving him a dollar. S. B."

I at once sent word back verbally that "no dollar, no can catchee paper." The *t'ing-ch'ai* had also brought a cover containing the passport, which, he said, "Missi Galunti no wanchee."

While all this was going on, the mails from the steamer came in, and the consul (who lived in the city, and was anxious to get back before the gates were shut) was hastily overhauling his letters. So was I; but in the midst of this innocent occupation I heard a *mouvement* outside, and the *t'ing-ch'ai* ran in to say: "Missi Galunti have come he-selfu."

I looked out, and saw a stalwart, bearded man of

most unclerical appearance,—suggesting as little as possible the illustrious name he had scornfully rejected,—excitedly walking across the "compound," and mopping his heated brow: a card was brought in to me inscribed: "Sir Samuel Baker, Pasha."

At that instant the consul came into my room and began: "I say, here's a letter from Pope Hennessy, saying——" when I interrupted him by showing him the card, and asking: "What on earth does all this mean?"

However, I heard no more; the consul rushed out and invited the mysterious stranger into his private room, where a lively discussion in high tones went on for some time. Neither of us had the remotest idea that Sir Samuel Baker was even "east of Suez, etc., etc.," where (*vide* Mr. Kipling).

By degrees it transpired that Governor John Pope Hennessy had been entertaining the newly-arrived Sir Samuel Baker and his wife the day before, and had promised personally to write to the consul in order that a *t'ing-ch'ai* might meet them, and that they might see as much of Canton as possible during forty hours; that is, before the steamer should return to Hongkong early on the following Monday morning. Sir Samuel had got the mate (as per local custom) to overhaul the "loose letters," in order that he might make sure that the Governor had not forgotten to write. There was the O.H.M.S. cover right enough; but the Governor's letter had come through the post-office,

and the loose official letter was the consular cover in which Mr. Grundy had been requested to send his reply or his dollar: at least (if my memory be inaccurate), the inextricable confusion had arisen in a way analogous to that described. However that may be, it was too late for Lady Baker to leave the steamer and "catch the gate" that night, and the consul had therefore perforce to return within the walls alone, and send Sir Samuel back to pass the night on board the steamer. All this explanation came out the next day at "tiffin" in the *yamên*, when I had the honour to meet the distinguished pair of travellers, and to contribute my quota to the solution of the aforesaid mystery.

Curiously enough, Sir Samuel's successor in the Soudan, Colonel Gordon, had, only two months previously, also come up to Canton for a week end: he likewise missed the gate, and drifted into my company for a short time.

AN IMPERIAL AMBASSADOR

AFTER ten days of wet weather, sloppy, grimy inns, and absence of sunshine, I sallied out one bright morning, amid the chirping of birds and the waking up of nature, from the tiny walled city of Wu-ch'wan in North Kwei Chou: perhaps the absolute extremity of Chinese poverty and simplicity is reached in this remote region. I was marching in the hot sun ahead of the official chair, clad in absolutely nothing but a

pair of white canvas shoes, a duck *pantalon*, and a gauze singlet. An enormous pith hat and an umbrella with extra white cover completed a costume more *sans-gêne* than official. Neither Chang-êrh nor Wang-êrh cared one straw about either the air or the colouring of nature: their only anxiety was that I should keep far enough on ahead not to shame them out of their cheap bamboo sedans, and thus force them to walk.

We had lost sight of the town, crossed several ranges of hills, and at last plunged into a charming valley, through which ran a rippling river. Looking on ahead, I observed that we had to cross a long "stepping-stone" bridge—*i.e.* drums of stone are set in the river at distances of two feet, and you have to jump from one to the other. In fine weather this is all very well, but when the torrent is raging and the wind blowing, the sensation of staggering about inside a chair is far from pleasant; hence I made for a small temple or shrine on the road-side in order to wait and see our cavalcade across, and to carry my own valuables. As I approached the tiny joss-house, a remarkably clean and spruce Chinaman, apparently of the well-to-do salt-tradesman-*cum*-purchased-title class, rode up on a sleek mule, hitched his beast to the door-post of the little temple, and stepped in under cover.

In China every one dismounts on meeting a "bigger man" than himself, unless he can *se sauver* round a friendly corner: here the paved road was only fourteen inches wide, with impossibilities at both sides. I was

astonished at the spectacle of so much wealth in a district where hard lumps of salt are "gold," and where potatoes and maize are the only things to spend it on. I turned to question him, and was then still more astonished to find a Celestial with so bright and intelligent a face. He had his huge straw hat on, but he at once removed it so as to deferentially "drop his pigtail."

Suddenly an idea struck me: "*Vous êtes français, Monsieur.*"

"*Mais oui, Monsieur.*" He conned me suspiciously, as though to say: "You are a queer-looking man to speak French."

His name was Decouvre, of the *Missions Etrangères*, and he was on his usual pastoral rounds. My caravan was still some distance off, and I therefore proposed, looking towards it, to offer him a cigar; he carried some claret in his wallet (probably altar wine) which he generously asked me to share. He said doubtfully: "Are you with the great man?"

"What great man?"

"*On prétend qu'un grand ambassadeur impérial va venir.*" He had precipitately descended from his mule lest the satellites of the ambassadorial personage should "shove him off" as he stood betwixt the wind and my nobility.

However, here was my procession. First came Wang-êrh and Chang-êrh, both asleep, with their tongues hanging out, their wretched coolies grunting dismal notes in cadence as they perspired and

floundered along; then came my green chair, rakishly cocked on one side to ease the light-hearted bearers' shoulders—the extra crew were cracking jokes and munching pea-nuts; last, came the big baggage trunk, just like a coffin. The French priest still looked nervously in the direction whence I had come, but I assured him there was no one else of quality on the road. "Then," he said, "that empty chair must be the ambassador's chair; but where is the great man?" At last it came out that I myself was the individual in question; and it seems reports had been spread throughout the length and breadth of the land that I had been commissioned (query, by whom) to enquire into everything and deal summarily with everybody. As no Chinese convert of any rank can even sit down unasked in a French priest's presence, not to say ride in a chair, it is not difficult to picture his confusion of mind on beholding a fat cook and a lanky *t'ing-ch'ai* taking their ease in chairs, whilst the great man himself tramped about in a shilling singlet. *Ah! bah! ces Anglais!*

HOW THE CHINESE TELEGRAPHS USED TO WORK

SOME one is said to have defined diplomacy as the art of manipulating truth for the advantage of one's country; but it is more charitable to suppose that well-meaning men become so inoculated with the

suspicions inseparable from their calling that sometimes they have a difficulty in recognising the truth when it is submitted to them, especially when they imagine their own repute for sagacity is endangered.

The capital of Corea has, from the beginning of foreign intercourse, been a place where mares' nests and revolutions have had mushroom growth. In the winter of 1884 the outs made a murderous onslaught upon the ins; the Post Office was destroyed during the diplomatic dinner which inaugurated its one day's total existence; and the foreign envoys were only too glad to escape with their lives to their respective residences. Immediately after this event Sir Harry Parkes invited me to begin a new career in that troublous country, having judged from the results of the Wênchow rising that there was reasonable ground for presuming a capacity to deal gently with such weaknesses of human nature as were likely to be generated in a soil so fertile in make-believe situations as that of Corea.

After nearly two years' initiation, during which one foolish Chinese *ballon d'essai* was pricked (in the manner already described), I heard rumours of strange complications in the capital. Several diplomatists came down to Chemulpho to ask my assistance quietly; but as it was no part of my duty to thrust myself forward, I contented myself with doing all I could to dispel misunderstandings, and to support the action of my own able chief, who,

on his part, availed himself almost daily of this modest support. But severe illness forced him to leave the country very suddenly: he accepted the hospitality of my house, and invited me to acquaint myself with the papers he had left at Söul, indispensable to rescue his fellow-workers from the prevailing confusion. But, as his successor was daily expected, I contented myself with writing to welcome the latter, in order to offer him my best services; announcing my intention to leave to the departing incumbent the full credit of having secured a safe anchorage amidst a maze of dangers. But urgent messages represented to me even more forcibly than he had done the duty of proceeding at once to Söul in the general public interest.

The very first person I encountered at Söul asked: "What is wrong? How is it they say you cannot be trusted?"

My reply to this was: "Why, every one knows I have just been doing my best to put the mess straight, and have succeeded fairly well."

"I know you have; but there, in black and white, is the evidence of what I say."

"Probably it is a foolish mistake."

The following day I visited all the seven or eight diplomatists, and discovered that, owing to the general muddle, half of them viewed the other half with a suspicion approaching hostility. The Corean mob had so exaggerated the bearing of baseless rumours

THE COREAN HEIR-APPARENT (SITTING DOWN).

[*To face p.* 300.

that one diplomatist had even packed his family and belongings into carts, with the intention of sending them for safety to Chemulpho; his own intention, of course, being *not* to fly from danger. He said: "I bear no personal ill-will on account of this mistake" (the origin of which he proved to me), "but I do not like advantage to be taken of a manifest error, which I condone, in order to impute blame to us and to gain a political advantage. It is not generous."

I replied that I would do my utmost to smooth matters over honourably without hurting any one's feelings, and that it was quite certain no high British authority was conscious of or would countenance anything of the kind he seemed to believe me cognisant of; moreover, that I was myself somewhat nonplussed at certain contradictions.

Not understanding the origin of these strange suspicions about myself, I left Söul at once, determined to avoid all connection with diplomatic mystery until the matter should have been explained in a straightforward way. But no such explanations were obtainable; added to which I noticed at Chemulpho with some uneasiness that some of my own telegrams received did not seem to correspond with the tenour of those sent. Thinking it possible that the Söul telegraph-office was at fault, I proceeded thither once more, requesting to see the originals. The Chinese clerk at once spontaneously handed to me all telegrams

sent and received by officials of all nationalities during a period of several months back.

While all this was going on, things were further complicated by a man telegraphing to me to "reconsider my statement of the truth," and then writing to say that he himself had unwittingly caused the whole trouble. He also had, it appeared, detained my telegram, and thus brought on the unintelligible replies.

Meanwhile, a diplomatist (whose honesty of purpose I at once recognised) evinced both suspicion and alarm, and I therefore had to announce to him my intention not to be deterred by baseless suspicions, and my determination to resist anything resembling a menace. I was quite prepared (I added) to carry the matter before the highest possible authorities in Europe.

At this disagreeable stage I received two messages: "We jointly repudiate the particular suspicion charged upon you in one of our names; we never gave our sanction. We think X. has deceived you, and trust you will not make us all look foolish."

I asked: "Why this reserve about one particular charge? I do not admit the justice of any charge of bad faith at all. X. seems to have shown some meanness; but I decline to accuse him, or to state anything I do not know to be true; besides, you yourselves were cognisant of his mistake before you exposed me to this risk."

My successor had now arrived; and, therefore, having already declined to serve in the absence of

any frank explanation from the diplomats concerned, I left Corea.

My successor did not know how I had settled the matter at the moment I left. It was thus: I first passed over diplomacy altogether, and recorded the truth as I believed it; and there it remains, if any one wishes and has a right to ask for it. As to the mere brawl or personal question, I reflected that my chief adversary had acted in good faith; two of the other three had been placed in such an involved and difficult situation that extenuating circumstances were allowable. The third was doubtful, but kindly disposed. I felt that no one of the four either could or durst injure me in an open way, and I therefore decided to take the whole blame of the misunderstanding on myself, and thus summarily and peremptorily cut the matter short. At the same time I wrote to say that I expected the expressions of suspicion to be withdrawn, and would never rest until they were. Of none of the four concerned have I at any period, then or since, asked the slightest favour.

Many ambassadors and ministers in Europe, in active service or retired, are quite familiar with the particulars of this case. Possibly they regard it, as I have always wished to do, as a mere *chinoiserie*. If they doubt the fairness of what I say, let them stand forward face to face with me. The present satisfaction suffices for me now, for I feel that I occupy a more generous standpoint than the best of them.

CHAPTER XIV

RAISING THE WIND

CHANG-ÊRH'S WINNINGS

ALTHOUGH I knew that Chang-êrh neither drank nor gambled in the ordinary sense, yet I thought it good policy to harp upon his one redeeming vice in a generally preventive sense, and accordingly I took advantage of his heart being too large for monopoly by one woman, periodically to "talk at" those reprehensible persons who spent their time in drinking, gaming, and the stews. Notwithstanding his similarity in many respects to Mr. Samuel Weller, there was a strain of the Job Trotter in Chang-êrh's composition, and he often brushed away a tear at the thought that his master was so dense as to suspect him of drinking and smoking opium.

One day he came in his best clothes (which, he always explained on these rare occasions, he put on to increase my dignity) to ask for two days' leave in order to go to Macao (from Canton). I

readily gave it, but on broad principles I considered it best to trot out the old growl about the saloons, the bagnios, and the stews.

Two days later Chang-êrh returned as I was taking my afternoon tea on the verandah, and, with an injured air, threw down a bundle on the table before me. "I've won these two hundred dollars at the Macao lottery. I didn't like to tell you why I wanted leave until I had secured the money. I do *not* gamble, but I *have* recently taken lottery tickets, in the full belief that Heaven would reward a just man. I came empty-handed into the world, and empty-handed I go out of it. Man grows out of the ground [he did not explain this process], and returns to the ground. I give you these dollars: you are my master, and you once clothed me with an old singlet. I have followed you for over ten years [this was in 1879], and no one else can tolerate my rigid character. I never make squeezes; your money is as my money. I wish you to apply these two hundred dollars to my benefits, as you think proper."

Chang-êrh felt so sorry for himself in thus contemplating the wicked world he was obliged to live in, that he turned round to conceal his emotion, and to transfer his tears to the cuff of his shirt.

"Well," said I, "you need not brag. I never saw much good in you, and I only keep you because I am accustomed to you, and you make a good curry."

It was then arranged that I should keep one hundred dollars for him, and that he should spend forty dollars on bracelets, earrings, and other jade ornaments for his mother and his wife, both in Peking. There were some other financial arrangements by way of providing a pension for his mother, who for fifteen years after that drew from him an allowance of five dollars a month.

Chang-êrh's emotion was so great that he "confirmed his offer" to do duty thenceforward, both as cook and "boy," for seven dollars a month besides the five; and he did so, without a serious break. By the other servants he was always regarded as half a lunatic and half a blackguard; but his proficiency in the Pekingese tongue, coupled with his genius as a *raconteur*, always kept him "cock of the walk."

HONGKONG SALT-SMUGGLERS

THE smuggling of salt and opium from Hongkong to the mainland gave rise to incessant recriminations, and to the so-called Blockade of Hongkong—*i.e.* in 1867 the Hoppo established a cordon of stations on the mainland and on the islands round Hongkong; he also bought a fleet of steam-cruisers to "chivy" the delinquent junks into his net. Until 1887, when it was found expedient to transfer these stations to Sir Robert Hart (under the collective names of Kowloong for Hongkong, and Lappa for Macao), the collection of *likin*

was managed by the Chinese themselves. Meanwhile, their cruisers used to watch the narrow entrances to Hongkong—a very easy thing to do—and occasionally, in the excitement of the moment, cross the line in fresh pursuit. Naturally, the Chinese could always bring a batch of witnesses to swear and prove that the capture was made beyond colonial waters; on the other hand, the captive junk-master was not exactly an unprejudiced witness when he and his crew, to save their skins and their salt, swore that they were distinctly within the limits of Hongkong jurisdiction.

One of these "mixed" cases occurred shortly after my second arrival in Canton, and of course both sides were bound to assume the truth of their own case; otherwise there would be no advantage in bringing forward the case at all. The Viceroy Liu K'un-yih was a just and fair-minded man: he, on his part, sent down a high European customs official (Mr. McLeavy Brown) to make enquiry; or, rather, he asked him as a favour to go, for he had no power to "order" him—anything savouring of a "request and require" in customs matters must come from the Hoppo. Just then irrefragable evidence was accidently discovered that the slashed anchor-cable of the captured junk was still attached to the anchor, which lay imbedded unmistakably within Hongkong waters. There was no getting over this, though "in law and theory" the proof that the anchor *could* not be there was absolute. However, as we all know, the "law is a hass"; and,

as the Chinese say: "What exists not in reason may exist in fact."

These cases are, of course, "diplomatically" pressed by the Consul at Canton on behalf of the Governor of Hongkong, who has no power to dictate. But it so happened just then that the exceedingly able and vivacious Sir John (then Mr.) Pope Hennessy was meritoriously anxious to cultivate the good graces of the Chinese in general, and of the Viceroy in particular. On the other hand, Liu K'un-yih is not the person to cultivate even the Emperor's good graces, still less those of a foreign official; moreover, he is a man who never "goes behind,"—a virtue which some of our own diplomatists of the Parisian school might cultivate with advantage.

The situation was ridiculous. Governor Hennessy wrote the very day the anchor was discovered—or, at least, *constaté*—to say that he had decided not to press the case for the boatman; on the same day the Viceroy, who had proved his case, wished, on the broad grounds of common-sense, to surrender the junk to the unhappy boatman; but he could not because no one "claimed the revoke." Under these circumstances the Consul, who was a man highly venerated by the Viceroy, decided to send me to interview the Salt Commissioner, —a Manchu of the Imperial family, who spoke pure Pekingese, and was therefore exceptionally accessible to the poetry of pleas.

The "arrangement" is a good instance of the

reasonableness of mandarins when approached "comfortably," without fuss and feathers. Ch'êngfu said: "The anchor business is of course awkward; but as the Viceroy has proved his case, I can't give him away, at all events without asking him. Besides, the junk is broken up, and the cargo already sold: we *can't* give it up, even if we wished to do so." The reply was: "Oh! that's easy enough. Buy another junk like it, and fill it with salt. I will undertake that the junkman gets justice without the Governor being informed officially at all. The Viceroy can write us a severe letter of censure if he likes, upon the terms of which you and I can agree, and prove anything he has a fancy to prove in order to save his face, so long as we get the junk." This was done: the junk was shortly afterwards sent quietly down to the Harbour-master of Hongkong, "chock full" of salt; and there the matter dropped. The Chinese claimants had thus not to cry out, as the traditional Roman litigant did to the "fancy" lawyers: "Yes, gentlemen, very learned; but pray speak about my goats. *Revenons à nos moutons.*"

A SCANDALOUS SQUEEZE

UNDER the treaty, traitorous (or loyal, according to taste) Chinese who had aided the English army were not to be directly or indirectly persecuted, and amongst the greatest of these traitors (or heroes) was Kwok A-cheong, the millionaire of Hongkong. But the

Hoppo of Canton had just lost money by having to go away for three months and mourn for his mother (Tartars "do" three months instead of putting in the full classical three years): hence his coffers were low, and he looked about him wildly for game of any odd kind to fill up his scanty bag withal.

We were horrified one day to hear that Kwok A-cheong's son had been arrested on the West River, and been held to ransom. It was a stupid thing for young Kwok to do, to fall into this trap; for, even if his father had been a British subject, which was doubtful, that did not make his sons British unless born in a British colony; which was also, in this particular instance, doubtful; moreover, Chinese-British subjects were only locally so, unless they elected to wear some external mark of nationality; to report, and to register; which was all worse than doubtful, for it was all certain—but unluckily in the negative. Yet the true facts were well known: young Kwok was an opium-smoker, and had naturally taken enough good opium for a few weeks' sail up a poor and outlandish river; he had also taken, as all rich Chinese commonly do without anticipating danger, a few clocks and musical boxes as presents to friends.

But the whole business had been managed by *agents-provocateurs* under the Hoppo's own supervision, and the difficulty was how to prove it. All high officials have a right to "command" the *hien*, and accordingly Kwok was sent by the Hoppo to the *hien*'s gaol.

The first step of the Consulate was to "lay it on thick" at once, and demand from the *hien* the instant release of a British subject. It was hoped that the *hien*, who was a sensible man, would "drop it," before the Hoppo had time to consult the foreign busybodies who are always at hand with "legal" advice. However, the *hien*, like a modern Pontius Pilate, simply washed his hands of the whole business, and sent the man back to the Hoppo, who, with Manchu temerity, stuck bravely to his guns: and really he was right—*i.e.* he would have been right, if we had not known he was doing a put-up job. He argued, of course: "Every penny of the revenue I collect belongs to his Majesty. Here is a Chinese subject, in Chinese dress, and a Chinese boat; with no papers, external marks, or flag; smuggling opium and clocks. What right have you to demand his release, or ask what penalty I intend to impose in the Emperor's name?"

Meanwhile, Kwok A-cheong sent up one of those doubtful foreigners who always hang on to the skirts of rich Chinamen: he was an Irishman, of the type one occasionally meets on the strand of the various Pacific islands, "running" some petty king. It was evident from his manner that he had power to offer any money to get the man out; but as no money was wanted at the Consulate, he was bowed out and assured that all that was possible would be done, no matter what he, or old Kwok, or any one else wanted;

(and I hope, for his own sake, he made a good thing out of it for himself).

The duel with the Hoppo went on for a fortnight, "time" being called on several occasions; when at length, fortunately, Governor Pope Hennessy (whether intentionally or not I do not know) did us a really good turn. Apropos of quite another matter, he said: "If any one of the Hoppo's cruisers is caught making arrests in Hongkong waters again, I shall have to confiscate such cruiser."

The straining of language on both sides had already reached artistic limits. It was not difficult, however, with such an elastic language as the Chinese, to translate this handy threat quite accurately, but at the same time to make it *sound*: "If we can once get hold of the Hoppo's big steamer, we shall seize it," and, by writing one despatch on two subjects, to refer the threat back in imagination to the prisoner Kwok Yao. Anywise, a copy was sent to the Viceroy Liu K'un-yih, who had been looking on all this time as an amused spectator, wondering who would "come out top" from the scrimmage. Alarmed now at the possible gravity of the political developments, he did what Chinese viceroys will very rarely do—he exercised his supreme, or "urgent," authority over the Hoppo, and ordered the instant release of the man.

The Viceroy, three days later, came in person, and told us the whole story in detail as a fine joke. He said (in his fearful dialect) that the Hoppo's proposed

squeeze amounted to—he pulled a face and crossed his two forefingers like a horse-dealer (a cross means four or ten, according to whether Maltese or St. George's). I asked: "*Sz wan*?" (four myriads). He said eagerly: "*Zz vaa*!" (*shih-wan*)—*i.e.* ten myriads, or one hundred thousand dollars—perhaps a hundred thousand taels; I forget which.

WHO'LL BUY MY GINGHAM?

WHEN I was travelling in Sz Ch'wan, both my boatmen and my chairman used to annoy me by repeated and interminable delays whilst they chaffered about the price of straw-shoes, fuel, rice, or some other necessary trifle; the whole value of which never exceeded a few pence, but the contested margin of which was rarely more than a farthing. I found it paid me much better to order twenty pairs of shoes, a hundredweight of fuel, or whatever ran short, and give it to them for nothing: the cost to me was practically *nil*, in the scale of my daily expenditure; but it pleased them, and gave me an agreeable air of *magnifico* (if not, occasionally, *mentecato* or *loco*).

One hot day I had taken refuge from the sun in my chair, whilst the bearers were swabbing themselves down and refreshing themselves at a rustic stall (under the inevitable travellers' banyan tree, which shades every Sz Ch'wan village) with a cup of gruel and a smoke. A small crowd had collected in the vicinity, and, for

want of something better to do, I listened to the conversation. One man held a common, green-paper umbrella in his hand, which he was regarding thoughtfully and stroking, much as a puzzled "vet." fingers a horse's hough. He nodded significantly to an old woman, who watched appealingly for his opinion. A nice little boy by her side eagerly handed the umbrella to several other thoughtful critics; it was opened, held up to the sun, scrutinised, and carefully considered by all. My chair-coolies then joined in the discussion; and soon there were signs of animation, if not of anger. A *choc d'intérêts* had taken place.

"Boy, go and see what it is."

"It is an old woman who wants to sell her umbrella."

"What for?"

"She says she has seven more days' journey to tramp, and has spent all her copper cash."

I then walked up and interviewed the old lady. She had that polished, brown, parchment face, deeply wrinkled and thickly freckled, so common to Chinese female rustics; her wisp of grey hair was done up into a tiny top-knot on her streaky, bright crown; like all her kind she went bareheaded, but carried a huge straw hat slung to her side for occasional wear; her attire was the usual blue cotton, trimmed with cheap Birmingham braid, all well washed and wholesome. She told me her story: she had been on the plod for some time, and had to get to a city far

away beyond Chungking. According to the unanimous testimony of the villagers, the umbrella was worth from one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty cash, (fivepence-farthing to sixpence); and the average daily rate at the inns *en route* would be from fifty to seventy cash apiece *per diem*, first class. It was a distressing situation; but she really must raise "a string" in some way. The landlord, meanwhile, clapped down a "cat-head" (*i.e.* the contents of two bowls jammed into one) of rice on the table, evidently intending to give it for nothing (it was worth less than a farthing).

I was so distressed at the thought of the old woman trudging with her tiny stumps hungrily along for two hundred miles, dragging with her the bright child, that I ordered a string of one thousand cash to be at once fished up from the "well" of the sedan-chair. But just at that instant the little boy, misunderstanding my movement, rashly pulled out a piece of silver from his sleeve, and ordered it to be weighed; it was perhaps worth six hundred cash. Seeing this, I reduced my largess to four hundred.

"Look, look, old lady! His Excellency bestows four hundred cash upon you."

The old woman did not seem quite to understand the situation, and never even thanked the barbarian; but I left her, like Pierre Loti's friend, counting out the money, and muttering to see if it was correct.

Old women are invariably treated with respect by every one, and they usually deserve it. Their age

exempts them from the necessity of simulating excessive modesty, and their tempers seem to mellow as the troubles of motherhood and mother-in-law-hood fade into long-past *souvenirs de jeunesse*. They usually have a good deal of kindness and *bonhomie* in their composition, and they are no mean doctors where it is a question of simple chill, fever, or other obvious malady. They are sympathetic, unexacting, severely conservative, and often inclined to be religious; this last virtue is called "superstition" by missionaries; but it becomes "piety" when they nominally accept Christianity. And it is not difficult to get a Chinese woman to do that if her husband does it; nor is it difficult to make the husband do it if his father had done it before him; in that case, indeed, he is born to it, and needs no making. *Nascitur, non fit.*

THERE'S MONEY IN IT

ONE of the most lucrative trades around Shanghai and Chinkiang used to be, and perhaps still is, that of being shot. The way it was worked was thus. The merchants often go up the creeks in house-boat parties, or wander about the fields in the outskirts, looking for snipe. There are no hedges or game laws anywhere in China, and innumerable small boys are always at hand to do the beating, gun-carrying, ditching, and picking up. It often occurred, under these circumstances, that a few dust-shot were put into the calf of

a man's leg; and occasionally even an eye was injured. But, just as with the fixed compensation for injury to fields during the paper hunts, so with the parents of small boys shot, or the relatives of adults, a fairly definite tariff gradually established itself; so much so that people used deliberately to dodge behind bushes, or lurk in the ditches, so as to be ready (reversing the action of the Boers) to raise their hands and yell the instant a gun went off in that direction. Very few Chinese rustic skins are without an assortment of sores and bruises; and nothing was, therefore, easier than to rub a shot or some powder in, or to pretend that "internal injury" had occurred. As the irate villagers thronged round with their poles (all peasants have a carrying pole at hand), timid or non-Chinese-speaking sportsmen were often only too glad to compromise on the spot; especially if a few old women with buckets of liquid manure joined in the discussion. Otherwise the case was brought through the *hien* before the English Police Court, or even before the Supreme Court; or it was arbitrated by the consul; or by a joint body.

It was, therefore, a fine fat day for the Chinamen of Chinkiang, when a couple of thriving lawyers from Hongkong—one a genuine K.C.—came up for a week's shooting. I happened to meet them a few days after the "tragedy," and they told me exactly what had occurred. Neither spoke a single word of the local dialect, or of any dialect at all approaching it; they

went out alone; and they were everywhere followed by the usual assortment of impudent, officious boys, who of course were able to differentiate the greenhorn from the local barbarian *genus*. Mr. McKean tried to "shoo" them away, and, in so doing, somehow let off his gun. Down dropped a boy at once like a lump of lead; and instantly there was a roar, a rush, an earthquake, and, so to speak, the end of the world. Naturally the lawyers at first assumed that the whole thing was a "plant," and were inclined to argue. Amidst a forest of poles, and a whirlwind of gesticulations and howls, the two barristers were seized and bound. Mr. Hayllar was, after a time, set free, and allowed to make arrangements in comparative unrestraint. I forget exactly how far he was kept under surveillance; but his friend had to undergo the torture of having bamboo withes tightly bound round his wrists, besides suffering imprisonment and semi-starvation in uncomfortable rustic quarters for many hours, if not for a whole day and night. When I saw him, he still bore the marks of "strangulation" upon his arms and hands.

On this occasion the boy really had been shot, under their very noses, as dead as a door-nail. The persuasive and forensic arts of a dumb K.C. "gesticulating in English" were vain before a rustic forum of garlicky Chinamen; however successful they might always hitherto have been before a bewigged Chief Justice, or a smug jury. They were "in for it"

with a vengeance; and of course "life for life" was urgently demanded by way of forcing the purse-strings wide open, and striking hard while the iron was hot. On the whole they got off very cheaply: the boy's life was priced at a few hundred dollars (say, at then rates, about £40 or £50), which, though not much for gentlemen who batten on retaining fees and refreshers, is quite a fortune for a Chinese peasant family.

THE SALT-SMUGGLER

WHEN I went up the Yangtsze in a native boat from Ichang to Chungking, the captain made no secret of the fact that he was ballasting my boat with a cargo of Hwai salt, which in Sz Ch'wan has quite a fancy price. But it was local custom to smuggle, and I certainly was not going to risk my life in the rapids by arguing with a discontented crew. In coming down the Chêh Kiang rivers, I also observed that the local skipper took advantage of my official position to run a cargo. If he had been caught (I think he was) I should not have interfered, so long as I got to the end of my journey without delay. I never took any steps to prevent smuggling by my servants, except where foreign steamers, foreign custom-houses, or the Consulate reputation was concerned. *Caveat actor.*

One day my late friend Paulus von Moellendorff,

(who, until his lamentable death last April, had been attached to the Imperial Customs as a high functionary,) was coming up the Yangtsze among the steamer passengers, when he chanced to look into one of the boxes which had been shoved well under his berth. This particular box was not a cabin box, but was supposed to carry blacking-brushes, and oddments of that kind; and it struck him as singular that so cumbrous and unpolite an article should have been carried in there. To his astonishment he found it full of salt. Without saying anything to his "boy," who was peacefully slumbering in the native portion astern, he gave orders for the contents of the box to be emptied into the river through the capacious port-hole.

On arrival at Kewkiang (three days' sail), the "boy" of course turned up to collect the luggage, and to superintend its removal ashore. Nothing was said. When he lugged out the box, a slight pallor suffused (as a good Irishman would say) his blushing countenance; and the corners of his eyes sought indirect communication with those of his inexorable master, who meanwhile was gloating over the scene with sardonic calm. The mental problem for the boy was: "Did I forget to put the salt in; or did the steward take it out for himself; or is the master 'in' with somebody, either in view of profit, or of my detection?" It was like the dilemma of the tiger-pursued American who had jumped inside the camel's

body: "Shall I bunk in; or shall I bunk out; or shall I gnaw away to make him *travel*?"

If any raw hand imagines that under these circumstances he can catch a Chinaman tripping, he is very much mistaken. With cheerful alacrity the boxes and wraps were taken ashore, amid the silent admiration (to use another Hibernicism) of the skipper, the European passengers, and the others who were in the secret. Nothing impresses the Chinese more than silence: left to themselves, they would have had a fearful row over the matter; not in order to settle any fanciful point of honour, but with the purely practical object of finally "locating" the money loss in copper cash.

These events happened in 1873, and many a time since then have I had occasion to take them as a model for my own conduct. Such *chinoiseries* do no real harm, and it is foolish to "cut" the poor fellows' wages, or to send the foolish offenders in for a flogging, with the Quixotic object of setting up a standard of morality quite foreign to their natures. Can the leopard change his spots?

CHAPTER XV

POLICE AND THEIR MASTERS

THE MANCHU *AGENT-PROVOCATEUR*

ALTHOUGH the Viceroy Liu K'un-yih is an honourable man, he is just like our European statesmen in accepting information where he can get it: "so are they all, all honourable men." Nor was Liu K'un-yih the maker of things, which he took as he found them at Canton: like our own diplomats, he had to accept the instruments provided for him, and make the best of them; but during the time I knew him at Canton I never heard any subordinate officers complain that Liu K'un-yih had listened to statements made privately behind their backs whilst officially accepting their services, or had made rash charges against them in order the better to struggle out of an awkward position himself.

But there was one man, a Manchu,—and a very chatty, witty fellow, too,—who *did* complain that his superiors had done all this to him before Liu K'un-yih came at all; and that they had reported his *shêng-ming* (= repute) to be *p'ing-ch'ang* (= ordinary),—a favourite

Chinese way of suppressing a subordinate when you cannot get at him straightforwardly. But it was not only not Liu K'un-yih who had "reported" him; indeed that high officer was even disposed to test the truth for himself, and I had opportunities of getting this Manchu many a job on special "foreign" service; so I always took these opportunities when they occurred, for I liked the Tartar's frank and open ways, and enjoyed brushing up my Pekingese by talking to him in that dialect.

Hence it came about that Liu K'un-yih thought he could pick up plenty of miscellaneous information from foreigners through the said Manchu; and the Manchu used to seek out all foreign officials, and even to drop in frequently of an evening to see me at the old *yamên*; to smoke a cigar, and to "pump" me.

I have not, and never had, the slightest objection to being pumped (*i.e.* of all I am willing to disclose), and think there is sometimes a suspicion of humbug in the pretended "reserve" of conventional diplomacy, which as often means incompetence or uncertainty as it means prudence, and this whether it be Chinese or European: a man who plays a sensible and straightforward game needs very little mystification or tampering with the truth. Hence (to come from generals to specifics) I allowed the Manchu to pump me freely when he, and many others of several nationalities, were anxious to be perfectly exact about Chunghou's doings at Livadia,

on the occasion when a treaty was being negotiated on the Ili question. And this is how he did it.

Russian names are not easily rendered into Chinese, and for some reason the Roman transliteration of one trisyllabic name was anxiously desired by an official personage. It would have been perfectly easy to ask me openly: "Do these three characters represent 'Koyander,' the Russian *Chargé d'affaires*?" But he chose a more circuitous route, so I said: "Give me hold of that book you have in your hand, and let me see the context." (I did not then know the word "Koyander.")

To my surprise I found the pamphlet comprised the treaty itself, the Peking correspondence, and the commercial convention, all neatly bound up in one; it had just been privately sent to the Manchu by a secretary in the employ of Chang Chï-tung, who was then beginning to make his name. It had come all the way from the city of Nan-p'i, near Peking, passing simply between friend and friend: it was nothing more than early news unexpectedly received; there was nothing official about it, nor was there any underhand work. So I said: "Well, I am your friend too; just let me look at it comfortably in my own house. I will let you have it back for sure after a day or so."

No one in Europe outside Russia had yet seen the treaty; or, at all events, no European in China had done so. The document was duly returned within

forty-eight hours; and I just mention the episode in order to instance how clever and secret the Chinese *can* be when they particularly wish to pump an ordinary individual of unsuspecting disposition.

THE VAGABOND ESCORT

EVER since Mr. Margary's murder and the Chefoo Convention, the Chinese Government has, in its fitful and incomplete way, made efforts to insist upon foreigners travelling inland being duly protected and properly treated. Amongst the measures adopted are registering their habitations, examining passports, following movements, and furnishing escorts. These precautionary steps would be ample—if adequately carried out; but the incurable want of thoroughness in everything Chinese is such that nothing is ever done properly, even if good faith be used in the attempt to do it.

As an official, I was treated perhaps a trifle better than a peripatetic missionary; but I soon discovered that my escort men were usually ruffians "on the make," and therefore I never, under any circumstances, allowed my passport out of my hands to be "copied,"—a typical piece of Chinese imbecility which always meant intolerable delay and extortion.

During my travels in North Sz Ch'wan, one district magistrate, whom I had ascertained from gossips at his own door to be a lazy opium-smoker and a good-

for-nothing man all round, absolutely declined to see me, and sent most impertinent messages to me by his attendants, or by the police; but I had to get over twenty more miles that afternoon, and had no time to let him feel my displeasure in person.

The "escort" on this occasion was simply a single ragamuffin, with a tattered old official hat, which he carried with him done up in a red handkerchief, for use when he should report himself to the next *hien*. He had received from his own *hien* a few cash to start with, and he had certain rights of "entertainment" and purveyance *en route*, apart from anything he could extract from me. His duty was to "deliver" me safe and sound to the next city district. These and many other things he told me as we marched amicably along together under a broiling sun; in fact, most of my knowledge of "high life" in *yamêns* has been derived from these scallywags.

I said: "Let me look at your warrant."

"Certainly," he said, being himself (as they say in Lancashire) "no scholard."

It was a printed paper, with names written in the blank spaces. It ran: "We, the *hien* of etc., etc., hereby require and command the policeman X. to take into his custody, *item*: criminals, one; native place, *Ying* barbarian; chairs, three; etc., etc., and him rightly and surely deliver to the *hien* of etc., etc. Tremble and obey!"

"I will give you a letter to take back to your

master, and here is a present for yourself. You need not hand this document in."

My letter ran as follows: "I have safely arrived here, and your man X. has shown me every attention, for which I thank you. He informed me that it was his duty to hand his warrant in to the neighbouring *hien*; but I have myself kept it (against his earnest entreaties), and given him this letter to hand to you, instead of your colleague's official receipt. I do not think you can be aware that whilst the T'ang, the Sung, the Mongol, Ming, and Manchu dynasties have each in turn 'chased the stag,' the great English dynasty has ruled for one thousand years without a serious break in family connection. I have been deputed by the officers of the same *Ying* dynasty to travel in Sz Ch'wan. You declined to see me when I visited you; but your own people told me you were a great opium-smoker, and never rose till two p.m. I shall be back in Chungking in eighteen days, and unless I find there an apology from you, written with your own hand and in the most courteous language, I shall officially send a copy of your escort-warrant to Peking, in order that the Government there may see how their commands are carried out by district magistrates in this province."

When I reached Chungking, I found a neat letter from him, written on pretty fancy paper, thanking me for my magnanimity, and expressing a hope that I would call in on my way back from the north.

And there the matter dropped; for really it is the hollow and insufferable official system, rather than the malice of individuals, which evolves these silly insults. The whole theory of mandarin rule is a mixture of "bluff" and foolish make-believe,—*i.e.* where foreigners are concerned.

MY ESCORT

WE were waterbound at K'wei Kwan on the way down from Sz Ch'wan in 1881. This was my last journey in the West, and as I had been laid up for three months with two sprained ankles, consequent upon the riot already described, I was not in a mood to be trifled with.

K'wei Kwan is at the mouth of the gorge which opens like a bottle on to the plains of Eastern China. The water rose forty feet in one night; no boat durst venture down; and so, as weeks of wearisome delay were on the cards, I informed the civil and military mandarins in charge of the uncaged wild beast that I intended to walk; alone if necessary. There was something so nasty in my eye when I said this that chairs were in readiness at five next morning, and off we went, bag and baggage, six chairs, numberless bearers, escort, cooks, "boy," and what not. I never enjoyed myself more: over hill and down dale; across swollen rivers, in the mountain clouds; across rickety bridges; pig-styes to live in, nothing but local fare to eat; simple people,

wild surroundings; we were wet through and worn out every evening; and the stinkingest barns nursed us into the sweetest of sleeps, on the filthiest of reed couches.

By degrees I discovered that my military mandarin, who always carried an executioner's sword in his hand, was a splendid fellow. Every night he set his soldiers to work first thing to inflate my air-bed; he always got me the best (*i.e.* the most private) room or bunk; kept away the crowds with his sword; and, in short, acted as "head bottle-washer" all round, in quite an undemonstrative way.

The civil mandarin, who had set out on his duties with great courtesy and dignity, proved rather a nuisance than otherwise, as time wore on. He used to sit down before I sat down, try to secure the best room, assume to give his own orders to start, and so on. No one is disposed to be less exacting than myself in points of personal dignity and privilege; but as he had got a "job" (*ch'ai-shi*) for which, in accordance with custom he levied purveyances and benevolences on each city governor; and as my safety and comfort were of the essence of the job in question, I did not see why I should take a secondary position in his favour. He observed my dissatisfaction, but made no attempt whatever to mollify me: he seemed rather to enjoy irritating the barbarian.

After a week of ups and downs, we at last descended into the level country near Ichang, arrived at which place I proceeded to announce the imminent distribu-

tion of the fifty taels or so of gratuities I had set apart for the escort. First, in response to my summons, came the military man and his soldiers, who, to their intense surprise and gratification, received a week's pay each, or about twenty-five taels in all (so far as I can recollect).

The civil mandarin followed in great state, having dressed himself up with great care; no doubt he thought that at least one forty or fifty taels would be his proportionate reward, as the military man was in theory (but not in practice) under his orders. I vied with him in affability; readily admitted that the roads were fearful, the fare poor, and the weather odious; but, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, I assured him that the military man (his colleague) and the excellent soldiers had left a grateful impression on me; and that I intended to write—in fact, I had written—to the *taotai* of Chungking to thank him for his efforts in my favour. As for himself, being a literary mandarin, of course I regarded him as an equal: we were on younger and elder brother footing, and I would not insult his feelings by alluding to "that pile" (a poetical term for "money"). I gave him—I forget what, a fish-knife, sugar-basin, or some such trumpery,--"as a keepsake and memento." He kept his countenance, and the present along with it; then bowed himself politely out; but he could not help biting his lips with rage, especially when he saw my "boy" giggling.

THE BIG *T'ING-CH'AI* AND THE SMALL *T'ING-C'HAI*

AT Wênchow—a sleepy hollow—the consular servants had dropped into one of the grooves into which they nearly always drop, subject to varying surroundings. The writer, a gentleman of high character and reserved demeanour, finding the *t'ing-ch'ais* (official messengers) too much for him with his imported dialect, attended punctiliously to his business, but gave as wide a berth as possible to the interior economy of the Consulate. The door-keeper was an honest clown, as most Chinese door-keepers are: clowns, because no one but a clown would; honest, because no one but an honest man could, satisfactorily do the work. The gardener, boatman, etc., had no facilities for making squeezes. The big *t'ing-ch'ai* was an opium-smoker, and an accredited rogue; but he was marvellously intelligent, punctual, respectful, and even gentlemanly. The little *t'ing-ch'ai* was plebeian, humble; but foxy and hungry; very ambitious to attract the master's eye, and to assert himself. Each servant signed for and received his own money, but doubtless the big *t'ing-ch'ai* "ran the show" in some occult way: anyhow, he was usually supposed (by Chang-êrh) to receive a percentage on all salaries.

It so happened one day that a missionary or a tidewaiter (I forget which) told me that public gaming

was going on at night in my premises. I asked my "boy," who seemed highly gratified at the opportunity thus afforded of reproving me for not encouraging him to lay daily information against the world in general. "When I tell you X. is a villain, you ask me for evidence, and decline to believe me. I have seen strangers come in at night; but, as I don't understand the barbarous local jargon, it is not for me to pry about too much."

The result of the enquiry was that the big *t'ing-ch'ai* (who always went home at night to his wife) was found not to be implicated, but the little *t'ing-ch'ai* was clearly shown to have kept a gambling resort in his kennel on my premises. He happened to be out taking messages when these facts were disclosed. His room was carefully searched and stripped, under my own superintendence; his mattrass, coverlets, and extra clothes were laid in the muddy road at my front door; his boxes, carefully packed, were placed on the mattrasses; his spare trousers, hat, etc., upon the boxes; and the whole of his other miscellaneous property was ranged around; the pile surmounted by the guilty cards and the roulette table.

Nothing more was said to any one, and I selected a comfortable corner in the verandah from which to view the fun. When he came back and saw his furniture exhibited to public view, he was told: "You have been dismissed by the great man for gambling." He then began to cry, and hurried upstairs to the

A FAVOURITE WALK WITHIN THE WALLS OF WÊNCHOW CITY. [*To face p.* 332.

verandah to beg me for mercy. As a rule I do not approve of beating Chinamen, but my motto in my own house always was *Quod principi placuit, legis habet vigorem.* On this occasion I clutched the small *t'ing-ch'ai* by the pigtail and boxed his ears until he reeled; then I turned him round and administered a good kick; and finally I said: "Now you may take your things back to your room."

All this was done in silence, and in full view of the priest, the writer, the servants, and the man in the street. No further allusion was made to the matter, and the little *t'ing-ch'ai* went about his work as usual. He behaved very well at the riot, and was at Wênchow when I left: as Chinese menials usually last out their own century, probably he is there still, and very likely an excellent servant.

TIT-FOR-TAT

AMONGST what appear to us to be the absurdities of the Chinese, and, in fact, the whole Oriental system, is the universally spread desire to assert superiority by insisting upon what the Celestials themselves call *chan shang-fêng* (= getting to windward). I say *appear* to us; for it must not be forgotten that nations do things because they think they are right: thus, our conventional treatment of women appears to the Chinese a mixture of imbecility, ill-breeding, and buffoonery. Just before I first saw him in 1871, Li Hung-chang had to be hauled

over the coals for trying to keep Sir Thomas (then Mr.) Wade dallying at his front door. His brother Li Han-chang was similarly tweaked six years later by Mr. Grosvenor, who with his colleagues Davenport, Baber, etc., deliberately arranged to "make him smart" in turn by standing, watches in hand, behind their own door, and keeping the Governor Ts'ên with the Special Commissioner Li waiting in the midst of a crowd of boys for exactly the same number of minutes the three Englishmen had been kept. My own experience covers all sorts, shapes, and sizes of snubs; but as conventional demeanour (Chinese or English) has often a tendency to appear ridiculous demeanour to me,—at all events unless it be carried through with perfect correctness and liberal display,—I generally amused myself with teasing or "chaffing" the enemy, rather than worried myself by getting angry.

Amongst the favourite Celestial "pin-pricks" are the official allusions to England as an inferior Power by not "raising" the word, or not "leaving a hole" before it; speaking of his Majesty the King or his Excellency the Minister as "the ruler in question," or "the said envoy"; calling foreigners "barbarians"; and so on. There is another curious way of "taking it out" of Europeans which is publicly adopted by mandarins: this is by "spreading themselves out" as they walk into the room; surrounding themselves with their servants, who then ostentatiously light pipes, and bring in the "hot rag" to swab the face;

expectorating and eructating "all over the place"; and so on. This form of snubbery (scarcely snobbery) is too subtle to obtain permanent word-for-word definition in books, however much it may for the moment compel the personal attention of foreign hosts. Manchu officials express it in a quaint, Chaucerian way by using the metaphor "display of urine,"—having occult mental reference to a donkey's noisy attitude and aggressive demand for space under certain conditions of nature, when there is a general inclination on the part of bystanders to "get out of his way."

One day, shortly after my first arrival in Hoihow, I was prowling about the streets to look for proclamations, as there were forbidding rumours circulating against the missionaries. Here, again, the foreign official has an advantage over the Chinese, who cannot, or seldom dares to, move about incognito. I noticed and tore down one proclamation issued by the *taotai* (the chief civilian official in the island), in which he quoted, word for word, a petition to himself wherein the word "barbarian" was used. In China there is no such thing as an accident in such matters; every word is deliberately balanced by practised literates, and no one ever by any chance makes a mistake *against* native dignity. In reply to my note expostulating, and suggesting that "even if a man of his high literary repute should fail to see where good taste lay, the treaty distinctly stipulates that the word 'barbarian' shall not be used," he replied somewhat cavalierly,

pooh-poohing the whole business, and insinuating that "a man of my reading and capacity might well afford to overlook the careless expressions of the silly people."

It would not have been difficult, on these facts, to force even Li Han-chang, then Viceroy at Canton, to censure the *taotai*, who was a personal friend of his; but as a rule I have tried to avoid "punishments," which are apt to embitter when they do not convince: still, here was an opportunity for a good rasping bit of sarcasm which would harmlessly scarify the old *taotai* for the rest of his life; besides, "talent" in literary repartee really often does secure respect from the Chinese. I wrote somewhat as follows: "No one is more disposed than myself to be lenient with erring humanity; but this is a question of treaty stipulation, which neither you nor I have the quality to question. Moreover, it appears to me that a Great Clear mandarin acts with doubtful dignity when he actually adopts, instead of gently chiding, or at least himself avoiding, a popular solecism. For instance, our gross English ancestors, when first they saw the Manchu plaited cue, (imposed, as of course you know, by the Tartars upon your countrymen under pain of death, as an external badge of the Great Clear dynasty's semi-divine power,) called it a 'pigtail,' for want of a better word; and so much is this still the only word for it in our rough language, that when our cultured classes wish to speak of the object in question, they are

fain to borrow from courtly France the expression *queue*, in order to avoid an indelicacy. I feel sure that you would appreciate my courtesy in refraining, when speaking of your hair, from the use of the popular word 'tail of a pig,' the possible inference of which is obvious: in the same way I trust that, by way of fair exchange, you will in future avoid the use of the word 'barbarian.'"

THE *TAOTAI* CHU

THIS was a very characteristic Chinese official, and I believe came from Chêh Kiang, the centre of learning and statecraft. His personal appearance was not prepossessing; his health was feeble, and his complexion brick-yellow; one single many-coloured tooth in the upper jaw adorned a black-looking, cavernous mouth. He was a man of great moral courage, having, just before my arrival, given orders to fire upon a Hoihŏw mob, and thus judicially killed a man (or a small boy), whose family, however, he promptly compensated. This homicide had made him unpopular; but no one had a word to say against his private character. He was strongly "anti-opium" in opinion, and of course did not smoke himself: it is believed that he was the real originator of the opium arrangement with Singapore which came to grief under his rascally successor, the object having originally been an honest one—namely, to secure to the island at least a fair portion of a revenue on vice, seeing that vice there must be.

Like all good Chinese officials, Chu Ts'ai was no lover of missionaries. This may sound paradoxical; but how can any patriotic governing mind approve of an uncomprehended foreign influence, over people under his rule who are simply following the customs and laws of their ancestors *quae usque adhuc sunt constitutae et approbatae*?

The whole of my first year in Hainan was spent in one long struggle with "Old Chu," with whom I was personally, however, on very passable terms. He could "forgive a lot," because (to use the contemptuous mandarin expression) I could "make out a pair of written characters" (*"jên-tê liang-ko tsz"*), and rasp his tough hide with "turns of language" when he took similar liberties with my delicate epidermis. I really had a hearty respect for the old man. Why not? He did not squeeze; he did not smoke; he kept order; spent his own money on public works; and encouraged learning. I am not aware that he ever objected to the medical mission; in fact, I believe he subscribed liberally to it.

There was not a British missionary in the island. He loathed "Papacy"; but, as the King of England is obliged to express officially the same sentiments, how can we blame "Old Chu"? (*Chu*, "vermilion," his family name, is pronounced in the same way as *Chu*, "a pig"; hence the murderous severity of my little joke about pigtails, related above.) He also objected to the American Presbyterians. Practically I had to

"protect" Portuguese "Papists" and Yankee Dissenters during the whole time I was there; though it was none of my business to do so: and he felt it his duty to keep them down. I am no exclusive supporter of either, and subscribe to the doctrines of neither; nor does any English "Churchman": why, then, should Chu?

His other black crime was his hostility to the foreign pig trade. I disapproved of our wallowing in the pig trade, too—it was beneath the quality of decent British traders; but, then, there was the treaty; and a British trader *had* accepted a pig risk. The situation was typical in a small way of what "high diplomacy" and "Boxer rebellions" are in lofty circles. We both thought, believed, liked, and disliked the same things; but "destiny" compelled us to squabble over pigs, Papists, and pastors: in other words, we made much ado about nothing, because we were paid to do so.

Chu Ts'ai was particularly obstinate on the "consular site" question: unofficially, he made no secret of his rash vow that "the consul will get no site whilst I am here"; and as he was then negotiating with the Viceroy Li Han-chang for a family marriage, which, for official reasons, could not take place until his retirement, he had a good moral support. Notwithstanding his brave fight, poor old Chu was *vaincu sur toute la ligne*: he had to pay for the pigs at last, with heavy interest: before he had hastily cast his parting card in at the Consulate gate, his successor had to apologise in

person for rudeness to the missionaries; and the site was actually being measured out as he sailed away.

The most curious correspondence I had with Chu Ts'ai was that touching the old Jesuit graves, in which the status of the Popes, *divae memoriae*, had to be laid down. It speaks much for the natural correct feeling of the Chinese that, after two hundred years of "persecution," all the foreign graves were uninjured, in a perfectly open, unprotected, cultivated field; and all the Latin inscriptions were still legible: the graves were enclosed in a railing in the presence of myself and the *hien*, at "Old Chu's" personal order. I wish all the "Christian" officers whose interest I have served had been as high-minded towards me as the "pagan" Chu Ts'ai, with whom I fought so hard.

A TRUCULENT OFFICIAL

THE *taotai* Chu of Hainan enjoyed a revenge for all the passages which had occurred between us by administering a "Parthian snub" to me at the last moment: he passed my house door and went on board his boat without calling, simply sending his card by a *kavass* (as Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria once did to Baron de Calice,—who, by the way, may have learnt "ideas" in such matters when at Tientsin on November 7, 1871). But I underwent no irritation at this slight; indeed, very likely the old fellow, like myself, felt that in such a heat official visits were a

nuisance, and he really meant no harm: Hainan is the only part of China which can be called tropical, and in July the heat is truly fearful. But this precedent of avoiding duty calls was a bad example for his successor Chou, who, being only an acting man and a confirmed opium-smoker, soon gave signs both that he was "on the squeeze," and that he was going to show his teeth: in fact, the incident about to be described occurred before Chu actually left, though he had already ceased holding the seals; and I cannot say which of the two *taotais* conceived the general plan of attack. Readers must not be surprised: the Chinese officials delight in this sort of thing; the mistake of foreigners often lies in their making too much ado; it is much easier (and greater sport, too) to circumvent the Celestials, and to pay them back in their own coin.

Mr. Chou "opened the ball" by burglariously and in person entering the American missionaries' residence: this was at the island capital, a city four miles from Hoihow where I lived. When news came to me of this unprecedented act, I at once saw I had to deal with a fool as well as a knave; and although the head of the mission was a Dane, and thus *officieusement* British, (curiously enough, a despatch received shortly after this from the Danish Minister of Foreign Affairs requested me officially to hand over Danish interests to the nearest Russian official), while the house entered was American, I experienced no difficulty in finding

a weak spot in the Chinese armour. The facts were as follow: The Protestant missionaries all lived together in a good-sized temple, large enough to accommodate four families, and slightly modified and enlarged to meet foreign requirements. Strictly speaking, the *taotai* had perhaps a right to worship officially at that temple, and in any case it is unwise for missionaries to object to "inspection," even in their more private houses, when there are rumours about babies' eyes being wanted for photography, and other such silly yarns flying about. But in this case Mr. Chou was clearly shown to have acted unreasonably and arrogantly, for both his and their correspondence and visiting cards were in my hands to prove it.

It would have been perfectly easy to obtain his instant dismissal, especially if facts had been strained to their utmost capacity. For instance, it might have been truly said: "Notwithstanding Mr. X.'s repeated written offers to wait upon you in person and inform you as to the progress of the medical and other missions, you decline either to receive him or to send written reply; you present yourself unannounced before the door of a lady who is about to be confined; you burst it open; flood the precincts with your brutal runners, who steal this, frighten that, etc., etc." That is how to make "war," if we want war.

However, here it was that Captain (or now Colonel) Ch'ên's diplomatic opportunity occurred: he was deputed by the *taotai* to mollify me. He frankly

admitted that his superior had made a goose of himself, but he pleaded that it was a fearful "come down" to make him apologise. But he had to apologise; this was on the third day after the "burglary."

The wretched *taotai* had meanwhile made things worse by writing to me: "When you pay me your first visit, I will explain, etc., etc."; to which I promptly replied: "I don't intend to pay you a first visit; it is your duty to make the introductory call upon me; and quickly, too." In the case of some officials it would really be a diplomatic triumph to have succeeded in cornering them in this fashion; but Chou Ping-hün (that was his name) was such a stupid loon that I almost felt ashamed of having to "sit" on him so hard.

After nearly a fortnight of haggling, he and Captain Ch'ên at last came to pay the *taotai*'s first visit together, and "enjoyed themselves" very much. Nothing whatever but cakes and ale was talked about. The *taotai* was such an ignorant noodle that he imagined Ch'ên, who only talked a little "pidjin" of the vilest kind, was a great European scholar as well as a great Chinese soldier. I was by no means sorry to give the gallant captain a hand up in life. Six months later the *taotai* was summarily dismissed: he had again tried his hand; this time in connection with the opium squeeze; but he was easily *pincé*, for I had documentary evidence under his own seal.

CHAPTER XVI

PERSONAL

CHANG-ÊRH

THIS word means "Chang No. 2"; but, as a matter of fact, he was Chang Ta, or "Chang the Great": the name Chang-êrh strictly belonged to, and was used by, his next brother, who under that name served Captain Gill along with Wang-êrh, as is recorded in the chronicles of the books on China (*River of Golden Sand*). By a subtle process of reasoning, purely Chinese, *my* Chang-êrh explained to me that he thus played second fiddle out of modesty; but even that leaves unexplained what each of the pair would be called if they were together. Possibly some *tabu* was involved. It was curious that two brothers, who after boyhood almost never saw each other, should both gravitate towards and travel with the one Wang-êrh.

My servant began his foreign career during the war of 1860, when he was impounded and made to assist in tugging British guns up to Peking. From that date the family seems to have left Tientsin,—his native place;

but he always retained his pure Tientsin accent; and, though in his mature years he was addressable in six dialects, and also in English, to the last he never uttered a word of any one of them in my hearing.

I discovered him as a water-coolie in 1869, to which respectable post he had been promoted from the lower grades of scavenger and horse-boy successively. I was struck by his frank, joyous, and devil-may-care appearance, and, along with his original master, I employed him that winter as servant-of-all-work during a horse-back trip to the Mongol steppes. His master falling ill in 1872, Chang-êrh came to me for good; but when I went home he obtained service in Pakhoi. Here again his employer's health collapsed, and he turned up in a starving condition at Pagoda Anchorage in 1877. On this occasion the change of temperature (autumn) was so severe that he was presented with a thick woollen singlet of my own to ward off pneumonia. This delicate attention seems to have appealed to his feelings so strongly that I never heard the last of that singlet. From that time till 1894 he continued in my service, holding himself as "retained" whenever I went home on leave.

Chang-êrh was an excellent instance of typical Chinese "strong character" in its pristine, unpolished form. He could never be induced under any circumstances whatever to touch spirituous liquors; not even when seriously ill, and when advised by foreign doctors to do so. Nor would he so much as taste tobacco in

any form; not to say opium. He was never able to give any explanation of this, except that he was *tsai-li* (= in the interior), or belonged to what is sometimes erroneously called the "Vegetarian Society." I never saw him raise his fist to any man, and in times of danger he declined to arm himself; but he never showed the least fear, or any desire to evade risks. After the episode of the warm singlet he decided to check the wicked inroads of mankind upon my purse by acting as cook as well as boy; and, like Poo-Bah, he did this by keeping rapid-change suits of clothes for the several occasions. He was open-handed in money matters (my money); but he never possessed or wanted to possess any savings, or any property whatever, except that in current use. At one time he used to neglect his mother and wife; but that was as much from his own heedlessness and his master's indifference as from any heartlessness. For twenty years he did double duty, and received only half his single pay: whenever he had a slice of luck he sent most of his gains to his mother, and would have been still more generous to her had not his brothers and other relatives traded upon his simplicity. His great fault (of which I never took a harsh view, as it was consonant to all human nature) was a weakness for "petticoats"—or the garments which serve their purpose in the Far East. He was alike popular with Coreans, Japanese, Burmese, and Tamils, as also with every kind of Chinese. In a word, he was a most

curious instance of an ignorant man, without any conscience or principle, acting throughout his life in a just and philosophical spirit. He died of heart failure (I am told); but it certainly did not fail on my account.

A DANGEROUS OUTING

ABOUT a day's journey by land to the south of Taku there is a place called K'i-k'ou, where a small river runs into the gulf. Probably this place is now in the hands of the allied troops, as there are some forts and a camp there. Thirty years ago the forts were of not much account, nor were they armed with modern artillery, even to the extent of muzzle-loading Armstrongs. They were situated on the right bank, and were only approached by tortuous paths. Such as they were, I visited them and reported upon them, and also on the forts of Taku and Peit'ang.

Together with one of the local pilots and the chief custom-house officer, I went for a sail to K'i-k'ou; but even the pilot-boat could not get within five miles of the river-mouth, so that we had to take the punt into the creek. This punt was just big enough for three. But we were late on the tide, and it was as much as we could do to inspect the forts, get to the punt, and push off before darkness came on and the tide turned out again. So long as it was slack water things went slowly but pretty well; still, we all had to take relief turns at the sculls, and I nearly rowed

the skin off my hands. At last it grew quite dark, and we lost the direction of the pilot-boat. The tide was running out rapidly. Only a couple of Chinamen were left on board the cutter, and there was no light. If we had missed her, we should inevitably have been swept out to sea; and besides, the water was getting very rough for our small punt. We had no lights ourselves, and our shouts were quite inaudible, even a few yards off, owing to the noise of the wind and the waves. Fortunately French, the pilot, had brought his fowling-piece with him on the chance of getting a stray duck; and there was one cartridge left. He fired it off in the hope that the Chinese skipper would hear it and have the sense to show a light, which, to our great relief, he soon did: we clambered safely on board after another hour of pulling, all dead beat. That night a strong gale freshened up, and I was lost in admiration of the calm coolness of the skipper and his mate. The sail was a Chinese one fashioned out of matting, or, at all events, of a native cut, and the whole management of the boat lay in the two natives' hands.

On another occasion I hired a large junk to cross the Samsah inlet in Fuh Kien province: this was on the occasion of a very fresh night. The sea ran high, and the navigation was as intricate as the night was dark; but the Chinese skipper and his two mates manœuvred the junk in a most masterly manner, and at last ran us up a long tidal creek to a point at the

head of the post-road, just on the top of the daily tide. The charge for a hundred-ton junk for sixty miles was half a crown (in English money). At Hoihow the boatmen manage to sail their clumsy craft in tremendous seas such as no foreign gig will tackle.

On the rapids of the Yangtsze and many other rivers I have often felt that my life lay absolutely in the discretion of the Chinese skipper or pilot. In steamer navigation a Chinaman cannot be so well trusted, probably because unfamiliar with the essential principles of novel methods; but as rule-of-thumb navigators along coasts, or up creeks and rivers, the Chinaman is not easily excelled; and accordingly I feel a sentiment of gratitude towards him for favours received.

THE BARBER'S "PIDJIN"

NOTHING is more demoralising to the beginner in Chinese than the inveterate practice of talking "pidjin" English (*i.e. bijinis*, or "business" English). Apart from the fact that a fresh dialect confronts the foreigner in nearly every port, and that it is the exception for foreign officials to learn anything but Pekingese, it is not considered "good form" to make an exhibition of one's dialect-learning when addressing servants at table; and thus nearly every one drops into the slovenly habit. The barber at Canton was one of the glibbest conversationalists in this absurd jargon I ever met, and he once gave me a certificate of character

which I highly appreciated. I may mention that "pidjin" is practically Chinese colloquial composition, with English words substituted. The following was the burden of our remarks:

"Mornin', barber-man."

"Mornin', Missi Consun; wanchee my cuttee heh?"

"Yes; no wanchee cuttee too muchee; can cuttee littee."

"Oll ligh! My savee. My cuttee any man heh: plenty man catchee my shabe he, ebbily mornin'. Beforetime Hongkong gubbunor ollo time my shabe he."

"What ting have got to-day, barber-man?"

"New piecy wice-loy hab go *ngamún* (*yamên*) to-day."

"That Chinaman talkee he belong good man?"

"No man savey: moos wait littee time, can see. Some man talkee he moos wanchee stop lat gambaloo."

"Have got too muchee gamble-housee that creek side!"

"Yih! Beforetime Sir Blook Lobisson no pay he stop lat side."

"What for that viceroy he soldier-man no look out?"

"He no likee. S'pose Missi Hance no bobbery [bother] he, he no likee too hat [hard]. Missi Hance no savee China talkee: moos wanchee new piecy largee Consun talkee he."

"Mr. Hance knew all about it: he told the flower-boats to clear out long ago, and the *wai-yün* [the viceroy's deputy] have got order."

"Missi Hance numba one good man: he lat hat [that heart] too muchee soft. My tinky Missi Consun too muchy soft hat, too."

"Any man talkee my so fashion? What ting that Chinaman talkee my?"

"Lat Chinaman talkee consun-side too muchy bijinis; Missi Consun any ting can makee. Maskee [=never mind] what ting, ollo belong ploppa [proper]."

"Chinaman talky my so fashion?"

"Yih! Any man talky; suppose no got Missi Consun, no can!"

"What for no can? What thing my got number one?"

"Ollo man talkee, follin man come Canton side, beforetime Missi Mayers numba one: Missi Mayers hab go way; ollo Chinaman talky Missi Consun numba one onsz-tan [understand]."

AND HE WENT FOR THAT HEATHEN CHINEE

IN Sz Ch'wan it was my practice to walk from twenty to thirty, and even forty miles a day, winter and summer. It was an agreeable discovery to find that in the excessively hot weather the coolest travelling-place was in the sun, under an umbrella covered with an extra coat of white cotton cloth. The confinement of a sedan-chair was intolerable, except during the smoking half-hour after each meal; and besides, it was delightful to be in a position to talk freely to wayfarers about the common objects of the road.

In this way I used to accompany soldiers, hawkers, police, tramps—in fact, any one who would grant an audience to the barbarian. Moreover, every Chinese house has an inscription; every Chinese street a proclamation, or a score of advertisements, notices, and warnings; so that the events of a single day's walk necessitated at least two hours of writing up every evening. Some distance behind me was my four-bearer official chair, and a relief crew of four more straggling carriers; then the three-bearer chair of the cook, and the two-bearer chair of Wang-êrh, each with an extra "shoulder": two men carried my trunk, and the *fu-t'ou*, or "man-head," brought up the rear. Yet sometimes it was very exhausting in the pitiless sun, and the five minutes' rest in the shade at intervals were very delicious.

One afternoon I looked wistfully back at my chair (which had a way of tempting me as little as possible by lagging far in the rear); but, as the bearers were more exhausted than myself, I thought I would push on to a "virtuous widow's arch" I spied half a mile ahead. These gates or portals are as common in China as pagodas are in Burma: in Sz Ch'wan they are almost invariably constructed of durable granites, and they leave a shadow about sufficient for one man. Usually there is a smooth stone seat at the foot of one or both the shafts, originally intended apparently as an aid to travellers mounting horses after a rest.

As I approached this particular arch, I observed

a coolie with his load resting there, and monopolising the whole available shade. The disappointment was very keen, but of course it was out of the question to eject him. Necessity is indeed the mother of invention, for, just as I struggled panting up, an unkind idea struck me. Looking hard into the grass, I asked: "Is this packet yours?"

He said: "What packet?"

I replied: "This paper packet of silver."

The coolie shot up like an arrow and flew to the spot. By the time he had turned round to seek an explanation, I was sitting on the vacant stone.

After staring nonplussed for a moment, he burst into a guffaw of laughter such as few Chinaman ever indulge in, and, as he walked down the road with his baskets of opium, for sale at the nearest market, I heard him rapidly talking to my exhausted caravan men. There were roars of delight from that quarter too, and somehow the story seemed to catch fire all over the valley, for people pricked up their ears in every direction to hear the good news, which even got ahead of us to the inn, through the agency of some "express" carriers of silver. This pious fraud (justified, I hope, by stress of circumstances in my book of doom) earned me quite a little reputation with the carriers, whose friendliness—always phenomenal—seemed from that day to take even an affectionate turn; for "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

CHANG-ÊRH'S VILLAINY

OFTEN and often I had sat at my solitary dinner listening to Chang-êrh's voluble sermons, the delivery of which I used to encourage for dialect purposes, so long as I was not expected to reply. He used to stand behind me, ready to bolt the instant I growled: "Get away! I am tired of listening."

This was his usual style: "Man is born into the world with empty hands: he can't take anything with him to the grave. Hence I never squeeze; and after nearly twenty years' experience of me you know it. Nor do I smoke or drink. My weaknesses are those of nature. Moreover, my parents married me to a lunatic. 'An old woman's ears are slung on to no purpose.' Money is useless to the man of conscience. Now, there's the old *t'ing-ch'ai*, who squeezes and smokes——." At this kind of juncture he was sometimes told he might accuse the *t'ing-ch'ai* to his face if he liked, or he was simply requested to "get out." Still, the effect of this incessant reiteration had really half-convinced me that Chang-êrh was, any way, not a common scoundrel, but only a trifle weak in his "rules of evidence."

One day, during the building of a consulate at Chemulpho, I was obliged to start promptly for Söul. I had to leave some orders with the Japanese builder; and so I sent for his friend the washerwoman to act as interpreter. I wound up by saying to her: "And

you yourself, you had better give that Chinese "boy" of mine a wide berth, for he is the very devil with women, if he gets a chance."

"Oh! you know that?" said she, surprised.

"Know it? of course I do, after over fifteen years of him: he is the biggest humbug going."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I wanted to complain of him the last time you went, but I was afraid of getting into trouble myself."

"How was it?"

"Well, the last time you went, he made advances by signs both to me and to the carpenter's wife on several occasions, and I had to get the carpenter to remonstrate. The carpenter threatened to tell you; but the cook-*san* [= Mr. Chef] said, (so far as we could understand his few words of English,) that he had been with you nearly twenty years, and that you believed everything he said. He said that if I complained to you, only one single word from him would be necessary, and he would get the washing for these two houses given to some one else; and probably the building contract, too, would be given away to a Chinaman."

"All right. You need not say any more to either the cook or the carpenter; and I will manage so that there will be no ill-feeling."

Nothing was said until some time afterwards, when the Corean coolies, chairs, etc., were all at the door waiting to start. Just as I got into the chair, before

all the servants and several European onlookers, I said: "Look well after the house, boy! And, by the way, you are forbidden to speak to either the Japanese washerwoman or to the carpenter's wife." Chang-êrh's face was a study in emotional expression worthy of Darwin's scrutiny; as for the bystanders, there was what the French call a *sensation*, and a decided *mouvement*.

Three or four days later I returned, and on the first opportunity Chang-êrh began as usual from behind my chair: "Man is born, etc., etc. I have served you, etc., etc. That Japanese woman falsely states——" "Get out; and never speak to me about it again! I never told you the Japanese woman had stated anything. If you had not been with me for over fifteen years I should have dismissed you. I don't care what you do outside; but in my house I expect you to be loyal to your trust."

Chang-êrh never quite recovered from the crushing effects of this blow; and perhaps it was on account of the episode described that he ultimately married a second time, on his lunatic wife's death.

THAT STRAIGHT HEART

CHANG-ÊRH spoke the Tientsin variety of Pekingese, which differs but slightly from its congener (or prototype, as the case may be). I was always glad to get an opportunity of listening to him without having to undergo the boredom of his conversation, which was

of the Sam Weller type, interlarded with the sentiments of Stiggins. Hence I was very pleased, as I lay in bed one day at the chief Shanghai hotel, to hear an animated conversation going on between him and a Ningpo "boy," each yelling out his words and repeating them in his own *patois*, so as to give the other a better chance to understand. The burden of the conversation was "masters" in general, and I learnt with satisfaction of myself specifically that though my temper was bad (*p'i-ch'i pu-hao*), my heart was straight (*sin-li tao-chêng*). Sundry anecdotes followed as to how I had falsely accused Chang-êrh of moving the soap, the wine, the ink, or some other article; and how, after all, it was confessed by me that I had myself transferred it by mistake into the shaving-box, the cupboard, the office, etc., etc.

Some months after this I was gazing through the sun-blinds, whilst dressing, at Jack the boatman and his sons, engaged in clipping the grass of the consular garden at Pagoda Anchorage, when instinctively I felt about for the key of the safe, thinking how easy it would be for some one to slip under the sun-blinds, make off with it whilst I was bathing, and then rob the safe. I used to keep the key for absolute security in my cholera-belt; but, apparently, I had not taken the belt with me as usual to the bath-room to-day, for there it was, on the settee. Horrors upon horror's head! The key was *not* in it. I at once summoned Chang-êrh with a roar of irrepressible indignation.

"Now, I want no nonsense on this occasion: I mean business. You alone are responsible for the safety of my house. I'm not going to have others falsely accused. I went to the bath five minutes ago, and myself felt the keys in the belt as usual. There lies the belt, empty! I give you two minutes to find them."

The confusion was fearful: the whole house was at once in a state of alarm. The writer, gatekeeper, coolies, boatmen,—everybody was at once summoned; fearful altercations took place; and despair was written upon each man's countenance. More in sorrow than in anger, Chang-êrh at last, in desperation, fixed upon one of the boatmen with whom he had once had words, and who was only Jack's *adopted* son or nephew, besides being a bit of a gay Lothario, and a rival. There was no evidence whatever; but Jack was sent for, and it was put to him as an honest man appealingly: "The master had the keys *in* his belt; he goes to his bath; you five only are in sight; he returns in two minutes; the keys are *not* in his belt. How do you explain it?"

Poor Jack scratched his pate thoughtfully, and gave it up. The event, however, was one of such gigantic magnitude that something clearly must be done. Meanwhile, I went on dressing, and they all retired to accuse each other of neglect, if not worse. Sadly I put the tell-tale belt over my head and shoulders; but, to my surprise, I found it would not meet for

tying purposes round my stomach. This, I then discovered, was a clean belt just come from the wash, and I had already put on the other, keys and all, beneath instead of outside my gauze singlet. Here was a pretty pickle! Here was a nice public display of *p'i-ch'i*! There was only one way out of it.

"Boy!" I roared.

"*Dja*" (= "Yes, sir"), replied Chang-êrh from a considerable distance.

"I have found the keys."

"Where were they?" enquired the merciless Chang-êrh.

"In the belt."

"And where was the belt?"

"On my *tu-tsz*" (= stomach).

On hearing this, Chang-êrh's feelings were too much for him. Like Peter of old, he went out and cried bitterly. But they were respectful and altruistic tears, like those Mr. Stead sheds for Lord Milner. But my mind was not "lost"; it was only absent.

After he had blubbered a while,—once more: "Boy!"

"*Dja*."

"You can tell the others."

What he told them I don't know, but I hope the *sin-li* was still described as *chêng*. Possibly this event, too, had a share in deciding Chang-êrh to get him a second wife as a solace for his wrongs.

GLOSSARY

(Being supplementary to that already published in "China")

A. This prefix to "Christian" names is universal in Canton, but not so general elsewhere. It is like our *y* in "Johnny," "Katey," etc., and is never used in serious literary composition, except in order to indicate criminals by their known names.

Akhûnd. The Chinese form *a-hung* is pretty well understood in educated circles.

Amah. This word is not Chinese, though in use all over China in the sense of foreigners' Oriental nurses. Still, the Chinese have a word *ma*, which is in common use for "old woman," or "*dueña*"; and *a-ma* would be good Chinese for "nursey." *A fortiori* the word *ayah* is not Chinese; but it will be noticed in one of my stories that the Annamese say *baya* for "old crone."

"*Bags.*" The Chinese trousers are an absolute "square," without any shaping or fit; almost as if you took a sack, slit it up two-thirds of the way through the middle, thrust the bottom out to admit the passage of the feet, and then "got in." I once really had to wear sacks instead of clothes, so I can state this with confidence.

Black Flags. There were for many years the Yellow and Black Flag bandit rivals on the Annamo-Chinese frontier.

Bo. Mêng-ku bo, "Mongol tents," is quite understood in colloquial Pekingese. In Manchu (Chinese) history *tui-bo* is frequently used for the Emperor's hunting- or picket-tents; hence *shwei-po*, or "water-pickets" on the river. A large number of Mongol and Manchu words are thus adopted into Pekingese; but *po* may very well be a Chinese word: it is not understood in the south.

"*Brother.*" *Ko* (elder) and *ti* (younger) both mean "brother."

Buddhôchinga. A Hindoo Buddhist who came to China *viâ* Turkestan in A.D. 328.

Cat-head. A *mao-rh-t'ou* of rice is just like a cat's head. A small bowl is filled from the steamer with a wooden ladle, and then a similar small bowl full of rice is clapped hard on to the first: thus there can be no fraudulent "hollows" at the bottom of each "whack" of rice.

Ch'ang-an Sz. "Long-peace Monastery."

Chinaman. This word was one of Sir Thomas Wade's pet aversions, and the Rev. Arthur Smith also condemns it. It is enough for me that it has been adopted into common English. Besides, the word "East Indiaman" is classical, and "Manilaman" is our only possible word. In the same way, "China New Year"

(an expression particularly loathed of Sir Thomas) may be compared with "Russia leather." After all, the vigorous expression of our thoughts is the main object of language. When Huggins said: "I will *militate* no longer against his *nescience*," he was correct. Dr. Johnson admitted his mastery of the subject, but added: "He wants expression: he has ball without powder."

Chong-sz. Pekingese *chwang-shi*, "plea-master"; also called *chong-kwên*, or "plea scoundrels," of whom I, as a member of the "utter-bar," must accordingly be held one, though only "a very little one."

"*Compound.*" Enclosure. I have somewhere seen that this is a corruption of a Javanese or Malay word *kampong*, or "village enclosure."

Cuspidor. Portuguese, "spittoon."

Dacoits. The word commonly used in Burma for "bandits," "rebels," and (when we are angry with them) "patriots." Hindoo, *dakhe.*

Dhobi. Hindustani for "washerman."

Dja. This borrowed Manchu word (*je*) is sanctioned by Sir Thomas Wade in the form *cha*, but it is only used in Peking, or by Manchus. My "boy" habitually made use of it; but I never heard any other Chinese, at any other time or place, once utter the word.

Facfur. I believe this is an attempt to represent some Arabic word corresponding to "Son of Heaven"; Chinese, *T'ien-tsz*; Japanese, *Ten-shi*; Hiung-nu, *Shen-yü*; Tungusic, *Yüwên*; Russian, *Bogdo Khan*, etc.

Fan-t'an. "Turn [over the cup concealing the coins and] part [with the chopstick to see who has guessed the correct fraction]."

Fatshan. Cantonese for Fo-shan, "Buddha's Hill"; properly *Fêt*-shan or *Fut*-shan, *Budh* being the sound originally intended.

Feihoo. "Flying Tiger."

Hakkas. Cantonese pronunciation of the Pekingese *K'ê-chia*, or "guest-families" (*K'eh-kia*).

Hoppo. The best derivation is *Ho-peh So*, or "River-anchorage Office"; but I am not aware that the correct origin of the word has ever been proved. Moreover, I have never been to a port where the words *Hopeh So*, or *Hoppo So*, are colloquially used. In Canton the Hoppo is always currently called the *Hoikwán* by natives—*i.e.* the "sea-barrier."

Hwei-sing. Hwei-Lin, Hwei-shêng, and many other enthusiastic Chinese Buddhists of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries.

Joss. No doubt a corruption of the Spanish *Dios*, and probably pointed out before by others.

Kanaka. I do not know what this word means, but it seems to refer to "Pacific Islanders" of any kind.

K'ang. A word only used extensively in the northern provinces; but the official unheated *k'ang*, or reception divan of the *yamêns*, is everywhere known.

Kavass. A Turkish word for "orderly," or *t'ing-ch'ai.*

Kling. I resign this word to my Indian collaborators; but I may notice that *Ho-ling*, or *Kha-ling*, is as old as the word "pagoda" (*t'ap*), and seems to have been applied by the Chinese to the Hindoo colonists in Java—*i.e.* to persons coming from the Madras coast, where Tamil is chiefly spoken. The French and Dutch often use the word "Kling" where we say a "Tamil."

Kosher. As most people know, this is the word used in all Israelitish butchers' shops, etc., signifying compliance there with Jewish ideas of purity (*vide* Mr. Zangwill).

Kotow. Pekingese *k'o-t'ou*, or "knock head"; the more general form is *k'ou-t'ou* (Cantonese *k'ao-t'ao*).

Kupeh K'ou. "Old North Pass."

K'wa-tsz. A word only understood on the Upper Yangtsze: its derivative meaning is not clear.

Lung-hu Shan. "Dragon Tiger Hill."

Maatschappij. Dutch for "mate-shaft," "mate-ship," or "company."

Ma-mwi. Foochow pronunciation of the Pekingese *ma-wei*, or *ma-i*, "Horse's Tail," the name of the locality.

"*Mandarin.*" Another word hated by Sir Thomas. *Kwan* is, truly enough, an official or "mandarin," but the word also means "government," or "public." *Kwan-hwa* really means "common tongue," as distinct from *t'u-hwa* or *t'u-yih*, "dialects." It is akin to the distinction between Sanskrit and Prakrit, except that all *hwa*, or "speech," is necessarily "vulgar." With the exception of local ballads and tales—and these in a few places only;—and with the further exception of novels in spoken *Kwan-hwa*, all written language is terse in style, and is identical for all dialects: it may be roughly defined as "roots, minus vulgar terminations and particles." There is no such a thing as "set" speech in China.

Maru. The Chinese character *wan*, "a pellet, or bead," is used to write this, but no one has ever satisfactorily explained why all Japanese trading craft are called *maru*. All their war-ships are styled *kan*, but that is the Chinese word *hian* or *kien* (pronounced *lam* in Canton).

Mentha (Burmese). The second syllable pronounced as in English (tharm), equivalent to the Chinese *wang-tsz*, or "prince scion."

M-koi. Purely Cantonese, "not ought"; the Pekingese say *pu-kan*, or *ch'i-kan*, "not dare," or "how dare?"

Mora. Also called *ts'ai-k'üan*, or "guess fists."

Names. The Tsêng brothers were Kwoh-fan and Kwoh-ts'üan, which would seem to infer a *kwoh* category; but I suppose there was also used a sub-category, *ts'üan*, for some family purpose.

Nien-fei. "Twisted [turban] rebels." The Taipings proper were popularly called "Long-haired rebels."

Nijni Novgorod. "Lower Newtown.

Pagoda. This word is not Chinese; they always say *t'a* (Cantonese, *t'ap*), originally *t'ap-p'o*, a dissyllable introduced about fifteen hundred years ago in imitation of the Hindoo word *thûpa*. "Pagoda Island" is called in the Foochow dialect *Lo-sing T'ak*, or "Lo-sing Pagoda."

Panthays. I have no idea when and how this word came into existence. I find in my Burmese notes the word *pathí* (like English path-ee), "a Mussulman," and *pandhi* (like English panthee), "a Chinese Mussulman." It is therefore probably an Anglo-Burman word.

Pelchâ. Undoubtedly a vulgar corruption of the Chinese *pieh(t)-tsiang*, which, according to rule, would be *pyölchan* in Corean; indeed, the Corean dictionaries

write these Chinese characters, and ignore the vulgar spelling of the office in question.

"*Pidjin.*" "Business" or "pidjness" English.

"*Pigtail.*" In Chinese, *pien* or *pien-tsz*, "a plait"; mentioned as worn by the Tartars two thousand years ago.

Rams. The *History of Canton* says: "Anciently five genii rode as many *yang* [sheep or goats] into Canton; hence the name 'Five Ram City.'" As sheep will not live in South China, and butchers' mutton is brought thither from Calcutta or Shanghai, it is plain that "rams" must be euphonic for "billy-goats." Most cities have an analogous mythical name: thus Foochow is the "City of Banyans."

Readoption. It is comparatively rare for a man to be given in adoption to any but an uncle or other senior agnate—One son may marry two wives for two fathers —*i.e.* he represents his father and an uncle as joint son. If a man adopted into a strange "surname" is badly wanted by his original family, he may "go back to the ilk"—always assuming that his adoptive family can spare him.

Sai-ts'iu. Cantonese for *si-ch'iao*, "Western Scrub."

Sampan. "Three boards," or "pine boards" (form differs).

Shek-wan. Cantonese for *Shih-wan*, "Stone Bay."

Shï. This character, in common colloquial use in the sense of "master," "teacher," also means "army," "war," "model," "imitate," etc., in literature; and also, more rarely, "lion," *Siñha*; and, hence, "Ceylon."

Shï-king. "Poetry classic."

Shï-ye. "Instructor-sire," just as "prince" is *wang-ye*, or "duke" *kung-ye.*

Shih-hiah. "Stone Box."

Siccawei. Zi-ka Wei, the [Paul Zi or] "Sü family's" place, (*Wei*).

Sore eyes. The old Hakka woman once recommended me male babies' urine for sore eyes. There is a large export of this article, in crystals, from Foochow: it passes through Sir R. Hart's Customs.

Tabu. The Chinese say *hwei* (= avoid), and have a very complicated science on the subject, popular and literary.

Tai-wön-kun. Corean form of *Ta-yüan Kün*, "Great Court Prince," almost the *Monsieur* of French Bourbon days.

Taoism. The same word as in the "road" of a *taotai.*

T'ao-k'u. "Slip-over pants"; the word *k'u* implies "breech," or "saddle-ride."

Taotai. *T'ai*, or "daïs," is a word appended to most titles of address: thus, *ti-t'ai*, "my brother!" *Tao* is alike his official designation and the name of the theoretical sub-province over which he rules. The Cantonese pronunciation is *tou-t'oi*; hence the "old school" of foreigners often call him the "totoy."

Tiffin. This Anglo-Oriental (Indian) word for "midday meal" may be said to be now in current use at home; at least in certain circles.

T'ing-ch'ai. This means "hearkto send," or "await despatch"; it is a purely colloquial word, of northern origin.

Tones. These vary in practice from a minimum of four (Peking) to a maximum of eighteen (Canton); in theory there are lower (sonants)

and higher (surds) divisions of four tones in all dialects.

Tsíp-kún-t'eng. "Receive mandarins hustings."

Umarming. The German *umarmen*, or "to round arm"; to give the *accolade.*

Umbrellas. Popular officials are presented with a *wan-ming san*, or "myriad name umbrella."

Urine. I ought perhaps to apologise for allowing this unpolished specimen of Tartar-steppe wit to sully the pages of Mr. Murray's book; but, as he knows, even Shakespeare condescends to tell us what happens when "some folks hear the bagpipes." The only difference is that the "gassy" provocation is noise in the Scotch case, and "side" in the Tartar. When I was telling a Manchu how I had forced a mandarin to open the middle door for me, he said, eyeing me from head to foot admiringly: "You did *that* to the Tartar-General?" "I did, indeed," said I; "and I would do it again to *any* mandarin." "Ah! *ni-ti niao pu-siao!*" ("You *have* got a bladderful!")

Waising. "Circuit-names," or "hall-names." The sport consists in selecting a dozen or so out of several hundred family names: whoever guesses most "wranglers" wins an enormous prize.

Wawa. Always "baby" in Peking, but in Yün Nan and Sz Ch'wan applied to any "kid," or youngster.

Wo-hap. Cantonese for *ho-hoh*, "Peaceful Union;" or perhaps *ho-k'iah*, "Peaceful Joy."

Yahu. "Tooth-*huh*," or "ivory tablet."

Yalu. "Duck-green" (River). This ancient word (Pekingese form) illustrates how Cantonese and Corean best represent the Chinese sounds as they existed two thousand years ago. *Yah(p)-luh(k)* is the ancient or derivative form; *ap-luk* is the modern Cantonese, and *ap-nok* the Corean.

Yo-kang. Evidently for *nyo-kang*, the Chinese *niao-kang; matula ex aere fusa*, carried by Corean travellers. On my first visit to the Corean Foreign Office, I noticed a row of them at the threshold, just as Japanese or Mussulmans leave their shoes. "Men's evil manners live in brass" so far as *yo-kangs* go.

Yourts. According to the late Mr. Gilmour, who lived long among the Mongols, *gir* is the proper name for "felt tent," and *maihan* for "cloth tent": he denies that *yurta* is a Mongol word at all. The ancient Hun-Turkish word for "felt tent" is *K'iung-lu* (in its Chinese dress), which may possibly stand for some such sound as *giur.*

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